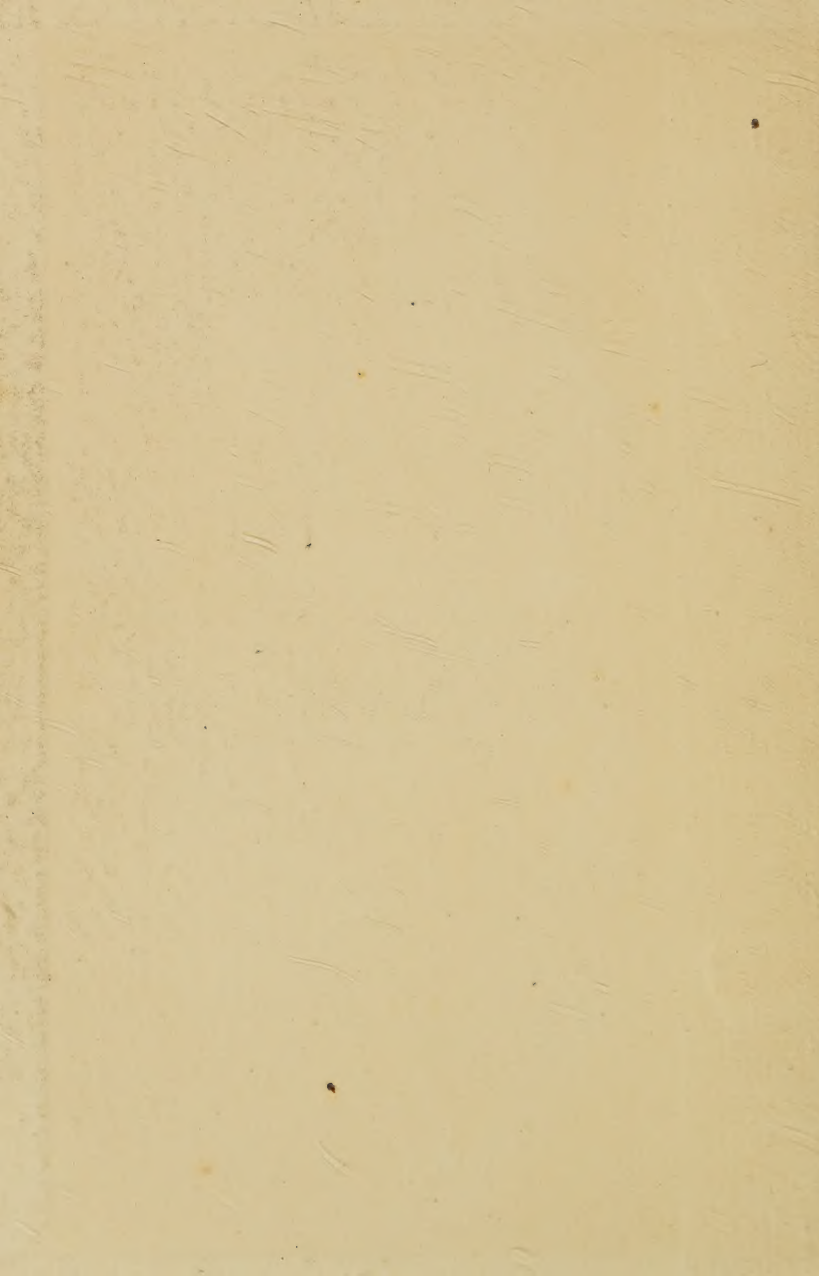


*Gospel Hymns*  
*N<sup>os</sup> 5<sup>and</sup> 6*



To  
Berkeley Baptist Seminary  
from

Rev. Hugh P. Andrews  
Evangelistic Singer  
5616 S. E. 44th Avenue  
Portland, Oregon 97206





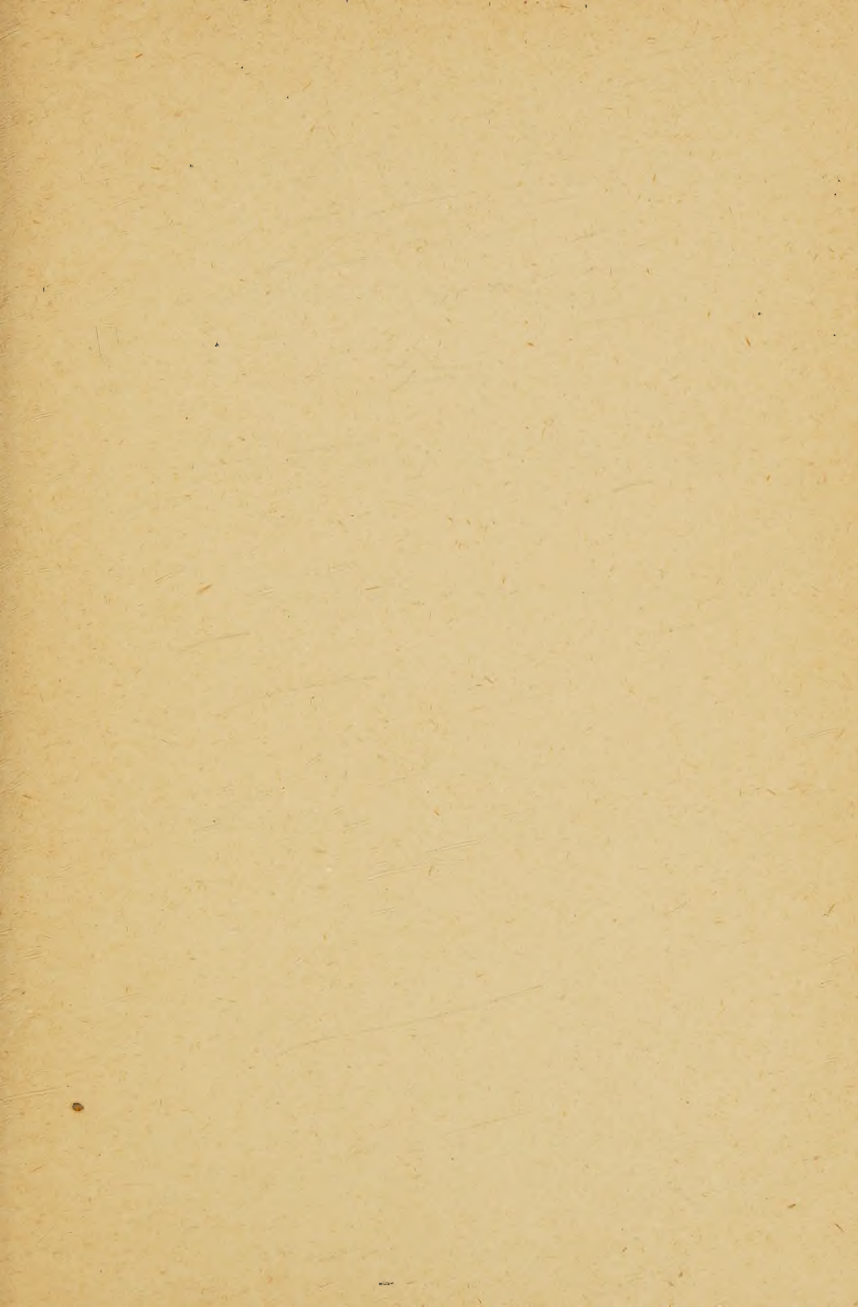














# GOSPEL HYMNS

Nos. 5 AND 6 COMBINED

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES

BY

IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

---

PUBLISHED BY

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.,

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May be ordered of Booksellers and Music Dealers.

## PREFACE.

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This Volume contains all the Hymns and Tunes found in GOSPEL HYMNS No. 5 and No. 6, embracing 438 pieces, numbered in consecutive order, all duplicates having been omitted.

In addition to the large number of NEW GOSPEL SONGS in this book, there will be found a choice selection of the most useful popular Standard Church Hymns and Tunes now used in a majority of the Churches of this Country in the Public Worship of the Sanctuary. We therefore believe that "GOSPEL HYMNS NOS. 5 AND 6 COMBINED," together with the small book of 'Words Only' will prove a most acceptable collection for the ordinary Church Service, as well as for Prayer Meetings and Sabbath Schools.

THE AUTHORS.

## NOTICE.

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# GOSPEL HYMNS

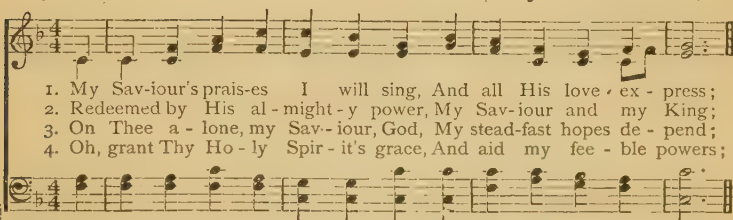
## Nos. 5 & 6, COMBINED.

### No. 1. Every Day will I Bless Thee.

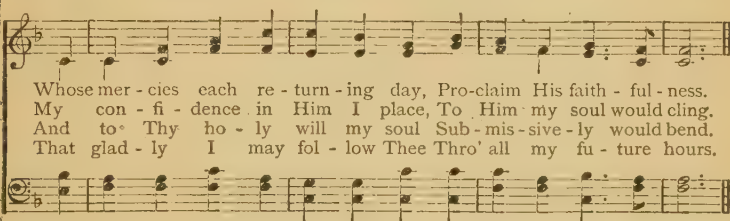
J. E. A.

Ps. 145: 2.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. My Sav-iour's prais-es I will sing, And all His love ex-press;  
 2. Redeemed by His al-might-y power, My Sav-iour and my King;  
 3. On Thee a-lone, my Sav-iour, God, My stead-fast hopes de-pend;  
 4. Oh, grant Thy Ho-ly Spir-it's grace, And aid my fee-ble powers;

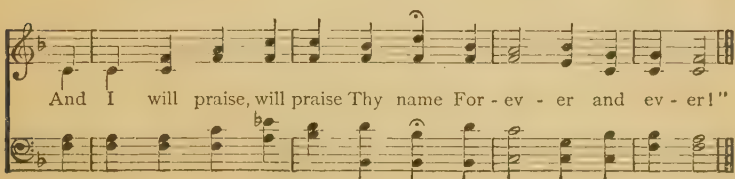


Whose mer-cies each re-turn-ing day, Pro-claim His faith-ful-ness.  
 My con-fi-dence in Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.  
 And to Thy ho-ly will my soul Sub-mis-sive-ly would bend.  
 That glad-ly I may fol-low Thee Thro' all my fu-ture hours.

#### CHORUS.



"Ev-'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev-'ry day will I bless Thee!"



And I will praise, will praise Thy name For-ev-er and ev-er!"

## No. 2. Onward, Upward, Homeward!

ALBERT MIDLANE.

"I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 16.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Joyful - ly I flee From this world of sor - row,  
 2. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the des - ert  
 3. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Come along with me; Ye who love the Sav-iour,

With my Lord to be; Onward to the glo - ry, Up-ward to the prize,  
 Which my Saviour pressed; "Onward, upward, homeward!" I shall soon be there,  
 Bear me com-pa - ny; "Onward, upward, homeward!" Press with vig-or on;

REFRAIN.

Homeward to the mansions, Far a - bove the skies. }  
 Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share. } Onward to the glo - ry,  
 Yet a lit - tle mo - ment And the race is won. }

Up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a - bove the skies.

## No. 3. In the Hollow of His Hand.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—John 10: 28.

Words arr. from LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

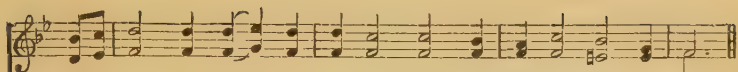
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, soul toss'd on the bil-lows, a - far from friend-ly land,  
 2. Tho' rag - ing winds may drive thee, a wreck up - on the strand,  
 3. When strength is spent in toil-ing, and wea - ri - ly you stand,  
 4. When by the swell-ing Jor-dan, your feet in sink - ing sand,  
 5. And when at last we're gathered, with all the ran-somed band,

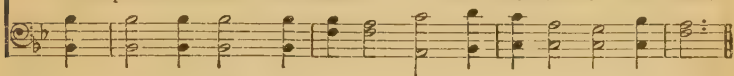
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# In the Hollow of His Hand.



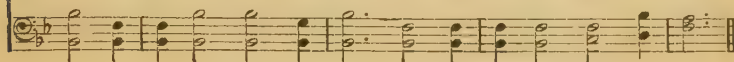
Look up to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."  
 Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."  
 Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."  
 Re - mem - ber still He holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."  
 We'll praise our God who holds us in "The hol-low of His hand."



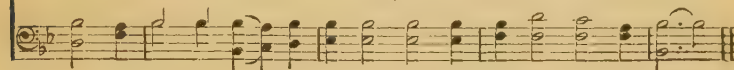
## CHORUS.



In "The hol-low of His hand," In "The hol-low of His hand,"



O how safe are all who trust Him, In "The hol-low of His hand."



## No. 4.

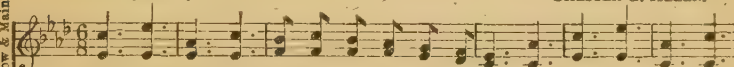
## Praise Him! Praise Him!

*"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.*

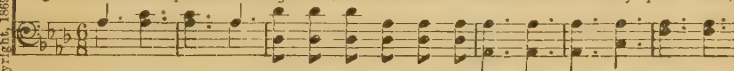
FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

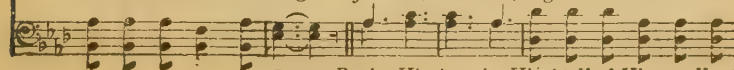
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1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem-er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem-er! Heav'nly por - tals,



won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-an-gels in  
 suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for - ev - er and



**D.S.—** Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent

## Praise Him! Praise Him!

FINE.

glo - ry! Strength and honor give to His ho - ly name! Like a shepherd,  
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!  
ever: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming!

greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

D.S.

Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He car - ries them all day long;  
Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonder - ful, deep and strong;  
o - ver the world victorious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

## No. 5. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL. NATHAN.  
*Moderato.*

2 Tim. 1: 12.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Convinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,

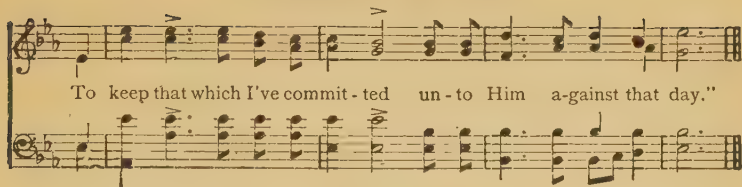
Nor why—un - wor - thy—Christ in love Redeemed me for His own.  
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.  
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.  
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.  
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble



# I Know Whom I Have Believed.



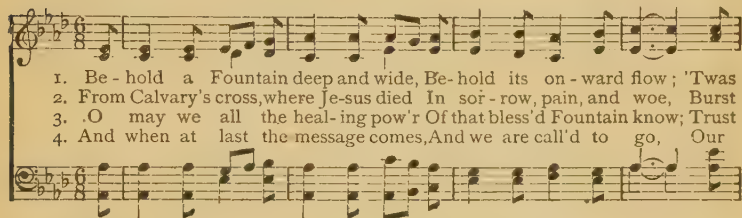
To keep that which I've commit - ted un - to Him a - gainst that day."

## No. 6. The Cleansing Fountain.

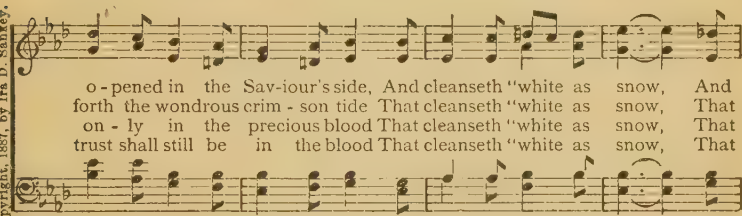
"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

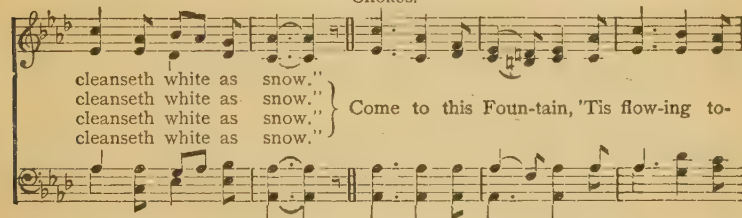


1. Be - hold a Fountain deep and wide, Be - hold its on - ward flow; 'Twas  
2. From Calvary's cross, where Je - sus died In sor - row, pain, and woe, Burst  
3. O may we all the heal - ing pow'r Of that bless'd Fountain know; Trust  
4. And when at last the message comes, And we are call'd to go, Our

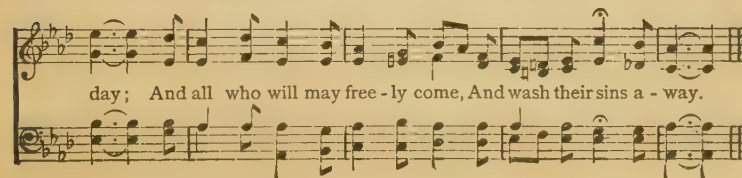


o - pened in the Sav - iour's side, And cleanseth "white as snow, And  
forth the wondrous crim - son tide That cleanseth "white as snow, That  
on - ly in the precious blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That  
trust shall still be in the blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That

### CHORUS.



cleanseth white as snow." } Come to this Foun - tain, 'Tis flow - ing to -  
cleanseth white as snow." }  
cleanseth white as snow." }  
cleanseth white as snow." }



day; And all who will may free - ly come, And wash their sins a - way.

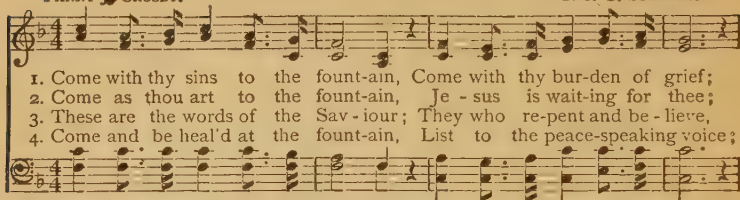
# No. 7.

# Come to the Fountain.

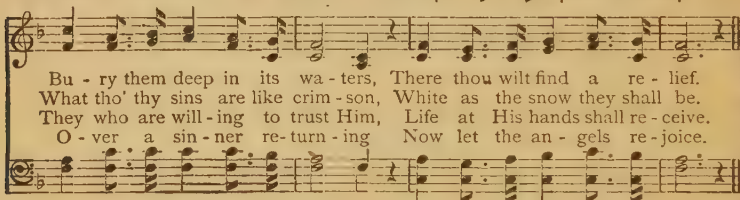
"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

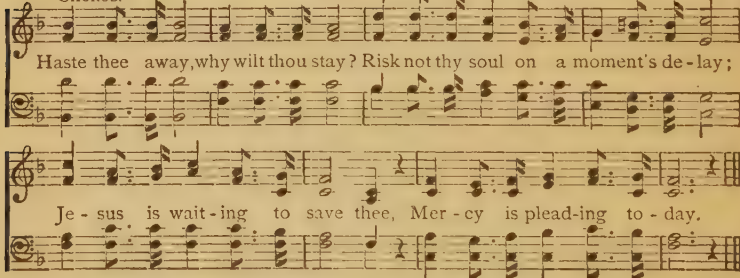


1. Come with thy sins to the fount-ain, Come with thy bur-den of grief;  
 2. Come as thou art to the fount-ain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee;  
 3. These are the words of the Sav - iour; They who re-pent and be - lieve,  
 4. Come and be heal'd at the fount-ain, List to the peace-speaking voice;



Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.  
 What tho' thy sins are like crim - son, White as the snow they shall be.  
 They who are will - ing to trust Him, Life at His hands shall re - ceive.  
 O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing Now let the an - gels re - joice.

## CHORUS.



Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a moment's de - lay;  
 Je - sus is wait - ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead - ing to - day.

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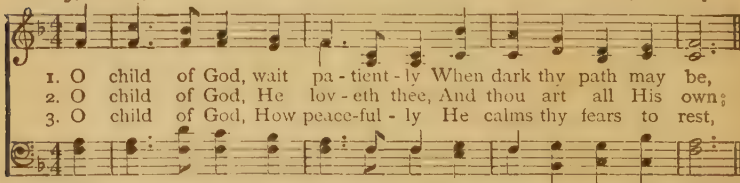
# No. 8.

# O Child of God.

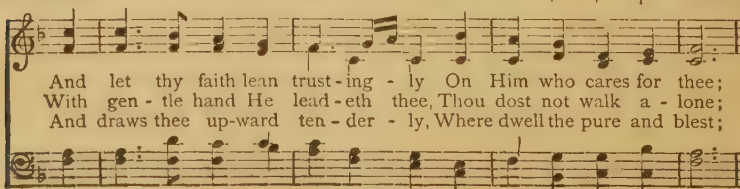
"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. O child of God, wait pa - tient - ly When dark thy path may be,  
 2. O child of God, He lov - eth thee, And thou art all His own;  
 3. O child of God, How peace - ful - ly He calms thy fears to rest,



And let thy faith lean trust - ing - ly On Him who cares for thee;  
 With gen - tle hand He lead - eth thee, Thou dost not walk a - lone;  
 And draws thee up - ward ten - der - ly, Where dwell the pure and blest;

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O Child of God.

And though the clouds hang drear - i - ly Up - on the brow of night,  
 And though thou watch-est wea - ri - ly The long and storm-y night,  
 And He who bend - eth si - lent - ly A - bove the gloom of night,

Yet in the morn-ing joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.  
 Yet in the morn-ing joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.  
 Will take thee home where end-less joy Shall fill thy soul with light.

No. 9. If God be For Us.

Rom. 8: 13.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Re-joice in the Lord, O let His mer-cy cheer, He sun-ders the bands  
 2. Be strong in the Lord, re-joic-ing in His might, Be loy-al and true,  
 3. Con-fide in His word, His prom-is-es so sure, In Christ, they are "yea,  
 4. A-bide in the Lord, se-cure in His con-trol, 'Tis life ev-er-last-

that en-thrall; Re-deemed by His blood, why should we ev-er fear, Since  
 day by day; When e-vils as-sail, be val-iant for the right, And  
 and a-men; "Tho' earth pass a-way, they ev-er shall en-dure, 'Tis  
 ing be-gun; To pluck from His hand the weak-est, trem-bling soul, I'

CHORUS.

Je-sus is our 'all in all.'  
 He will be our strength, our stay.  
 writ-ten o'er and o'er a-gain.  
 nev-er, nev-er can be done.

If God be for us, if  
 If God be for us,

God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be against us, who, who,  
if God be for us, who, who,

who..... Who can be a-against us, a - gainst us?  
Who can be a-against us?

# No. 10.

## Redemption.

*"In whom we have redemption through his blood."*—Eph. 1: 7.

F. J. CROSBY.

PETER BILHORN.

1. O won - der - ful words of the gos - pel! O won - der - ful  
2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright  
3. O come to this wonder - ful Sav - iour, Come wea - ry and  
4. There's no oth - er ref - uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where

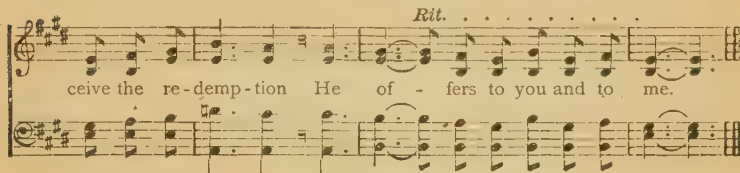
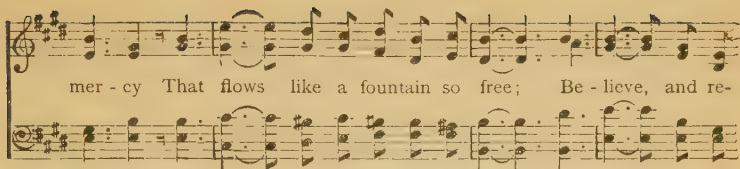
message they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless - ed re - demp - tion, Thro'  
mansions a - bove, The world to redeem from its bond - age; So  
sor - row - op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf - fered, That  
lost ones may fly; And now, while He's ten - der - ly call - ing: O

CHORUS.  
Je - sus our Saviour and King.  
great His com - passion and love.  
you in His kingdom might rest. } Be - lieve, oh, be - lieve in His  
"turn ye," "for why will ye die?" }

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# Redemption.

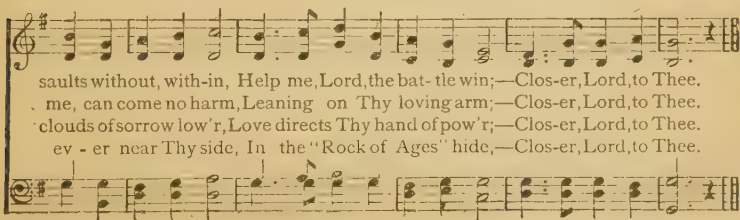
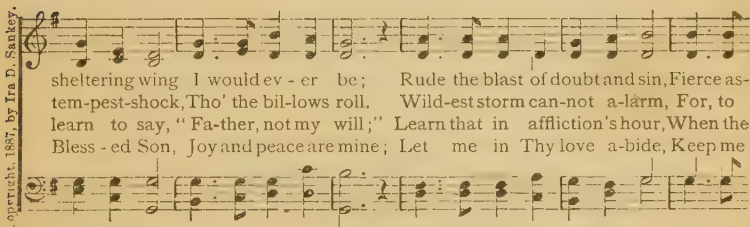
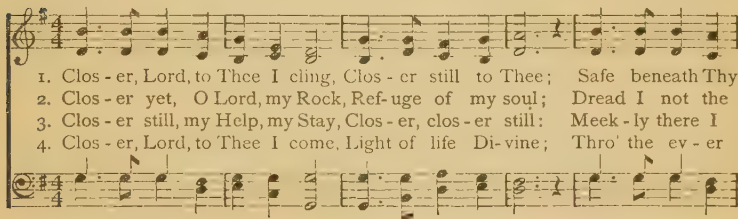


## No. 11. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D. Alt.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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# No. 12.

# God is Love!

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "God is love!"—His word proclaims it, Day by day the truth we prove;  
 2. "God is love!"—Oh, tell it glad-ly, How the Sav-iour from a-bove  
 3. "God is love!"—Oh, boundless mer-cy—May we all its full-ness prove!

Heav'n and earth with joy are tell-ing, Ev - er tell-ing, "God is Love!"  
 Came to seek and save the lost ones, Showing thus the Fa-ther's love.  
 Tell - ing those who sit in darkness, "God is Light, and God is Love!"

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove;

Sounding forth the might-y cho-rus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

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# No. 13.

# Seeking for Me.

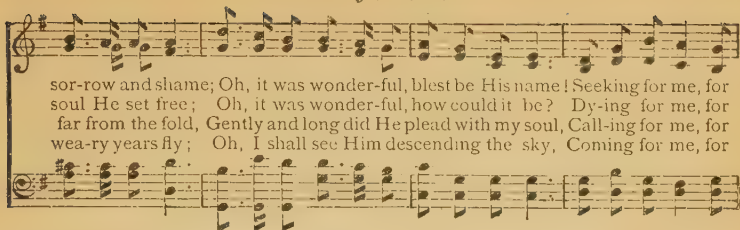
"I will both search My sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. N.

E. E. HASTY, by per.

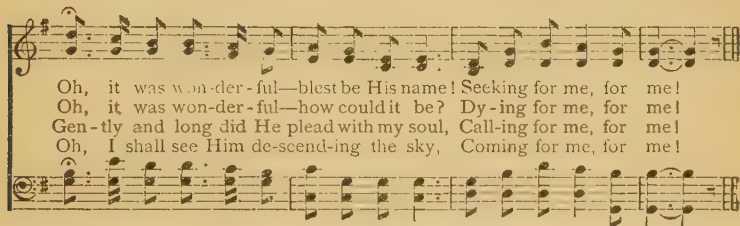
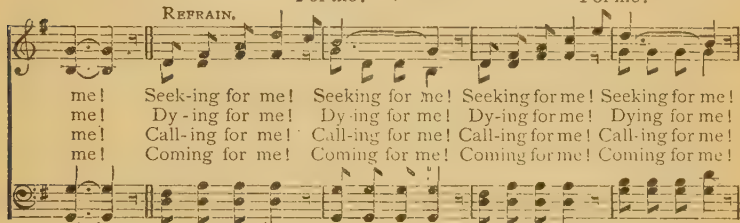
1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to  
 2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my  
 3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-  
 4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as

# Seeking for Me.



For me!

For me!



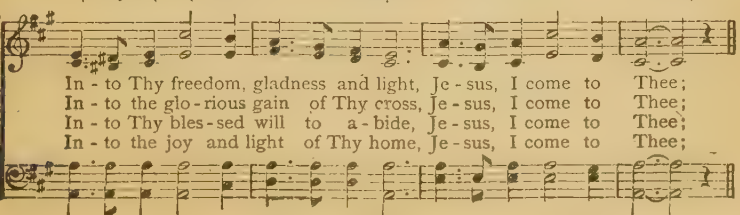
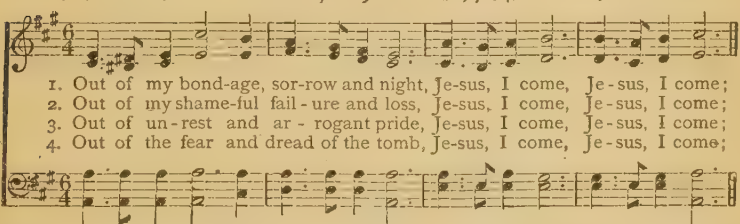
## No. 14.

## Jesus, I Come.

W. T. SLEEPER.

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71: 4.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



## Jesus, I Come.

Out of my sick-ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,  
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of des-pair in - to rapt-ures a - bove,  
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.  
 Out of dis-tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.  
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.  
 Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be - hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

## No. 15. Glory Ever be to Jesus.

*"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—Psa. 96: 7.*

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Glo - ry ev - er be to Je - sus, God's own well - be - lov - ed Son;  
 2. Oh, the wea - ry days of wand - ring, Longing, hop - ing for the light;  
 3. In His safe and ho - ly keep - ing, Neath the shad - ow of His wing,

By His grace He hath redeemed us, "It is fin - ished," all is done.  
 These at last lie all be - hind us, Je - sus is our strength and might.  
 Glad - ly in His love con - fid - ing, May our souls His prais - es sing.

### CHORUS.

Saved by grace thro' faith in Je - sus, Saved by His own pre - cious blood,

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Glory Ever be to Jesus.

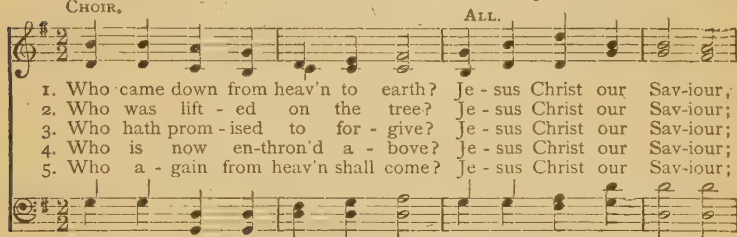


No. 16. Jesus Christ our Saviour.

- "This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world."—John 4: 42.

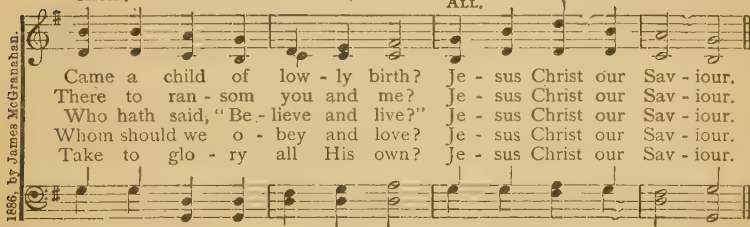
EL. NATHAN.  
CHOIR.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

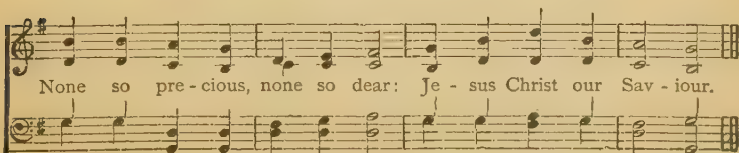
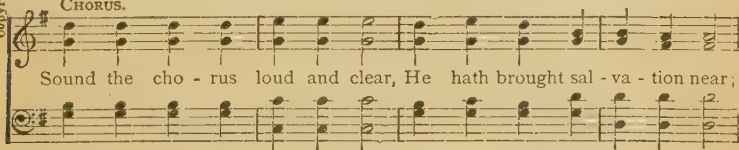


CHOIR.

ALL.



CHORUS.





# No. 17.

# Jesus Saves!

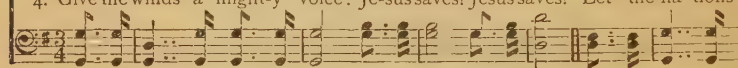
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

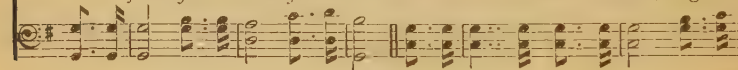
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



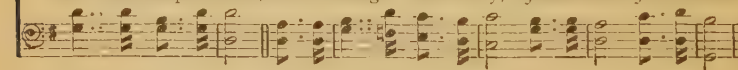
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je-sus saves! Jesus saves! Spread the tid-ings
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide: Je-sus saves! Jesus saves! Tell to sin-ners
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle strife, Je-sus saves! Jesus saves! By His death and
4. Give the winds a might-y voice: Je-sus saves! Jesus saves! Let the na-tions



all around: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the far and wide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o end-less life: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the now re-joyce: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Shout salva - tion full and free, Highest



steeps and cross the waves; Onward!—'tis our Lord's command: Jesus saves! Jesus saves! back, ye ocean caves; Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! heart for mercy craves; Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! hills and deepest caves; This our song of vic - to - ry,—Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!



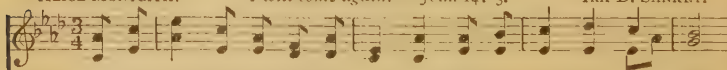
# No. 18.

# He is Coming.

ALICE MONTEITH.

"I will come again."—John 14: 3.

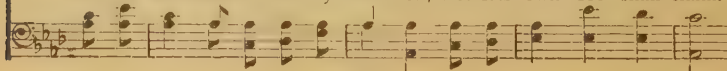
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. He is com-ing, the "Man of Sorrows," Now ex - alt - ed on high;
2. He is com-ing, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Blessed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com-ing, our Lord and Mas-ter, Our Re-deem-er and King;
4. He shall gath-er His cho-sen peo-ple, Who are called by His name;



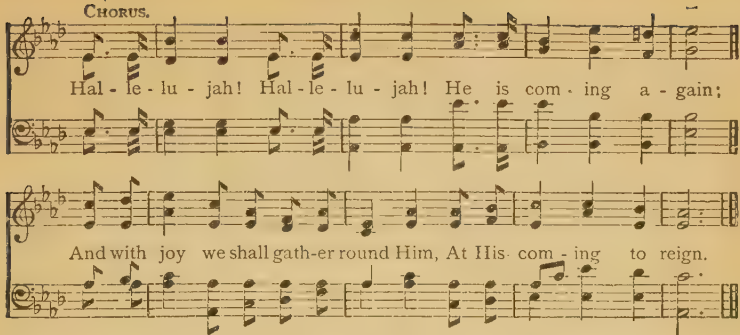
He is com-ing with loud ho-san-nas, In the clouds of the sky.  
In the glo-ry of God the Fa-ther, On the earth He shall reign.  
We shall see Him in all His beau-ty, And His praise we shall sing.  
And the ransomed of ev - 'ry na-tion, For His own He shall claim.



Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.

# He is Coming.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is com - ing a - gain;  
And with joy we shall gath - er round Him, At His com - ing to reign.

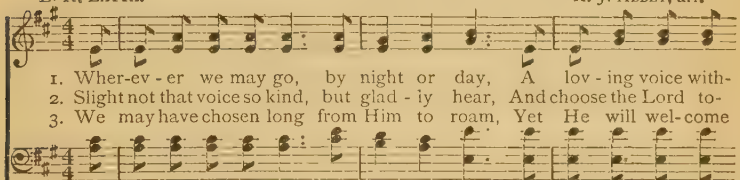
## No. 19.

## Give Me Thine Heart.

"My son, give Me thine heart."—Proverbs 23: 26.

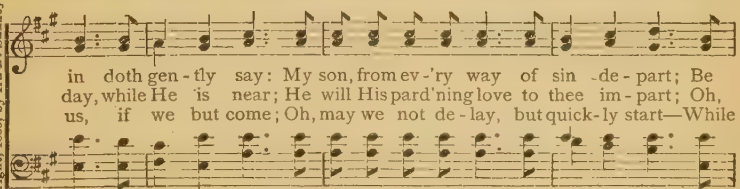
E. R. LATTI.

A. J. ABBEY, arr.



1. Where - ev - er we may go, by night or day, A lov - ing voice with -  
2. Slight not that voice so kind, but glad - ly hear, And choose the Lord to -  
3. We may have chosen long from Him to roam, Yet He will wel - come

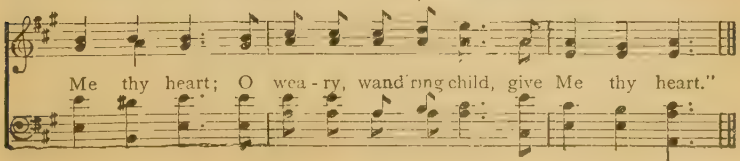
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in doth gen - tly say: My son, from ev - 'ry way of sin de - part; Be  
day, while He is near; He will His pard'ning love to thee im - part; Oh,  
us, if we but come; Oh, may we not de - lay, but quick - ly start—While



Satan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!" }  
hear Him calling still, "Give Me thy heart!" } "Give Me thy heart, give  
Je - sus say - eth still, "Give Me thy heart!" }



Me thy heart; O wea - ry, wand'ring child, give Me thy heart."

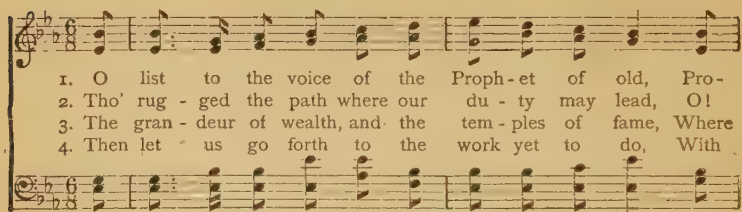
# No. 20.

# They that be Wise.

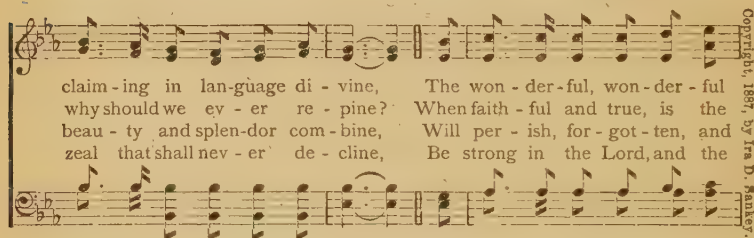
"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—Dan. 12: 3.

F. J. CROSBY.

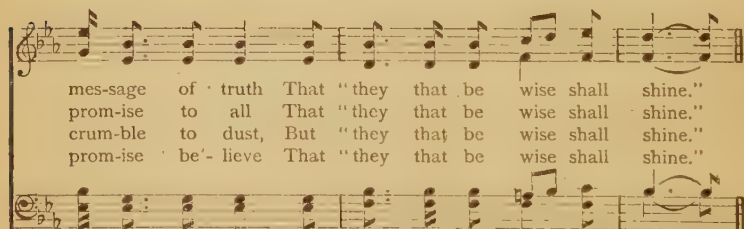
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. O list to the voice of the Proph-et of old, Pro-  
 2. Tho' rug-ged the path where our du-ty may lead, O!  
 3. The gran-deur of wealth, and the tem-ples of fame, Where  
 4. Then let us go forth to the work yet to do, With

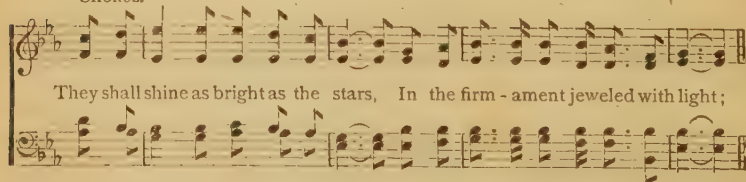


claim-ing in lan-guage di-vine, The won-der-ful, won-der-ful  
 why should we ev-er re-pine? When faith-ful and true, is the  
 beau-ty and splen-dor com-bine, Will per-ish, for-got-ten, and  
 zeal that shall nev-er de-cline, Be strong in the Lord, and the

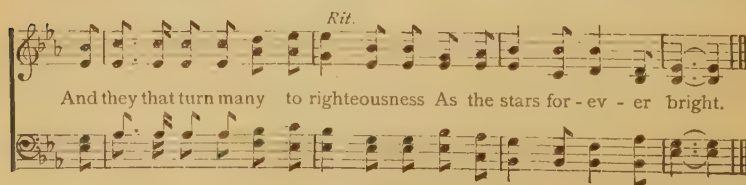


mes-sage of truth That "they that be wise shall shine."  
 prom-ise to all That "they that be wise shall shine."  
 crum-ble to dust, But "they that be wise shall shine."  
 prom-ise be-lieve That "they that be wise shall shine."

## CHORUS.



They shall shine as bright as the stars, In the firm-ament jeweled with light;



And they that turn many to righteousness As the stars for-ev-er bright.

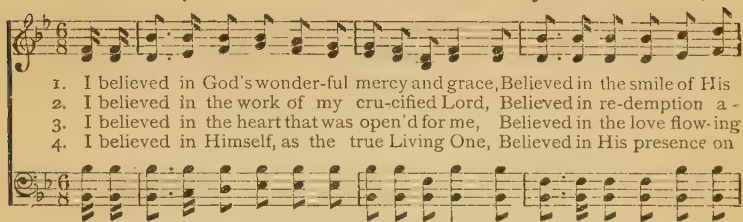
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# No. 21. Believe, and Keep on Believing.


"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Jno. 3: 36.

Arr. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

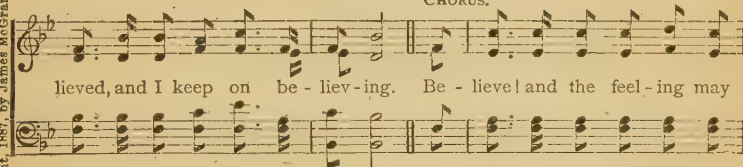


1. I believed in God's wonder-ful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His  
 2. I believed in the work of my cru-cified Lord, Believed in re-demption a -  
 3. I believed in the heart that was open'd for me, Believed in the love flow-ing  
 4. I believed in Himself, as the true Living One, Believed in His presence on

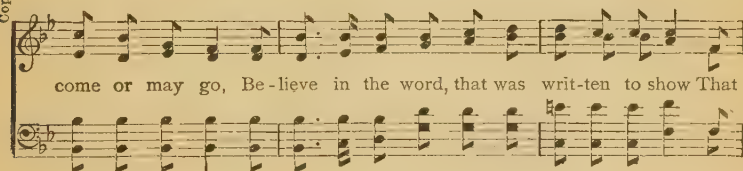


rec - on-ciled face, Be-lieved in His message of par-don and peace; I be-  
 lone thro' His blood, Be-lieved in my Saviour by trust-ing His word; I be-  
 bless-ed and free, Be-lieved that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-  
 high on the throne, Be-lieved in His com-ing in glo-ry full soon; I be-

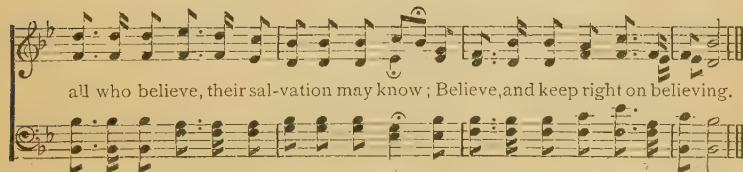
## CHORUS.



lied, and I keep on be-liev-ing. Be-lieve! and the feel-ing may



come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ-ten to show That



all who believe, their sal-vation may know; Believe, and keep right on believing.

Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

# No. 22.

# Meet me There!

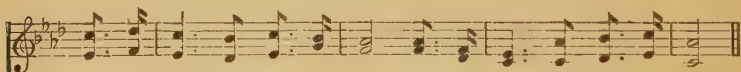
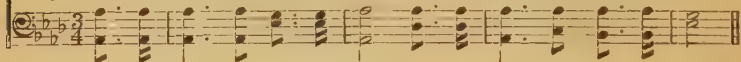
"Where I am there ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

E. G. TAYLOR.  
*Moderato.*

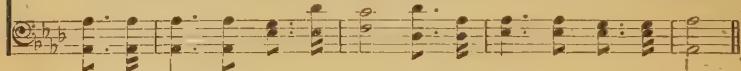
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



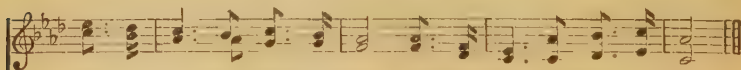
1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav-'nly world so fair,
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be-yond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be-reave-ments we shall bear;



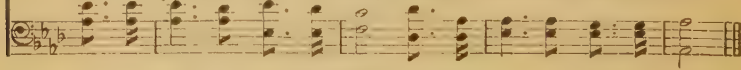
Where our Lord has en-tered in, And there comes no taint of sin;  
When this troub-led life shall cease, Meet me where is per-fect peace;  
There no sigh-ings for the dead, There no fare-well tear is shed;



With our friends of long a-go, Clad in rai-ment white as snow,  
Where our sor-rows we lay down, For the king-dom and the crown,  
We shall, safe from all a-larms, Clasp our lov'd ones in our arms,



Such as all the ransom'd wear,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!  
Je-sus doth a home pre-pare,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!  
And in Je-sus' glo-ry share,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!



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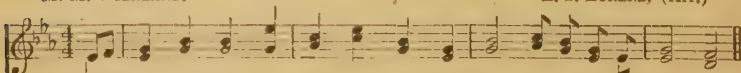
# No. 23.

# Joy Cometh in the Morning!

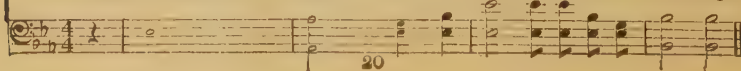
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

M. M. WIENLAND.

E. S. LORENZ, (Arr.)



1. Oh, wea-ry pil-grim, lift your head: For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
2. Ye trembling saints, dis-miss your fears: For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
3. Let ev-'ry bur-den'd soul look up: For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a-way: For joy cometh in the morn-ing!



Arrangement Copyright 1887, by Ira D. Sankey



# Joy Cometh in the Morning!

For God in His own Word hath said That joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears: For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 And ev - 'ry trembling sin - ner hope: For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 Sor - row and sigh-ing flee a - way: For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

CHORUS.

Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

Weep-ing may en - dure for a night; But joy com-eth in the morning!

## No. 24.

## Be He also Ready.

GEO. R. CLARK.

Matt. 24: 44.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

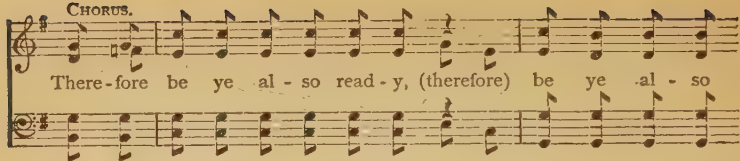
1. Are you read-y, are you read-y for the coming of the Lord? Are you
2. Are you wait-ing, are you waiting for the coming of the King? Have you
3. Have you ris - en, have you ris - en from the heavy midnight sleep? Have you

liv - ing as He bids you in His word? Are you walking in the light? Is your  
 bundles of the gold - en grain to bring? Can you lay at Je - sus' feet A - ny  
 risen from your slumber long and deep? Are your garments wash'd from sin? Are you

hope of heaven bright? Could you welcome Him to-night? Are you read - y?  
 gather'd sheaves of wheat, There your blessed Lord to greet? Are you read - y?  
 cleans'd and pure within? Are you read-y for the King? Are you read - y?

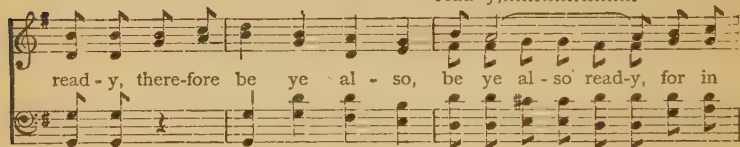
# Be Ye also Ready.

## CHORUS.

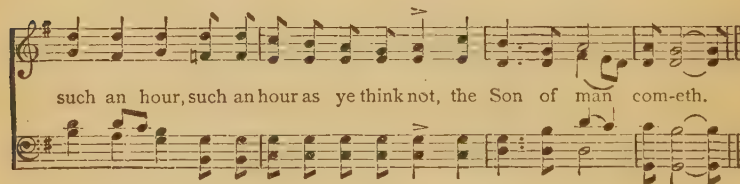


There-fore be ye al - so read - y, (therefore) be ye al - so

read - y,.....



read - y, there-fore be ye al - so, be ye al - so read - y, for in



such an hour, such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man com-eth.

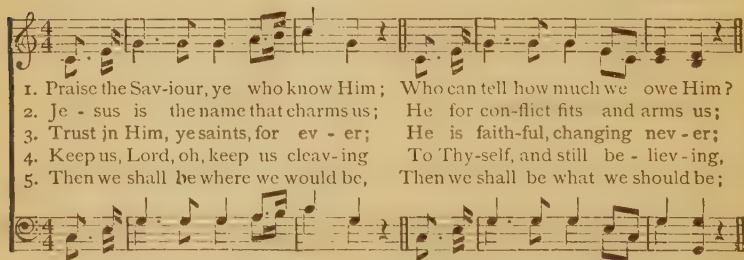
## No. 25.

## Praise the Saviour.

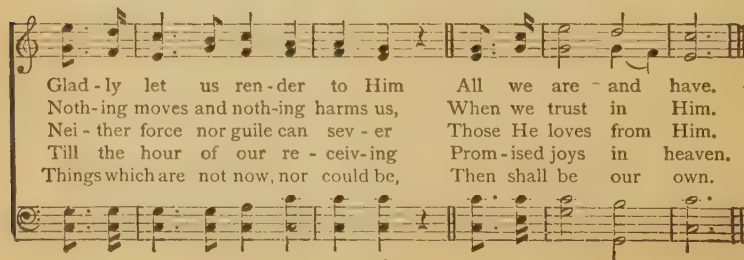
T. KELLY.

Heb. 13: 15.

German Melody.



1. Praise the Sav-iour, ye who know Him;	Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Je - sus is the name that charms us;	He for con-flict fits and arms us;
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev - er;	He is faith-ful, changing nev - er;
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleav-ing	To Thy-self, and still be - liev-ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be,	Then we shall be what we should be;



Glad-ly let us ren-der to Him	All we are - and have.
Noth-ing moves and noth-ing harms us,	When we trust in Him.
Nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er	Those He loves from Him.
Till the hour of our re - ceiv-ing	Prom-ised joys in heaven.
Things which are not now, nor could be,	Then shall be our own.

# No. 26.

# Shine on, O Star!

"The bright and morning Star."—Rev. 22: 16.

VICTORIA STUART.

IRA D. SANKRY.

1. Shine on, O Star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a - bove;  
 2. Shine on, O Star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee;  
 3. Shine on, O Star un-chang-ing, And guide our pil-grim way,  
 4. And when, with Thy re-deem'd ones, We reach the heav'n-ly shore,

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Re-lect-ing in Thy bright-ness, Our Fa-ther's look of love.  
 Be-yond the clouds that gath-er, Thy ra-diant light we see.  
 Un-til we see the dawn-ing Of heav'n's e-ter-nal day.  
 May we with Thee in glo-ry Shine on for-ev-er more.

CHORUS. shine on,..... Star.....  
 Shine on, Shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beauti-ful Star, shine on;  
 Shine on, shine on, shine on;

shine on,..... beauti-ful Star.....  
 Shine on,..... shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beauti-ful Star, shine on.  
 Shine on, shine on, rit.

# No. 27.

# Go Ye Into all the World.

G. M. J.

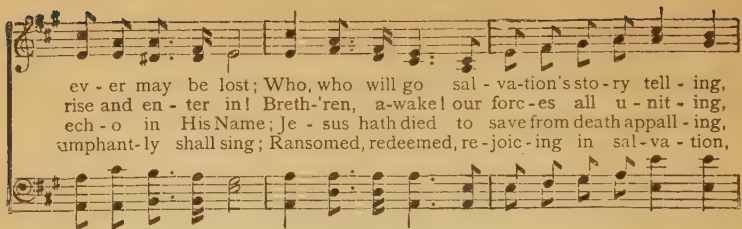
Matt. 28: 18. Mark 16: 15.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

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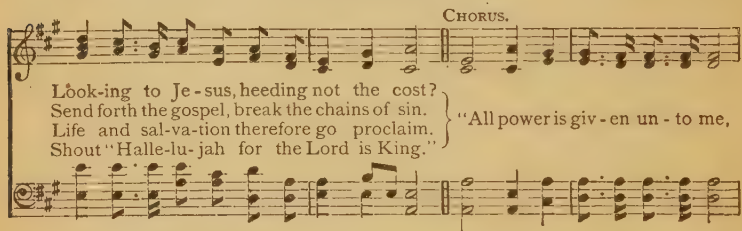
1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for  
 2. See o'er the world the o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-  
 3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" "re-  
 4. God speed the day when those of ev-ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God" tri-

Go Ye Into all the World.



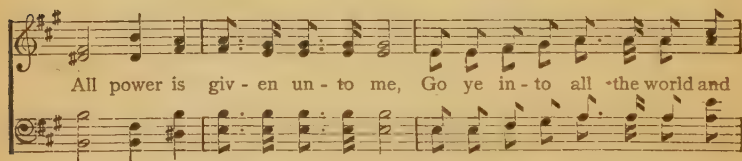
ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go sal - va - tion's sto - ry tell - ing,  
rise and en - ter in! Breth - ren, a - wake! our forc - es all u - nit - ing,  
ech - o in His Name; Je - sus hath died to save from death appall - ing,  
umphant - ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re - joic - ing in sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

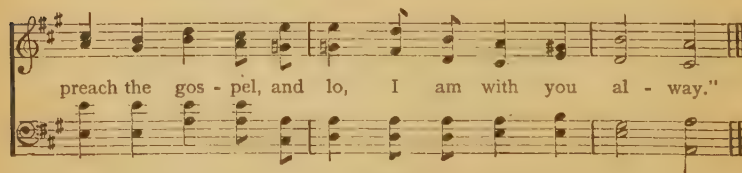


Look - ing to Je - sus, heeding not the cost?  
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.  
Life and sal - va - tion therefore go proclaim.  
Shout "Halle - lu - jah for the Lord is King."

"All power is giv - en un - to me,



All power is giv - en un - to me, Go ye in - to all the world and



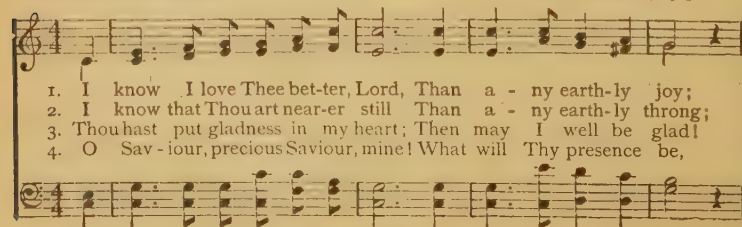
preach the gos - pel, and lo, I am with you al - way."

No. 28. I know I love Thee better, Lord.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10: 7.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.



1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy;  
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;  
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!  
4. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy presence be,

Copyright, 1881, by R. E. Hudson.

I know I love Thee better, Lord.

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.  
 And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.  
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!  
 yet been told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!  
 yet been told, cleanseth me!

## No. 29.

## O Precious Word.

*"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."*—John 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The soul that comes to Me,  
 2. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Be - hold, I am the Door;  
 3. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Come, wea - ry souls op - pressed,  
 4. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The world I o - ver - came;

I will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.  
 And all who en - ter in by Me Have life for - ev - er - more.  
 Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.  
 And they who fol - low where I lead Shall con - quer in My name.



REFRAIN.

Who - ev - er he may be, Who - ev - er he may be, I  
 Have life for - ev - er - more, Have life for - ev - er - more, And  
 And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest, Come  
 Shall con-quer in My Name, Shall con-quer in My Name, And

will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.  
 all who en - ter in by Me Have life for - ev - er - more.  
 take my yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.  
 they who fol - low where I lead Shall con - quer in My Name.

# No. 30. O the Crown, the Glory-Crown

*"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that  
 fadeth not away."*—1 Peter 5: 4.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Wea - ry glean - er in the field, poor or plen - ty be the yield, La - bor  
 2. Je - sus now has gone a - bove to complete His work of love, His re -  
 3. O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way how brief, When a

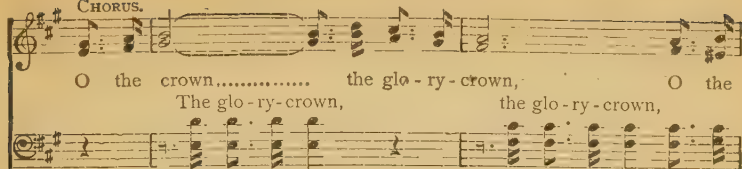
on for the Mas - ter, noth - ing fear - ing, There's a promise of re - ward,  
 turn day by day is sure - ly near - ing, When His own He will re - ceive,  
 crown in the glo - ry we are wear - ing, O the rapture who can tell,

at the com - ing of the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.  
 and a welcome He will give, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.  
 as for ev - er there we dwell, With redeem'd ones that lov'd His ap - pear - ing.

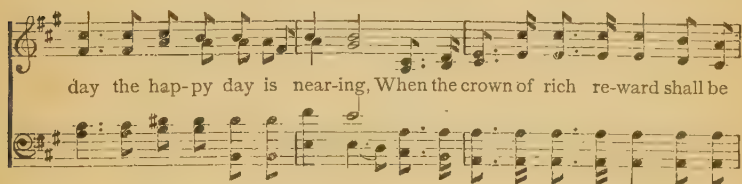
Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

# O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.

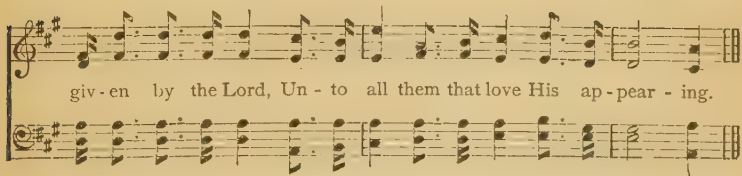
CHORUS.



O the crown..... the glo - ry - crown, O the  
The glo - ry - crown, the glo - ry - crown,



day the hap - py day is near - ing, When the crown of rich re - ward shall be



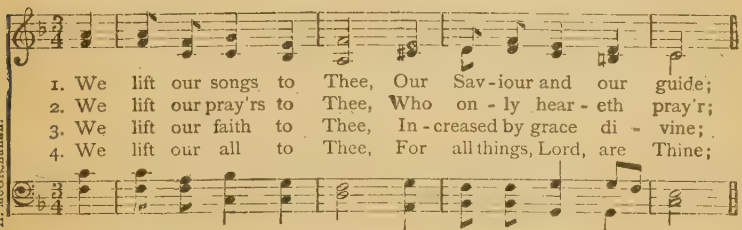
giv - en by the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.

## No. 31. We lift our Songs to Thee.

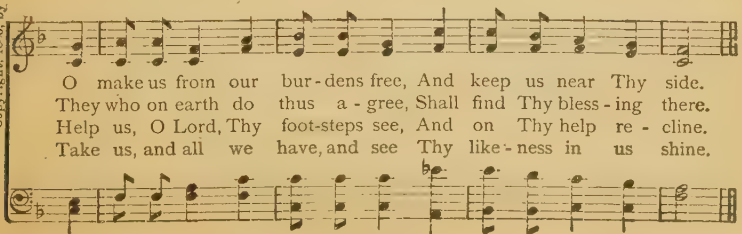
"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

N. J. SQUIRES.

H. H. McGRANAHAN.



1. We lift our songs to Thee, Our Sav - iour and our guide;  
2. We lift our pray'rs to Thee, Who on - ly hear - eth pray'r;  
3. We lift our faith to Thee, In - creased by grace di - vine;  
4. We lift our all to Thee, For all things, Lord, are Thine;



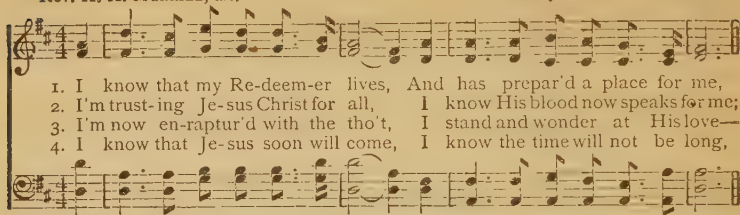
O make us from our bur - dens free, And keep us near Thy side.  
They who on earth do thus a - gree, Shall find Thy bless - ing there.  
Help us, O Lord, Thy foot - steps see, And on Thy help re - cline.  
Take us, and all we have, and see Thy like - ness in us shine.

# No. 32. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

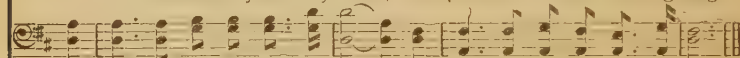


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has prepar'd a place for me,
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me;
3. I'm now en-raptur'd with the tho't, I stand and wonder at His love—
4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the time will not be long,

D.C.—For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons: "child, come home!"



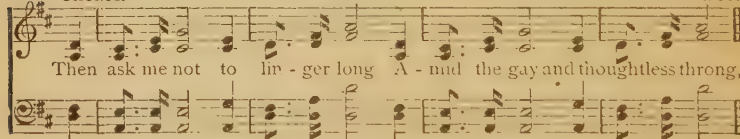
And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives To those who would His children be.  
I'm list'n-ing for the wel-come call, To say: "The Master wait-eth thee!"  
That He from heav'n to earth was bro't, To die, that I may live a-bove,  
Till I shall reach my heav'nly home, And join the ev-er-last-ing song.



For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons: "child, come home!"

CHORUS.

D.C.



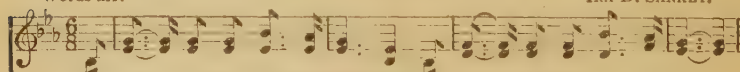
Then ask me not to lin-ger long A-nud the gay and thoughtless throng,

# No. 33. Not Far from the Kingdom.

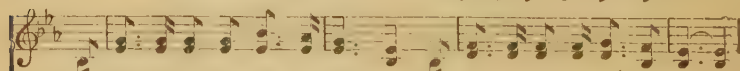
"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—Mark 12: 34.

Words arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voice-es whisper and wait;
3. A-way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on-ly a lit-tle space;

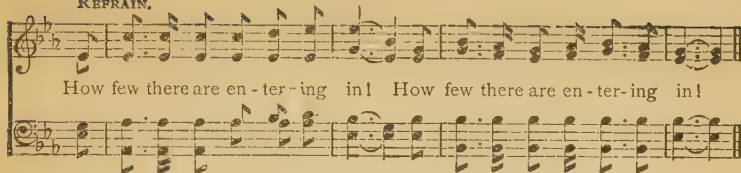


How ma-n-y are coming and go-ing!—How few there are enter-ing in!  
Too tim-id to en-ter in bold-ly, So lin-ger still outside the gate.  
There Je-sus is waiting to lead you So ten-der-ly in-to His fold.  
But oh, you may still be for ev-er Shut out from yon heav-enly place!

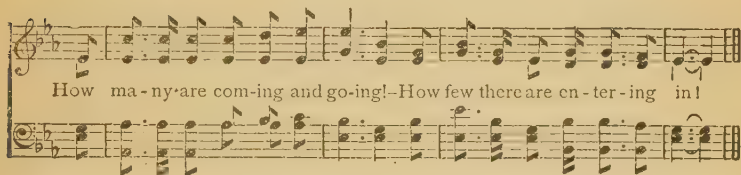


# Not far from the Kingdom.

## REFRAIN.



How few there are en-ter-ing in! How few there are en-ter-ing in!



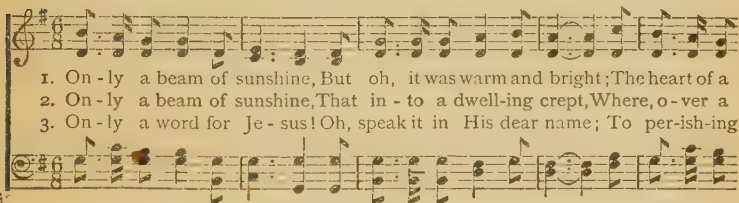
How ma-ny are com-ing and go-ing!—How few there are en-ter-ing in!

## No. 34. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

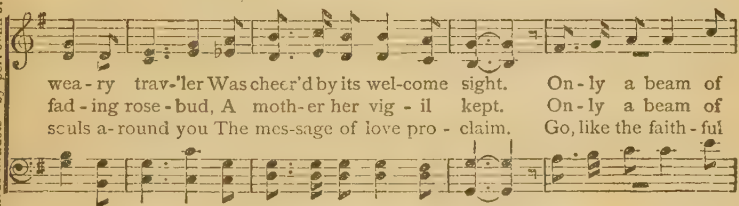
*"Be kindly affectioned one to another."*—Rom, 12: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

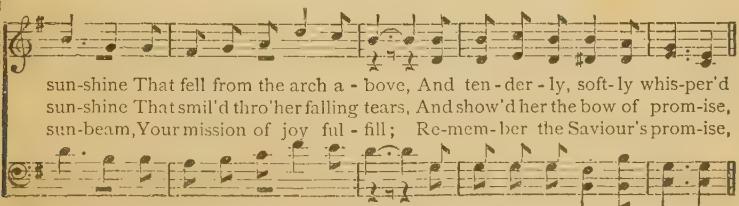
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. On-ly a beam of sunshine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The heart of a
2. On-ly a beam of sunshine, That in-to a dwell-ing crept, Where, o-ver a
3. On-ly a word for Je-sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To per-ish-ing



wea-ry trav-'ler Was cheer'd by its wel-come sight. On-ly a beam of  
fad-ing rose-bud, A moth-er her vig-il kept. On-ly a beam of  
sculs a-round you The mes-sage of love pro-claim. Go, like the faith-ful



sun-shine That fell from the arch a-bove, And ten-der-ly, soft-ly whis-per'd  
sun-shine That smil'd thro' her fall-ing tears, And show'd her the bow of prom-ise,  
sun-beam, Your mis-sion of joy-ful-fill; Re-mem-ber the Savi-our's prom-ise,

# Only a Beam of Sunshine.

CHORUS.

A mes-sage of peace and love.  
For-got-ten perhaps for years.  
That He will be with you still.

On - ly a word for Je-sus, On-ly a

whisper'd pray'r    Oversome grief-worn spirit May rest like a sunbeam fair.

## No. 35.

## Awake, my Soul.

JOEL BARLOW.

(ST. PETER. C. M.)

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. A-wake, my soul! to sound His praise, A-wake, my harp! to sing;
2. A-mong the peo-ple of His care, And thro' the na-tions round,
3. Be Thou ex-alt-ed, O my God! A-bove the star-ry train;
4. So shall Thy chos-en sons re-joice, And throng Thy courts a-bove;

Join, all my pow'rs! the song to raise, And morn-ing in-cense bring.  
Glad songs of praise will I pre-pare, And there His name re-sound.  
Dif-fuse Thy heav-nly grace a-broad, And teach the world Thy reign.  
While sin-ners hear Thy pard'ning voice, And taste re-deem-ing love.

## No. 36.

## The Child of a King!

HATTIE E. BUELL.

"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.

JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for



## The Child of a King!

world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for ev-er on high, And will a-lien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's writ-ten down,—An me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.  
give me a home in heav-en by and by.  
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown! } I'm the child of a King! The  
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

*ad lib.*

child of a King! With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King!

## No. 37.

## Songs of Gladness.

*"In thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures  
forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.*

HORATIUS BONAR, Alt.

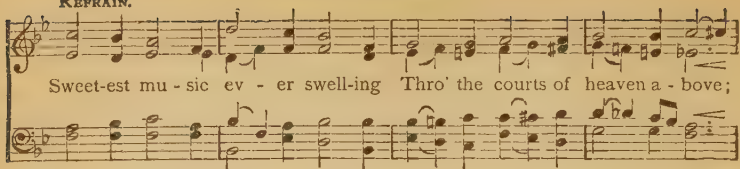
IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Songs of glad-ness, nev-er sad-ness, Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;  
2. Ev-er sunshine, nev-er shad-ow, Calm, mild, clear ce-les-tial day;  
3. Ev-er gaz-ing, lov-ing, praising, With the an-gel hosts a-bove;  
4. Nev-er sigh-ing, nev-er sin-nig; No dis-trust, nor doubt, nor fears;

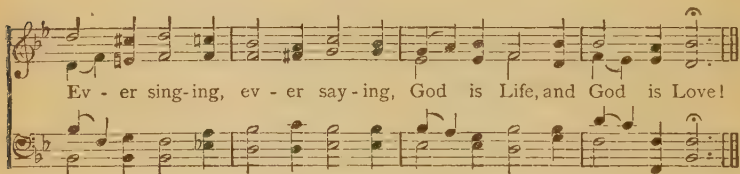
An-them swell-ing ev-er tell-ing Of the joy of souls for-given.  
Ev-er sum-mer in its bright-ness, Nev-er win-ter or de-cay.  
One e-ter-nal Hal-le-lu-jah, One e-ter-nal song of love.  
Thro' the long un-end-ing a-ges, Thro' the long e-ter-nal years.

# Songs of Gladness.

## REFRAIN.



Sweet-est mu - sic ev - er swell-ing Thro' the courts of heaven a - bove;



Ev - er sing-ing, ev - er say-ing, God is Life, and God is Love!

## No. 38.

## Blessed Assurance.

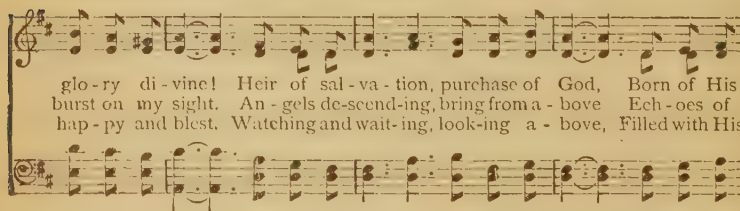
*"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."*—John 6: 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

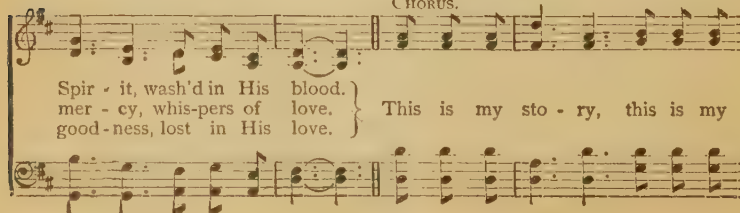


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of  
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rapt - ure now  
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His  
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of  
hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

## CHORUS.



Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.  
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my sto - ry, this is my  
good - ness, lost in His love. }

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

# Blessed Assurance.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my  
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

## No. 39.

## At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would  
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree? A-  
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here,

### CHORUS.

He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I? }  
maz-ing pi-ty, grace unknown, And love beyond degree! } At the cross, at the  
Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do! }

cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away,  
rolled away,

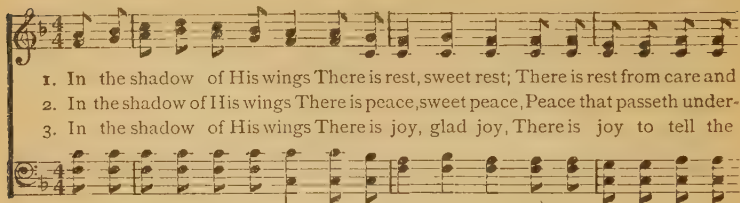
It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

# No. 40. In the Shadow of His Wings.

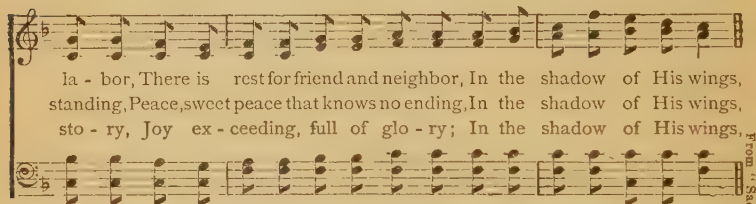
"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

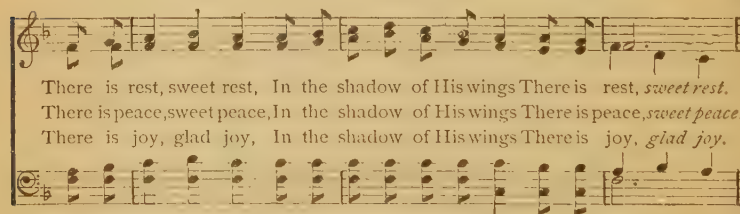
E. O. EXCELL.



1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and  
 2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-  
 3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

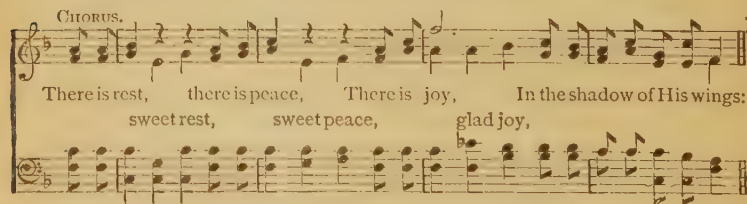


la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of His wings,  
 standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of His wings,  
 sto - ry, Joy ex - ceeding, full of glo - ry; In the shadow of His wings,

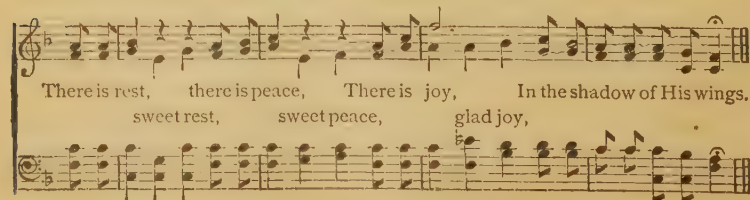


There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings There is rest, *sweet rest*.  
 There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings There is peace, *sweet peace*.  
 There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings There is joy, *glad joy*.

CHORUS.



There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings:  
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,



There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings.  
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

From "Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.

# No. 41.

# Evening Prayer.

J. EDMESTON.

"Bless me—O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

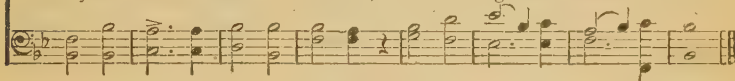
Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir- its seal;
2. Tho' de- struc- tion walk a- round us, Tho' the ar- rows past us fly;
3. Tho' the night be dark and drea- ry, Darkness can- not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o' er- take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,



Sin and want we come con- fess- ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
An- gel- guards from Thee sur- round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh  
Thou art He who, nev- er wea- ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.  
May the morn in heav- en a- wake us, Clad in bright and death- less bloom.



# No. 42.

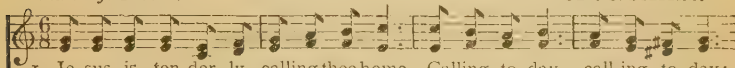
# Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11: 28.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

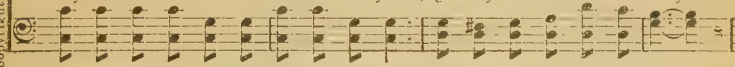
Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Je- sus is ten- der- ly calling thee home— Calling to- day, call- ing to- day;
2. Je- sus is call- ing the wea- ry to rest— Calling to- day, call- ing to- day;
3. Je- sus is wait- ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to- day, wait- ing to- day;
4. Je- sus is plead- ing, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to- day, hear Him to- day;



Why from the sun- shine of love wilt thou roam Far- ther and far- ther a - way?  
Bring Him thy bur- den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.  
Come with thy sins, at His feet low- ly bow; Come, and no long- er de- lay.  
They who be- lieve on His name shall re- joice; Quick- ly a - rise and a - way.



## REFRAIN.



Call - ing to - day, ..... call - ing to - day, .....  
Call- ing, call- ing to - day, to - day; Call- ing, call- ing to - day, to - day;





# Jesus is Calling.

Je - - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.  
 Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling to-day,

## No. 43. Shall you? Shall I?

G. M. J.  
 (Subject from M. E. I.)

Luke 13: 24.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will en - ter the pear - ly gate By and by, by and by,  
 2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,  
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,  
 4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?  
 Faith-ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?  
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?  
 Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?

Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will  
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of  
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the  
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have

there be-hold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?  
 earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?  
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?  
 gone be-fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more: Shall you? shall I?

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# No. 44.

# Oh, Wondrous Name!

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God."—Isaiah 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, wondrous Name, by prophets heard Long years be - fore His birth;  
 2. Oh, glo - rious Name the an - gels praise, And ran - somed saints a - dore,—  
 3. Oh, pre - cious Name, ex - alt - ed high, To Him all pow'r is given:

Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.

They saw Him com - ing from a - far, The Prince of Peace on earth.  
 The Name a - bove all oth - er names, Our ref - uge ev - er - more.  
 Thro' Him we tri - umph o - ver sin, By Him we en - ter heaven.

## CHORUS.

The Won - der - ful! The Coun - sel - lor! The Great and Might - y Lord!

The ev - er - last - ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!

# No. 45. The Robe that gave Jesus to Die.

EL. NATHAN.

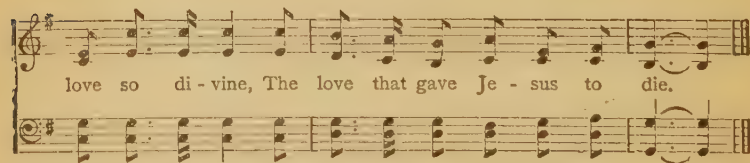
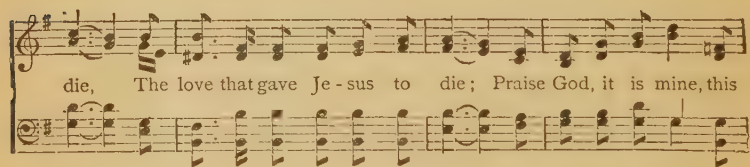
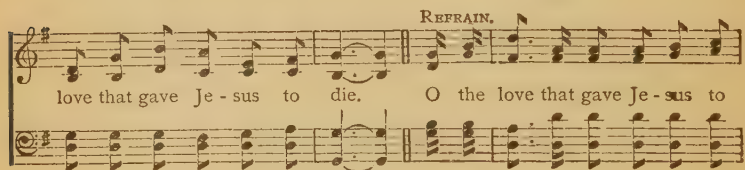
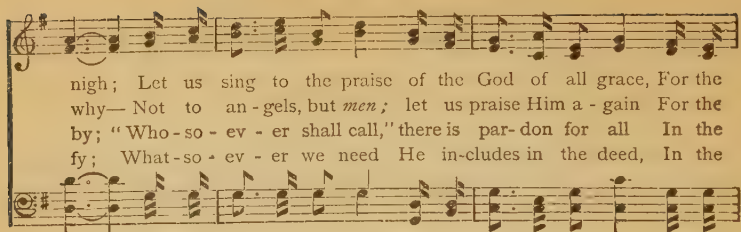
Jno. 3: 16.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

1. Let us sing of the love of the Lord, As now to the cross we draw  
 2. O how great was the love that was shown To us—we can nev - er tell  
 3. Now this love un - to all God com - mends, Not one would His mercy pass  
 4. Who is he that can sep - a - rate those Whom God doth in love jus - ti -

The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

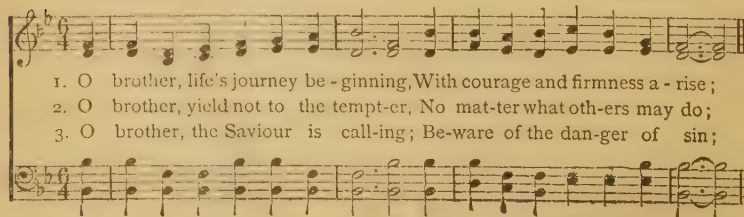


No. 46. O Brother, Life's Journey Beginning.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—James 4: 7.

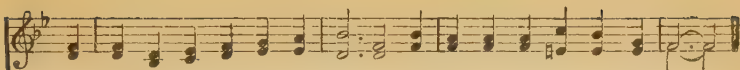
RIAN J. STERLING.

IRA D. SANKEY.



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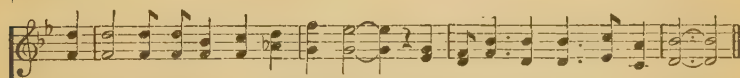
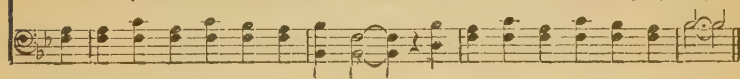
© Brother, Life's Journey Beginning.



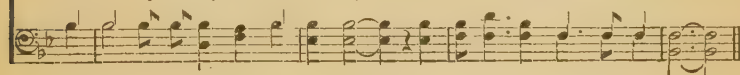
Look well to the course thou art choosing, Be earnest, and watchful, and wise ;  
Stand firm in the strength of the Master, Be loyal, be faithful and true ;  
Resist not the voice of the Spirit, That whispers so gently within ;



Remember, two paths are be-fore thee, And both thy at-ten-tion in-vite;  
Each tri-al will make you the strong-er, If you, in the name of the Lord,  
God calls you to en-ter His ser-vice,— To live for Him here, day by day,



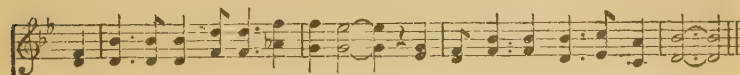
But one leadeth on to de-struction,— The oth-er to joy and de - light.  
Fight man-ful-ly un-der your Leader, O-bey-ing the voice of His word.  
And share by and by in the glo-ry That never shall van-ish a - way.



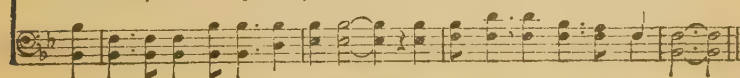
CHORUS.



God help you to follow His ban-ner, And serve Him wher-ever you go;



And when you are tempted, my brother, God give you the grace to say "No."



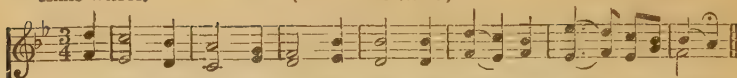
# No. 47.

# O God, our Help.

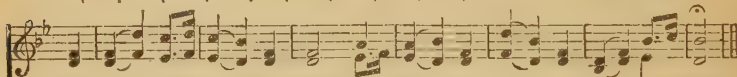
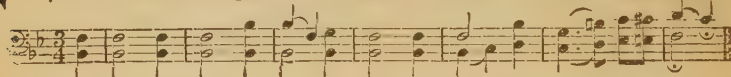
ISAAC WATTS.

(BEMERTON. C. M.)

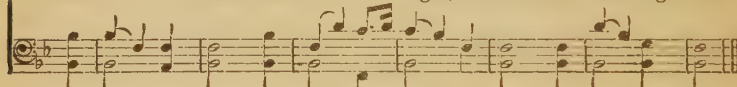
H. W. GREATOREX.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an even - ing gone;



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home: -  
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.  
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.



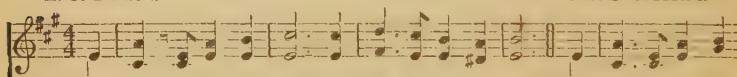
# No. 48.

# Fear Not!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—Gen. 15: 1.

E. G. TAYLOR.

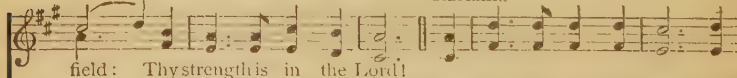
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



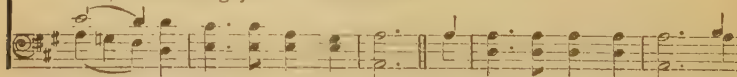
1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great reward; His might has won the
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy dis-tress; The wa - ter of His
3. Fear not! be not dismayed! He ev - er more will be With thee, to give His
4. Fear not! ye lit - tle flock; Your Shepherd soon will come, Give water from the



## REFRAIN.



field: Thy strength is in the Lord!  
word Thy faint - ing soul shall bless. Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That  
aid, And He will strengthen thee.  
rock, And bring you to his home!



speaks to thee this word; Lift up your head: re-joice In Je - sus Christ thy Lord!



Copyright, 1882, by Geo. C. Stebbins.



# No. 49. There shall be Showers of Blessing.

Ezek. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

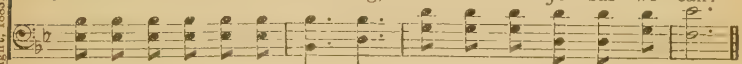
Copyright, 1883, by James McGranahan.



1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing;" This is the prom - ise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing" — Pre - cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing;" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing;" Oh, that to - day they might fall,

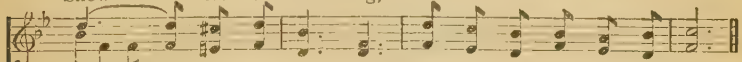


There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.  
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bundance of rain.  
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.  
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as to Je - sus we call!

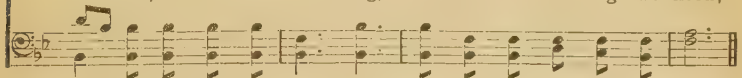


CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing,



Show - ers, showers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;



Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.



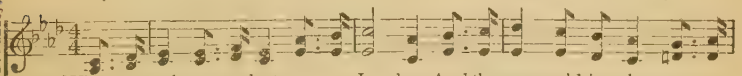
# No. 50. Numberless as the Sands.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—Hosea. 1: 10.

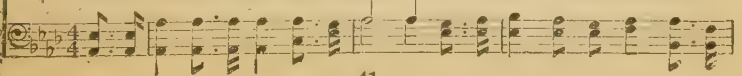
F. A. B., arr.

F. A. BLACKMER, arr.

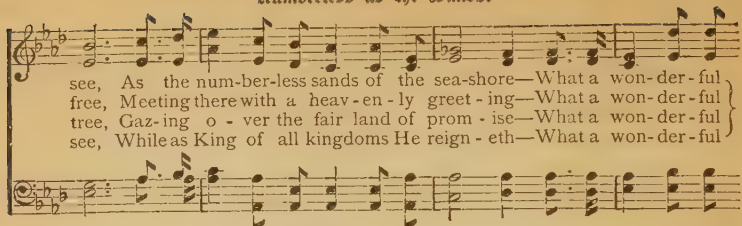
Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.



1. When we gath - er at last o - ver Jor - dan, And the ransom'd in glo - ry we
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from sorrow and tri - als are
3. When we stand by the beau - ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life - giv - ing
4. When at last we behold our Redeem - er, And His glo - ry transcendent we

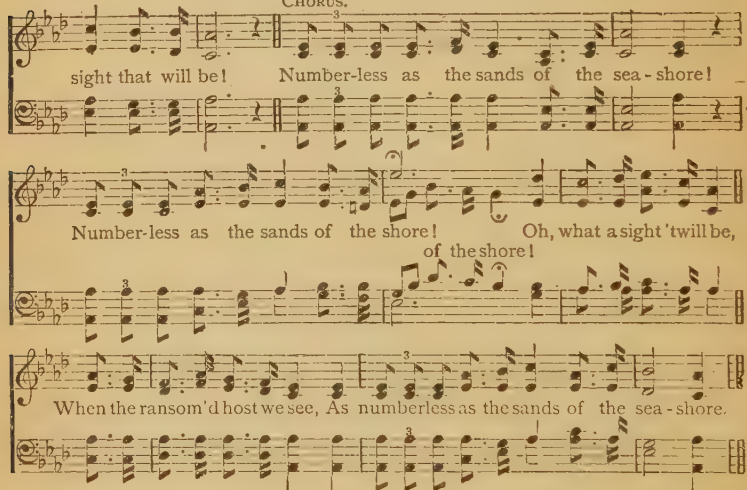


# Numberless as the Sands.



see, As the num-ber-less sands of the sea-shore—What a won-der-ful  
free, Meeting there with a heav-en-ly greet-ing—What a won-der-ful  
tree, Gaz-ing o-ver the fair land of prom-ise—What a won-der-ful  
see, While as King of all kingdoms He reign-eth—What a won-der-ful

## CHORUS.



sight that will be! Number-less as the sands of the sea-shore!  
Number-less as the sands of the shore! Oh, what a sight 'twill be,  
of the shore!  
When the ransom'd host we see, As numberless as the sands of the sea-shore.

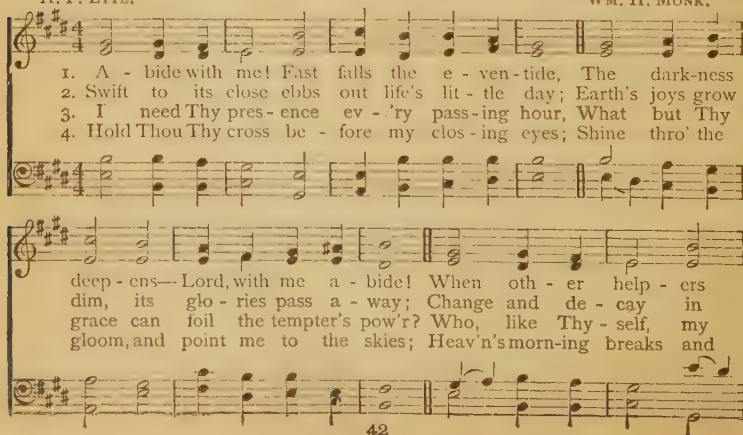
## No. 51.

## Abide with Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24: 29.

H. F. LYRE.

WM. H. MONK.



1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow  
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy  
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the  
deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers  
dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in  
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my  
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!  
all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!  
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

## No. 52. Rejoice in the Lord Alway.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Phil. 4: 4.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, With God's own word your doubts destroy,
2. My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And sheltered from the world's alarm;
3. For nothing anx-i-ous I shall be, But trusting Thee in ev-'ry thing,
4. The joys that mem'ry turns to pain, I leave for joys that nev-er end;

Let those that trust in Thee re-joyce, Yea, let them shout for joy.  
Why should I sink be-neath my load, When lean-ing on Thine arm.  
With thanks for ev-'ry gift from Thee, My troub-les all take wing.  
My loss I count my rich-est gain, For Christ His joy doth send.

*f* CHORUS. *p* *mf*  
Re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, re-joyce in the Lord al-way;

*f* *p* *f*  
Re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, and a-gain I say, Re-joyce,  
*p* *f*  
Re-joyce in the Lord, re-joyce in the Lord,

# No. 53.

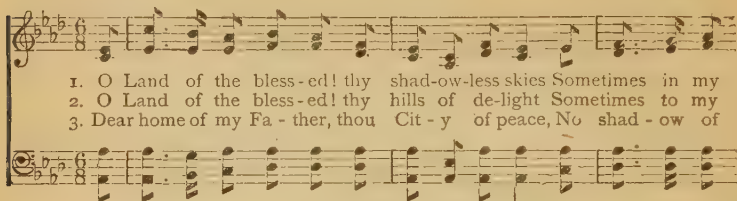
# O Land of the Blessed!

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."—Matt. 25: 34.

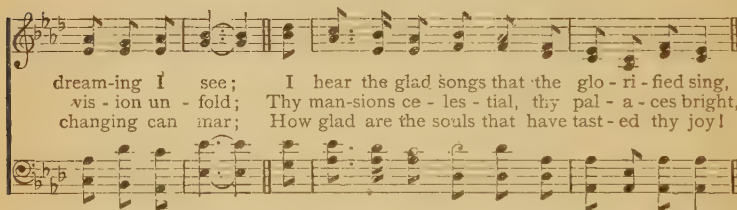
EMILY H. MILLER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

*Moderato.*



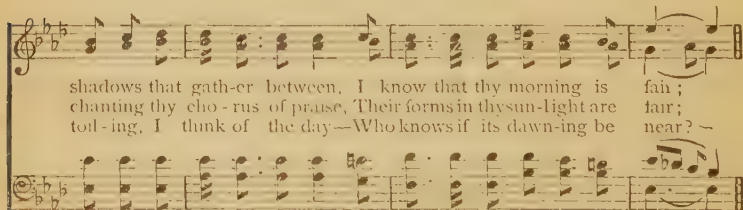
1. O Land of the bless-ed! thy shad-ow-less skies Sometimes in my  
 2. O Land of the bless-ed! thy hills of de-light Sometimes to my  
 3. Dear home of my Fa-ther, thou Cit-y of peace, No shad-ow of



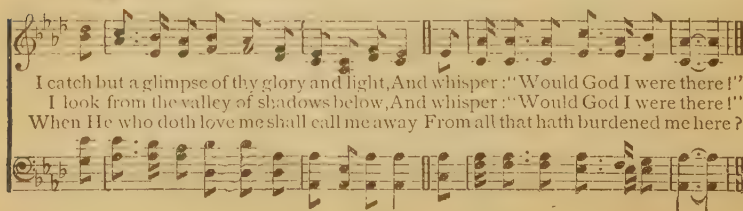
dream-ing I see; I hear the glad songs that the glo-ri-fied sing,  
 vis-ion un-fold; Thy man-sions ce-les-tial, thy pal-a-ces bright,  
 changing can-mar; How glad are the souls that have tast-ed thy joy!



*rit.*  
 Steal o-ver E-ter-ni-ty's sea; Though dark are the  
 Thy bul-warks of jas-per and gold; Dear voi-ces are  
 How blest thine in-hab-i-tants are! When wea-ry of



shadows that gath-er between, I know that thy morning is fair;  
 chanting thy cho-rus of praise, Their forms in thysun-light are fair;  
 toil-ing, I think of the day—Who knows if its dawn-ing be near? ~



I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: "Would God I were there!"  
 I look from the valley of shadows below, And whisper: "Would God I were there!"  
 When He who doth love me shall call me away From all that hath burdened me here?

*"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Galatians 6: 14.*

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near-er; Near-er the  
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am coming near-er; Feasting my  
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am coming near-er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more  
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav-iour's  
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I  
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.  
 still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.  
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

## No. 55. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

*"My God is the Rock of my refuge.—Ps. 94: 22.*

Words arr,

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;



# A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Se - cure what - ev - er **ill** be-tide, A shel - ter in the time of storm.  
 No fears a - larm, no **doe**s af-fright, A shel - ter in the time of storm.  
 We'll nev - er leave our **safe** re-treat, A shel - ter in the time of storm.  
 Be Thou our help - er **ev - er** near, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

## CHORUS.

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea - ry land a wea - ry land; Oh,  
 Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

## No. 56.

## Mighty to Save.

*"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isaiah 63: 1.*

R. W. TODD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, who is this that com-eth From E-dom's crimson plain, With wounded  
 2. Oh, why is Thine ap-par - el So ver - y deep - ly dyed?—Like them that  
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? With mercy

side, with garments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name. "I that saw Thy soul's distress  
 tread the wine-press red? Oh, why this crimson tide?" "I the wine-press trod a-lone  
 fraught, Thine arm has brought Salvation in Thy name! "I the vic-to-ry have won,

# Mighty to Save.

FINE.

A ran-som gave; I that speak in righteousness, Might-y to save!"  
 'Neath sorrow's wave; Of the peo-ple there was none Might-y to save!"  
 Conquered the grave: Now the year of joy has come, Might-y to save!"

D.C.—Lord, I'll trust Thy wond'rous love, "Mighty to save!"

CHORUS.

D.S.

Might - y to save! to save! Might - y to save! to save!

## No. 57.

## Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke 24: 6.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

*Slow.*

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the  
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they  
 3. Death can-not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

CHORUS, *faster.*

com-ing day— Je - sus, my Lord! } Up from the grave He arose, With a  
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! }  
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! } He a-rose,

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a-rose a Vic-tor from the  
 He a-rose!

# Christ Arose!

dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a-  
 rose! He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

## No. 58.

## Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T.

*Slow.*

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is calling, Call - ing for you and for me;  
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;  
 4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gather - ing, death - beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home;  
 Come home, Come home,

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

Softly and Tenderly.

*p* *rit.* *p*

Earnest-ly, tender-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

No. 59.

Whoever Will.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

A. MONTIETH.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O wand'ring souls, why will you roam A - way from God, a - way from home;  
2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night are on His brow;  
3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bundant grace re - ceive;  
4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet rest, and home;

The Sav-iour calls, O hear Him say, Who-ev - er will may come to - day.  
He knocks, He calls, He wait-eth still; Oh, come to Him, who-ev - er will.  
No love like His the heart can fill, Oh, come to Him, who-ev - er will.  
Let Him that hear-eth, ech - o still, The bless-ed who - so - ev - er will.

REFRAIN.

Who-ev - er will, who-ev - er will, Who-ev - er will may come to - day;

Who-ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

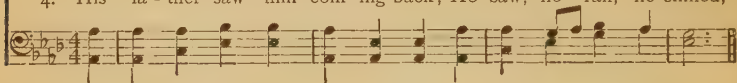
*"I will arise, and go to my Father."*—Luke 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Af - flic-tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun - ger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face;
4. His fa - ther saw him com - ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,



They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent.  
 My fa - ther's house a - bounds in bread, While I am starv - ing here!  
 Un - worth - y to be called his son, I'll seek a serv - ant's place."  
 And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bell - ious child!



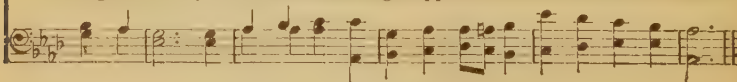
## CHORUS.



"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor starve in



foreign lands; My father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands."



- 5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"  
 "Enough," the father said;  
 "Rejoice, my house; my son's alive  
 For whom I mourned as dead!"—CHO.

- 6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,  
 To call poor sinners home;  
 More than a father's love He feels,  
 And welcomes all that come,—CHO.



# No. 61. Casting all your Care upon Him.

1 Pet. 5: 7.

From CÆSAR MALAN, by J. E. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Howsweet, my Sav-iour, to re- pose On Thine al-might-y pow'er!
2. It is Thy will that I should cast My ev - 'ry care on Thee;
3. That I should trust Thy lov - ing care, And look to Thee a - lone,
4. Why should my heart then be dis - tress By dread of fu - ture ill?



To feel Thy strength up-hold - ing me, Thro' ev - 'ry try - ing hour!  
To Thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each new per - plex - i - ty;  
To calm each troubled thought to rest, In prayer be - fore Thy throne.  
Or why should un - be - liev - ing fear My tremb - ling spir - it fill?



## CHORUS.



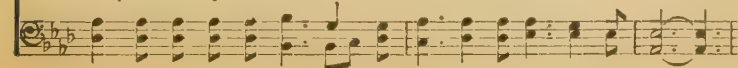
Cast - ing all..... your care up - on Him,..... Cast - ing  
Cast - ing all your care, all your care up - on Him,



all.... your care upon Him,..... Casting all..... your care upon  
all your care, all your care upon Him, your care,



Him,..... for He car - eth, He car - eth for you."  
All your care up - on Him,



"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

*Spirited.*

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,  
 2. Crowd the gar-ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,  
 3. In the gleaner's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,  
 4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true  
 and the heart be light; Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night  
 and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho-sen shared,  
 who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day. La - bor on! la - bor  
 Take the place of the gold-en day.  
 Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.  
 Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on!

on! Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the Mas - ter has  
 la-bor on!

said, He will strength re - new; La - bor on till the close of day!

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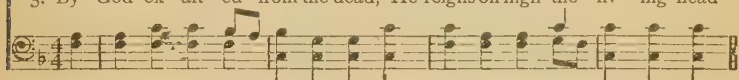
*"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."*—Phil. 2: 11.

EL. NATHAN.

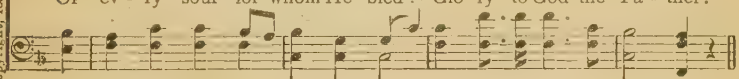
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "For God so loved!" Oh, wondrous theme! Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!
2. In love God gave, in love Christ came, That man might know the Father's name,
3. As man He tar-ried here be-low The pow'r and love of God to show;
4. Up - on the cross His life He gave, His peo-ple from their sins to save;
5. By God ex - alt - ed from the dead, He reigns on high the liv - ing head



A Sav-iour sent to sin-ful men—Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!  
 And in the Son sal - va - tion claim—Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!  
 To help and heal all hu-man woe—Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!  
 For them de-scend-ed to the grave—Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!  
 Of ev - 'ry soul for whom He bled—Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!



## CHORUS.



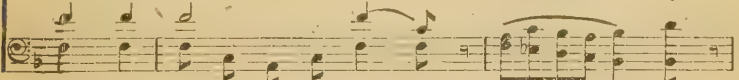
Glo - ry to God the Fa - - - ther! Glo - ry to



Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo-ry to the Fa - ther! Glo - ry,



God the Fa - - - ther! Glo - - - ry,



Glo - ry, Glo - ry to the Fa - ther!



Glo - - - ry, Glo - ry to God the Fa - - - ther!



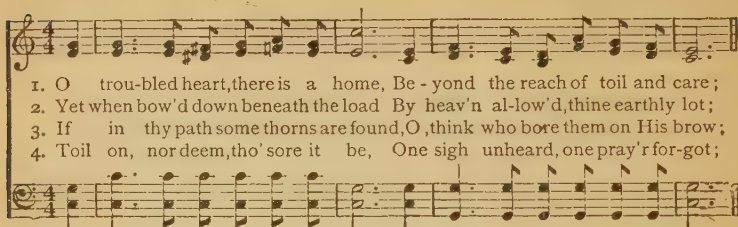
# No. 64.

# Wait, and Murmur Not.

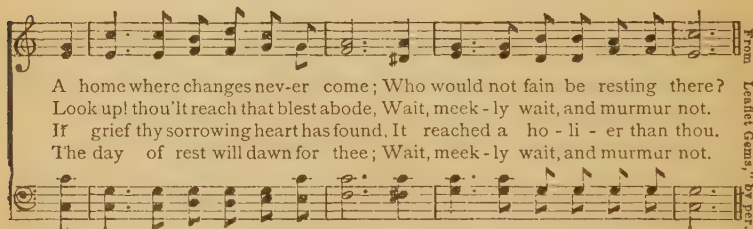
"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—Sam. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

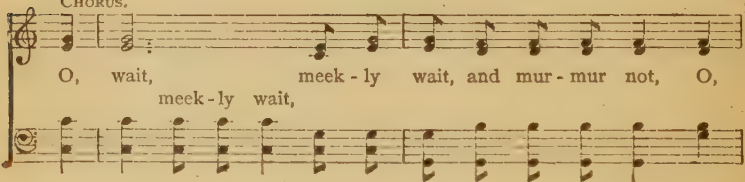


1. O trou-bled heart, there is a home, Be - yond the reach of toil and care;  
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n al-low'd, thine earthly lot;  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow;  
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got;

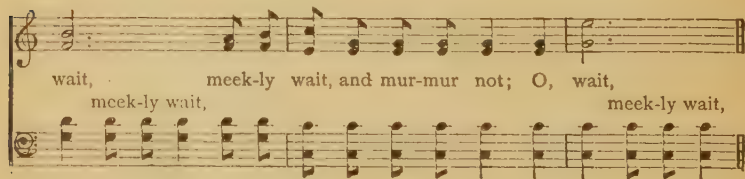


A home where changes nev-er come; Who would not fain be resting there?  
 Look up! thou'lt reach that blest abode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.  
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.

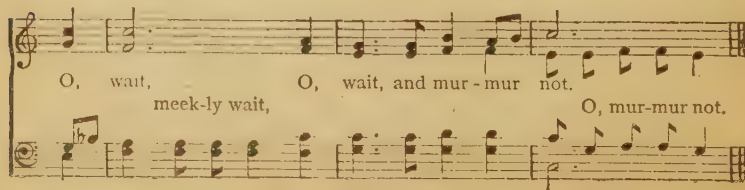
## CHORUS.



O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,  
 meek - ly wait,



wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not; O, wait,  
 meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait,



O, wait, meek - ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, mur - mur not.

From "Leaflet Gems," by Rev. John J. Hood.

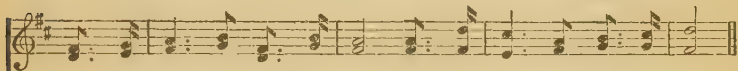
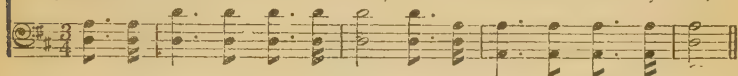
"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671.

JAMES McGRANAHAN,



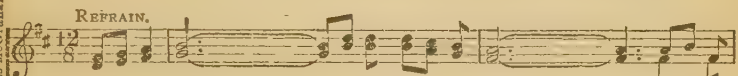
1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceiv - e: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



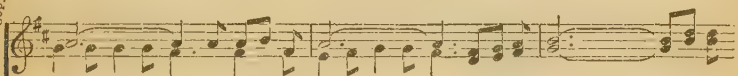
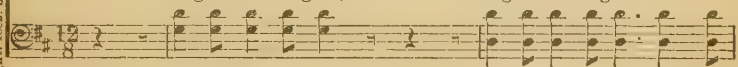
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.  
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
He who cleansed me from - all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.  
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



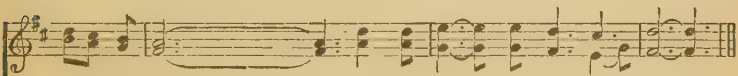
REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er ..... and o'er a - gain; ..... Christ re -  
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:



ceiv - eth sin - ful men; ..... Make the mes - sage  
ceiveth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain; ..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
Make the mes - sage plain;





# No. 66.

# Let the Saviour in!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door; Let Him in!  
 2. O-pen now to Him your heart; Let Him in!  
 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!  
 4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest; Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!  
 He has been there oft be-fore; Let Him in!  
 If you wait He will de-part; Let Him in!  
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice; Let Him in!  
 He will make for you a feast; Let Him in!

Let Him in ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,  
 Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de-fend,  
 He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,  
 He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son; Let Him in!  
 He will keep you to the end; Let Him in!  
 And His name you will a-dore; Let Him in!  
 He will take you home to heav'n; Let Him in!

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

# No. 67.

# I Looked to Jesus.

"I looked to Him, He looked on me, and we were one forever."—C. H. Spurgeon.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. I looked to Je-sus in my sin, My woe and want con-fess-ing;  
 2. I looked to Je-sus on the cross, For me I saw Him dy-ing;  
 3. I looked to Je-sus there on high, From death upraised to glo-ry;  
 4. He looked on me; O look of love! My heart by it was bro-ken;  
 5. Now one with Christ, I find my peace In Him to be a-bid-ing,

Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

## I Looked to Jesus.

Un - done and lost, I came to Him, I sought and found a bless-ing.  
 God's word believed that all my sins Were there up - on Him ly-ing.  
 I trust-ed in His power to save, Be-lieved the old, old sto-ry.  
 And, with that look of love, He gave The Ho - ly Spir-it's to-ken.  
 And in His love for all my need, In child-like faith con - fid-ing.

CHORUS.

I looked to Him,  
 "I looked to Him, to Him I looked," 'Tis true, His "Who-so-ev-er."  
 He looked on me,  
 "He looked on me, on me He looked, and we were one for-ev-er."

## No. 68.

## I Will!

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isaiah. 12 : 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question,  
 "Will you trust Christ?" at the meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is of-fered full and free;
2. By grace I will Thy mer-cy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;
3. Thou knowest Lord, how ver-y weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"

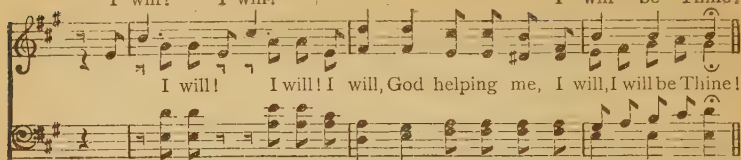
And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide; Shall I ac-cept of Thee?  
 On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe, And trust in Thee a-lone!  
 For strength to serve I look to Thee a-lone—The strength Thou must supply!  
 And from the heart to glad-ly with us say: "I WILL to Christ be-long!"  
 To them "I will!" was ev-er Thy re-ply; We rest up-on it now.

# I Will!

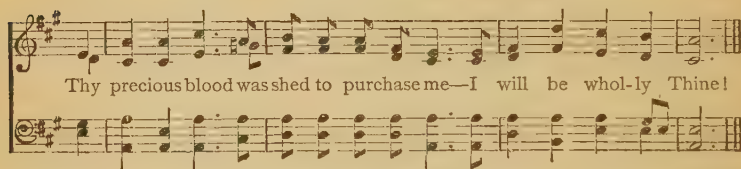
CHORUS, *With promptness and spirit.*

I will! I will!

I will be Thine!



I will be Thine!



## No. 69.

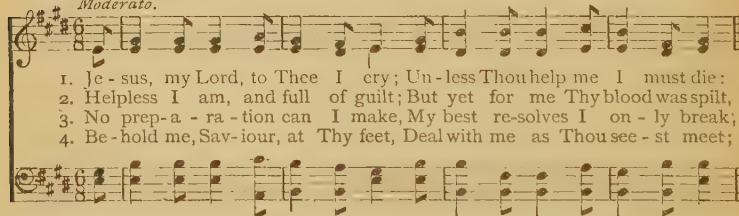
## Take Me as I Am.

"He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—1 John 6: 37.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

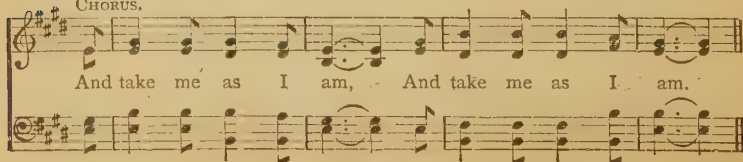
IRA D. SANKEY.

*Moderato.*



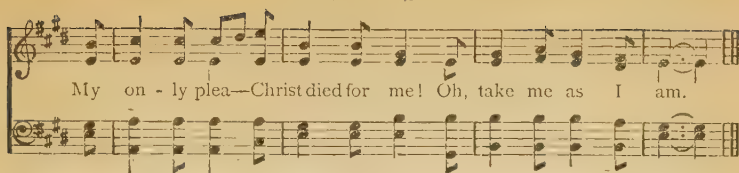
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.  
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.  
Thy work be-gin, Thy work com-plete, And take me as I am.

CHORUS.



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Take Me as I Am.

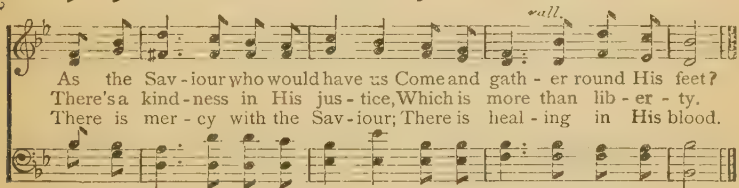
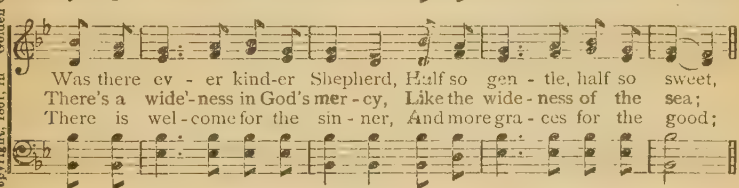
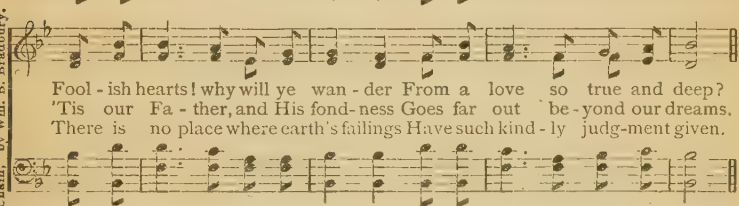
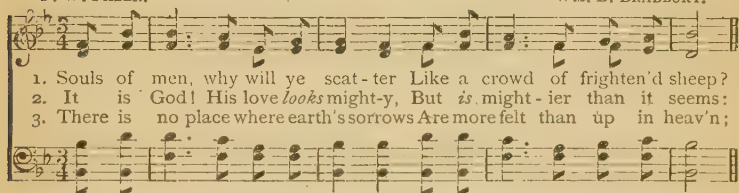


No. 70. Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

"We all like sheep have gone astray."—Isa. 53: 6.

F. W. FABER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



4 But we make His love too narrow,  
By false limits of our own;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.  
There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would all be sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.  
For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

# No. 71. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke 15: 24.

HORATIUS BONAR.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. In the land of stran-gers, Whith-er thou art gone, Hear a far voice  
 2. "From the land of hun-ger, Faint-ing, famished, lone, Come to love and  
 3. "Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wast-ed, woe - be - gone, Sick at heart and

CHORUS.  
 call - ing, "My son! my son!" }  
 glad - ness, My son! my son!" } "Welcome! wand'r'er, wel - come!  
 wea - ry, My son! my son!" }

*m*  
 Welcome back to home! 'Thou hast wander'd far away: Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open,  
 Thou art still my own;  
 Eyes of love are on thee;  
 My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,  
 Unforgotten one!  
 Here is rest and plenty,  
 My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;  
 Will thou farther roam?  
 Come, and all is pardoned,  
 My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,  
 Hopeless, and undone;  
 Mine is love unchanging,  
 My son! my son!"

# No. 72. What a Gathering!

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

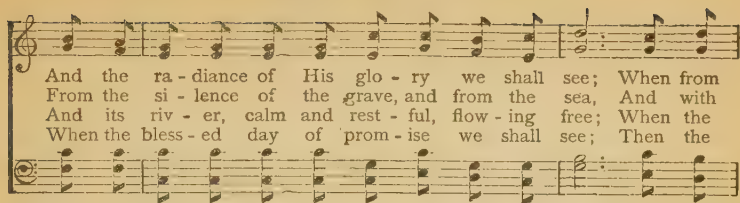
F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

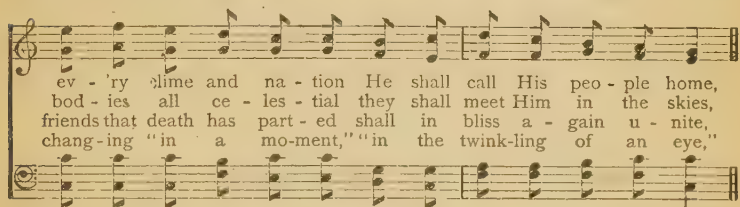
1. On that bright and gold - en morning, when the Son of man shall come,  
 2. When the blest who sleep in Je - sus, at His bid - ding shall a - rise  
 3. When our eyes be - hold the cit - y, with its ma - ny man - sions bright  
 4. O the King is sure - ly com - ing, and the time is draw - ing nigh,



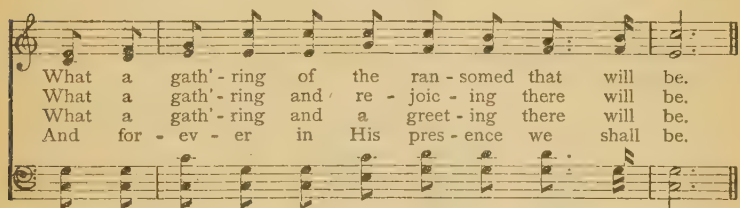
# What a Gathering!



And the ra - diance of His glo - ry we shall see; When from  
From the si - lence of the grave, and from the sea, And with  
And its riv - er, calm and rest - ful, flow - ing free; When the  
When the bless - ed day of prom - ise we shall see; Then the

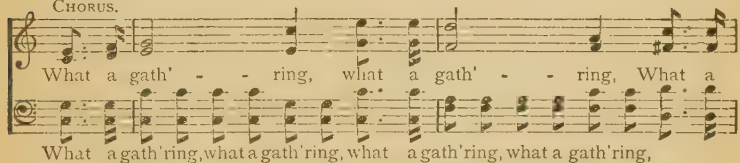


ev - 'ry clime and na - tion He shall call His peo - ple home,  
bod - ies all ce - les - tial they shall meet Him in the skies,  
friends that death has part - ed shall in bliss a - gain u - nite,  
chang - ing "in a mo - ment," "in the twink - ling of an eye,"



What a gath' - ring of the ran - somed that will be.  
What a gath' - ring and re - joic - ing there will be.  
What a gath' - ring and a greet - ing there will be.  
And for - ev - er in His pres - ence we shall be.

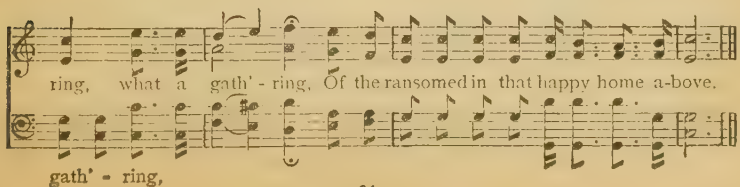
## CHORUS.



What a gath' - - ring, what a gath' - - ring, What a  
What a gath'ring, what a gath'ring, what a gath'ring, what a gath'ring,



gath'ring of the ransomed in the summerland of love; What a gath' - -  
What a gath'ring, what a



ring, what a gath' - ring, Of the ransomed in that happy home a - bove.  
gath' - ring,

# No. 73. Come, Great Deliberer, Come.

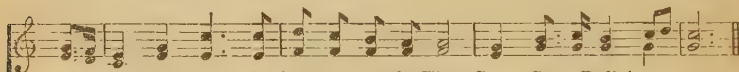
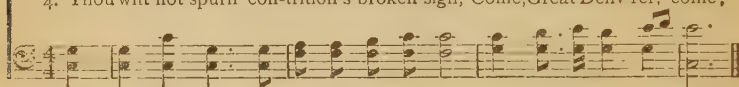
"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn con-trition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;



My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.  
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.  
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.  
Re - gard my prayer, and hear my hum-ble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.



REFRAIN.



I've wandered far a-way o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;



O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.



# No. 74. God be with You!

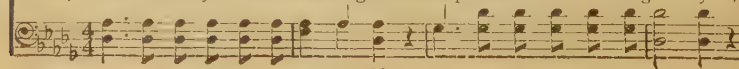
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Romans 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



Copyright, 1877, by Biglow & Main.

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

# God be with You!

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!  
 Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!  
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!

CHORUS.

Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;  
 Till we meet! till we meet again! Till we meet!

Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!  
 Till we meet! Till we meet again!

## No. 75. Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—Psa. 23: 4.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY,

1. I must walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, But I'll  
 2. When I walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, All the  
 3. Tho' I walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, Yet the  
 4. I shall walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, I shall

jour-ney in a lov-ing Sav-iour's care; He hath said He will  
 wea-ry days of toil-ing will be o'er; For the strong arms of  
 glo-ry of the dawn-ing I shall see; I shall join in the  
 fol-low where my Lord has gone be-fore; Thro' the mists of the

# Through the Valley and the Shadow.

FIN.



nev-er, nev-er leave me, With His Staff He will com-fort me there.  
Je-sus will en-fold me, And with Him I shall sor-row no more.  
anthems o-ver Jor-dan, Where the loved ones are wait-ing for me.  
val-ley He will lead me, Till I rest on the Ev-er-green Shore.



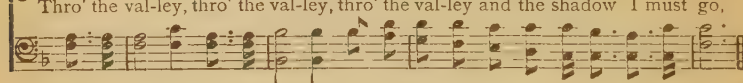
*Jor-dan will not harm me, There is peace in the val-ley I know.*

CHORUS.

D. S.



Thro' the val-ley, thro' the val-ley, thro' the val-ley and the shadow I must go,



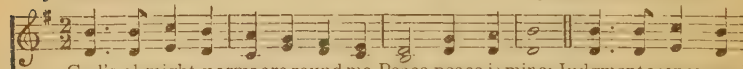
## No. 76.

## Peace, Peace is Mine.

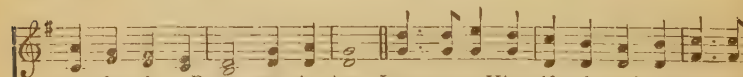
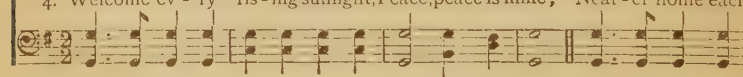
"He is our Peace."—Eph. 2: 14.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

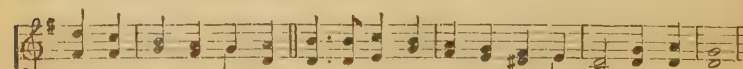
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



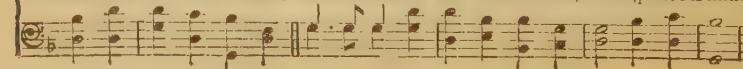
1. God's al-might-y arms are round me, Peace, peace is mine; Judgment scenes need
2. While I hear life's rug-ged billows, Peace, peace is mine; Why sus-pend my
3. Ev-'ry tri-al draws Him nearer, Peace, peace is mine; All His strokes but
4. Welcome ev-'ry ris-ing sunlight, Peace, peace is mine; Near-er home each



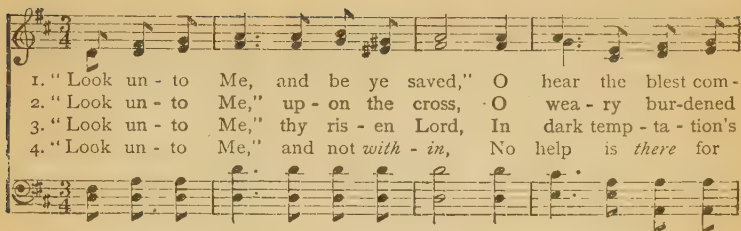
not confound me, Peace, peace is mine. Je-sus came Himself and sought me! Sold to  
harp on willows? Peace, peace is mine. I may sing with Christ beside me, 'Tho a  
make Him dearer, Peace, peace is mine. Bless I then the hand that smiteth Gen-ly,  
roll-ing midnight, Peace, peace is mine. Death and hell cannot ap-pal me; Safe in



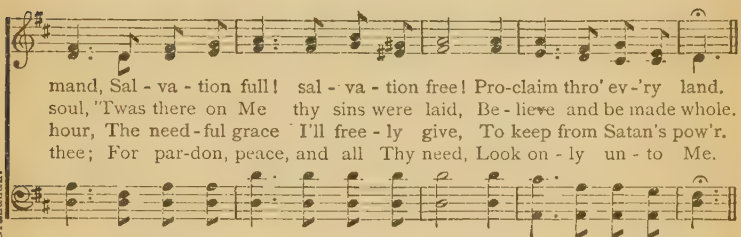
Death, He found and bought me! Then my blessed freedom taught me, Peace, peace is mine.  
thous-and ills be-tide me; Safe-ly He hath sworn to guide me, Peace, peace is mine.  
and to heal delight-eth; 'Tis against my sins He fighteth, Peace, peace is mine.  
Christ what-e'er be-fill me; Calm-ly wait I till He call me, Peace, peace is mine.



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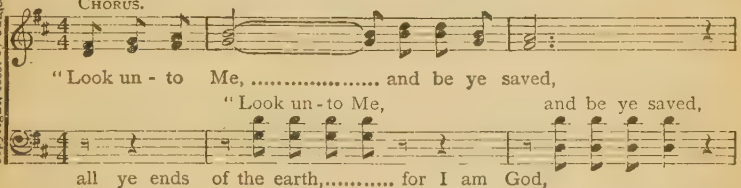


1. "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved," O hear the blest com -  
 2. "Look un - to Me," up - on the cross, O wea - ry bur - dened  
 3. "Look un - to Me," thy ris - en Lord, In dark temp - ta - tion's  
 4. "Look un - to Me," and not *with - in*, No help is *there* for

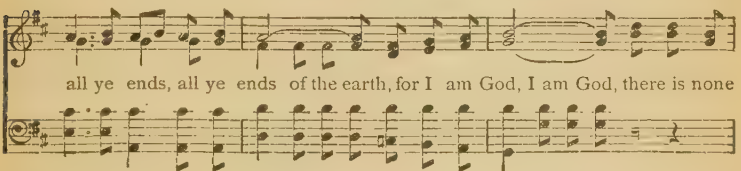


mand, Sal - va - tion full! sal - va - tion free! Pro - claim thro' ev - 'ry land.  
 soul, 'Twas there on Me thy sins were laid, Be - lieve and be made whole.  
 hour, The need - ful grace I'll free - ly give, To keep from Satan's pow'r.  
 thee; For par - don, peace, and all Thy need, Look on - ly un - to Me.

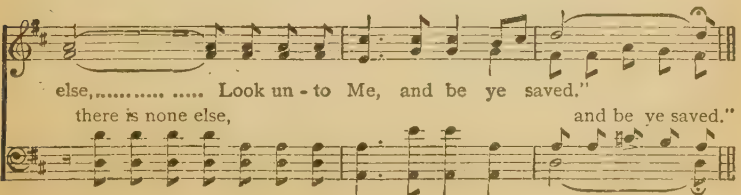
## CHORUS.



"Look un - to Me, ..... and be ye saved,  
 "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved,  
 all ye ends of the earth, ..... for I am God,



all ye ends, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, I am God, there is none



else, ..... Look un - to Me, and be ye saved."  
 there is none else, and be ye saved."



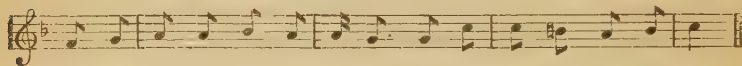
"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21: 28.

T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



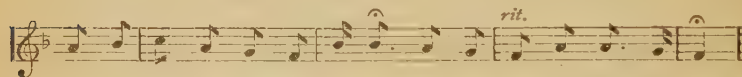
1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa - mil - iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same with - in;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Cov-ered o'er with dust so long:



Bro't with-in my rec - ol - lec-tion Scenes I'd seem-ing - ly for - got;  
Just as when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in;  
When, be-hold, I heard in fan-cy Strains of one fa - mil - iar song.



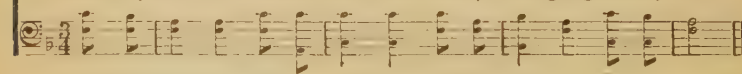
There, the orchard—meadow, yon-der—Here, the deep, old fashioned well,  
To the gar-ret dark as - cending—Once a source of child-ish dread—  
Oft - en sung by my dear mother To me in that trun-dle bed;



With its old moss-cov-ered buck-et! Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.  
Peer-ing thro' the mist - y cobwebs, Lo! I saw my trun - dle bed.  
[Omit. . . . .]



"Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber! Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed!"



- 4 While I listen to the music  
Stealing on in gentle strain,  
I am carried back to childhood—  
I am now a child again:  
'Tis the hour of my retiring,  
At the dusky eventide;  
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,  
As of yore, by mother's side.
- 5 Hands are on my head so lovingly,  
As they were in childhood's days;  
I, with weary tones, am trying,  
To repeat the words she says;  
'Tis a prayer in language simple  
As a mother's lips can frame;  
\* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,  
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."
- 6 Prayer is over: to my pillow  
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,  
Scarcely waking while I whisper,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
Then my mother, o'er me bending,  
Prays in earnest words, but mild:  
\* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"
- 7 Yet I am but only dreaming:  
Ne'er I'll be a child again;  
Many years has that dear mother  
In the quiet churchyard lain;  
But the mem'ry of her counsels  
O'er my path a light has shed,  
Daily calling me to heaven,  
Even from my trundle bed.

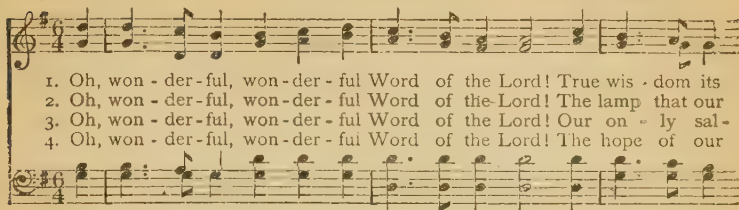
\* Use second ending.

By per. of Ira M. Sankey, owner of copyright.

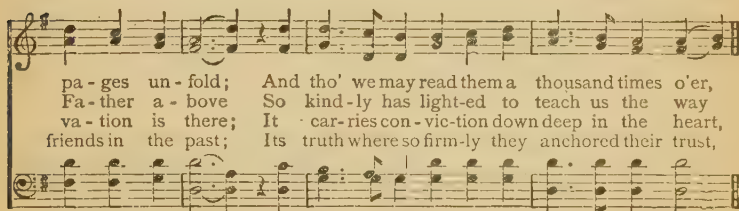
*"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter 1: 25.*

J. L. STERLING.

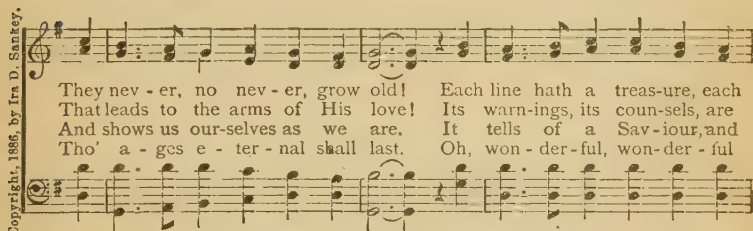
IRA D. SANKEY.



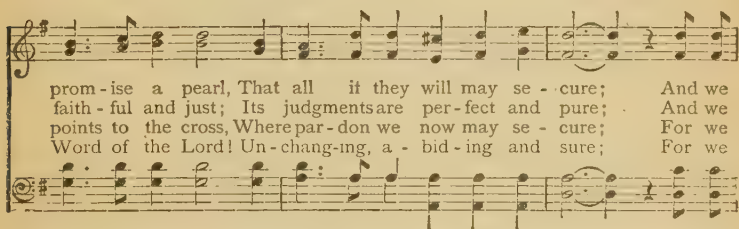
1. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! True wis - dom its  
 2. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The lamp that our  
 3. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! Our on - ly sal -  
 4. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The hope of our



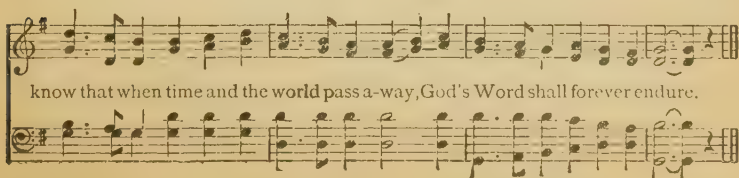
pa - ges un - fold; And tho' we may read them a thousand times o'er,  
 Fa - ther a - bove So kind - ly has light - ed to teach us the way  
 va - tion is there; It - car - ries con - vic - tion down deep in the heart,  
 friends in the past; Its truth where so firm - ly they anchored their trust,



They nev - er, no nev - er, grow old! Each line hath a treas - ure, each  
 That leads to the arms of His love! Its warn - ings, its coun - sels, are  
 And shows us our - selves as we are. It tells of a Sav - iour, and  
 Tho' a - ges e - ter - nal shall last. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful



prom - ise a pearl, That all if they will may se - cure; And we  
 faith - ful and just; Its judgments are per - fect and pure; And we  
 points to the cross, Where par - don we now may se - cure; For we  
 Word of the Lord! Un - chang - ing, a - bid - ing and sure; For we



know that when time and the world pass a - way, God's Word shall forever endure.

# No. 80.

# The Sweetest Name.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 2 FINE.

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en  
The name, before His wond'rous birth, To Christ the Saviour (Omit) giv-en.

2. { And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name above Him  
That all might see the rea-son we For-ev-er-more must (Omit) love Him.

D.C.—For there's no word ear-ev-er heard So dear, so sweet, as (Omit) "Je-sus!"

REFRAIN. D.C.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je-sus!

3 So now, upon His Father's throne—  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pain—He ever reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name  
Thy grace shall fail us never,  
To-day as yesterday the same,  
Thou art the same for ever!

# No. 81. They that Wait upon the Lord.

G. M. J.

*Allegretto.*

Isa. 40: 31.

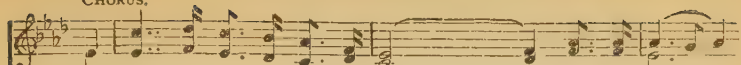
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Ho, reap-ers in the whitened har-vest! Oft fee-ble, faint and few,  
2. Too oft a-wea-ry and dis-cour-aged, We pour a sad com-plaint;  
3. Re-joice, for He is with us al-way, Lo, e-ven to the end!

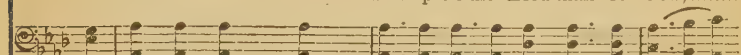
Come, wait up-on the bless-ed Mas-ter, Our strength He will re-new.  
Be-liev-ing in a liv-ing Sav-iour, Why should we ev-er faint?  
Look up, take courage and go for-ward, All need-ed grace He'll send.

# They that Wait upon the Lord.

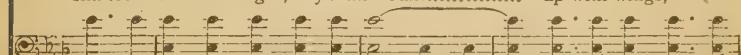
CHORUS.



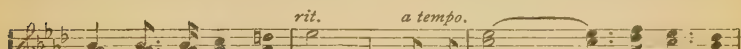
For they that wait up-on the Lord..... shall re - new.....  
that wait up-on the Lord shall re - new,.....




their strength, they shall mount up with wings, they shall  
shall renew their strength, they shall mount..... up with wings,



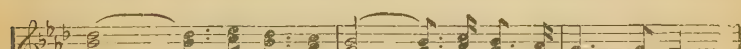
they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,




*rit.* *a tempo.*  
mount up with wings as ea - gles; They shall run..... and not be  
they shall run and



wea - - ry, they shall walk and not faint; They shall  
not be wea-ry, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;



run..... and not be wea - - ry, they shall walk and not  
they shall run and not be wea-ry, they shall walk, shall



faint; They shall run and not be wea - ry, shall walk and not faint.  
walk and not faint;

# No. 82.

# Pardon, Peace, and Power.

Jer. 33: 8. Ps. 29: 11. Acts 1: 8.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich - es o'er,
2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di - vine A *par - don* free be - stowed;
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup - ply;
4. The *power* to win a soul to God, The Spir - it, too, im - parts;
5. These blessings we by faith re - ceive, By sim - ple child - like trust;



re - vealed to faith with - in His Word, And note the bound - less store.  
And with the *par - don peace* is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.  
The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart with - in, From sin doth *pu - ri - fy*.  
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells *now* in all our hearts.  
*In Christ*, 'tis God's de - light to *give*; He prom - ised, and He must,



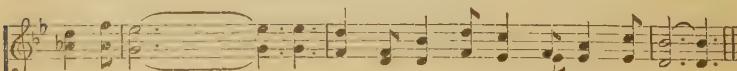
## CHORUS.



There is *par - - - don, peace, and pow'r,.....* And *pu - ri -*  
*pardon, peace, and pow'r, pardon, peace, and pow'r,*



*ty,.....* and *Par - a - dis - e,.....* With all of these..... in  
And *pur - i - ty,* and *Par - a - dis - e;* With all of these in



Christ for me, ..... Let joy - ful songs of praise to Him a - rise!  
in Christ for me,



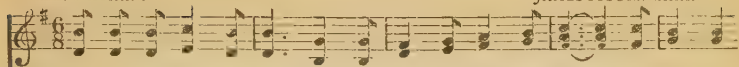
Copyright, 1893, by James McGranahan.



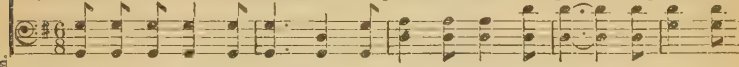
# No. 83. "Neither do I Condemn Thee."

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN



1. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—O words of wondrous grace; Thy sins were
2. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—For there is therefore now No con-dem-
3. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—I came not to con-demn; I came from
4. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—O praise the God of grace; O praise His



CHORUS.



borne up-on the cross, Be-lieve, and go in peace.  
na-tion for thee, As at the cross you bow. } "Neither do I condemn thee,"  
God to save thee, And turn thee from thy sin.  
Son our Sav-our, For this His word of peace.



O sing it o'er and o'er; "Neither do I condemn thee, Go and sin no more."



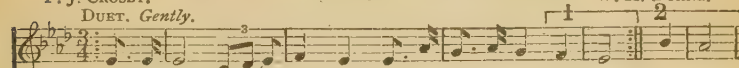
# No. 84. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

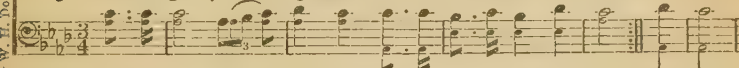
F. J. CROSBY.

DUET. Gently.

W. H. DOANE.



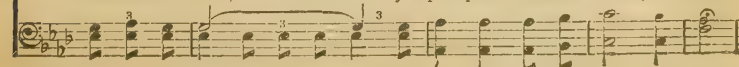
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;



QUARTET.



Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as 'white'  
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;  
"Look un-to Me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;



Tho' they be red,

# Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

**DUET. *p*** **QUARTET. *f***

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

## No. 85. Rejoice, Rejoice, Believer.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—Phil. 4: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Re-joyce, rejoice, be-liev-er, And let thy joy and glo-ry e-er be,  
2. Re-joyce, in thy Redeem-er, Thou hast a place that nothing can remove.  
3. Re-joyce, rejoice, be-liev-er, A home on high is wait-ing now for thee;  
4. Re-joyce, rejoice, be-liev-er, Press on to join the hap-py, happy throng;

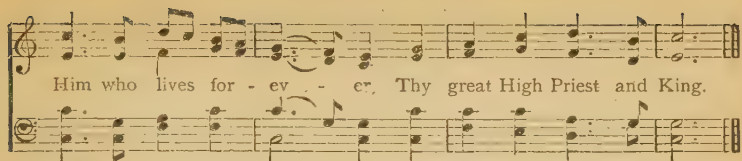
In Him, the Great De-liv-'er, Who gave Himself a sac-ri-fice for thee.  
He bids thee dwell in safe-ty, And rest beneath the shadow of His love.  
And there, in all His beau-ty, The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.  
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev-er-last-ing song.

CHORUS.

Re-joyce, be-liev-er, Re-joyce..... and sing Of  
O re-joyce, O re-joyce,

Copyright, 1887, by Ima D. Sankey.

Rejoice, Rejoice, Believer.



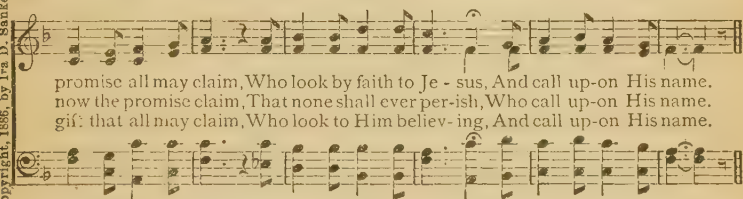
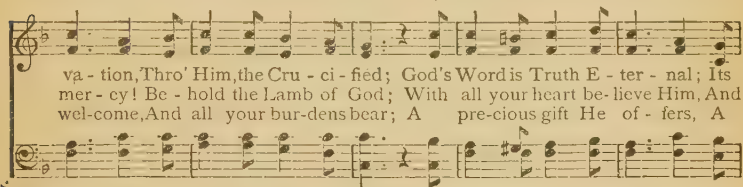
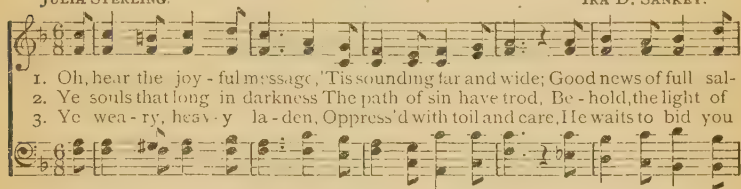
No. 86.

Whosoever Calleth.

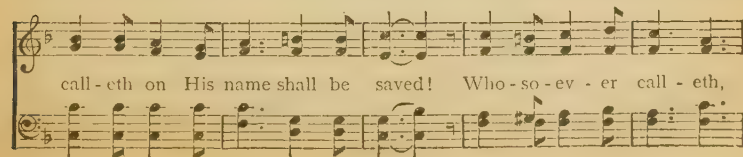
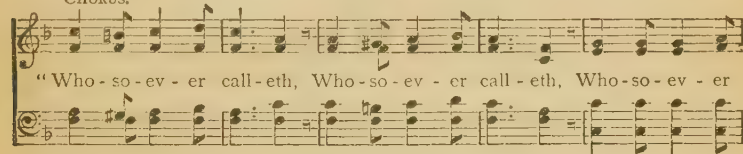
"Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Joel 2: 32; Acts 2: 21; Rom. 10: 13.

JULIA STERLING.

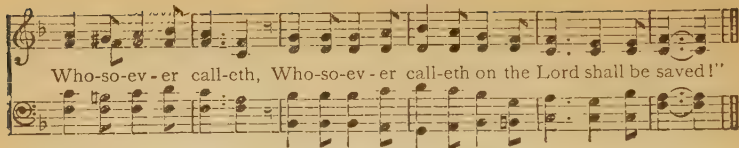
IRA D. SANKEY.



CHORUS.



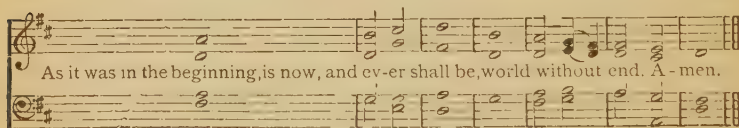
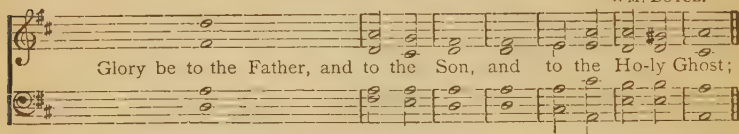
Whosoever Calleth.



No. 87.

Gloria Patri.

WM. BOYCE.



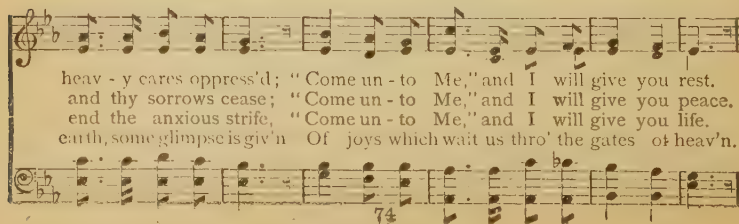
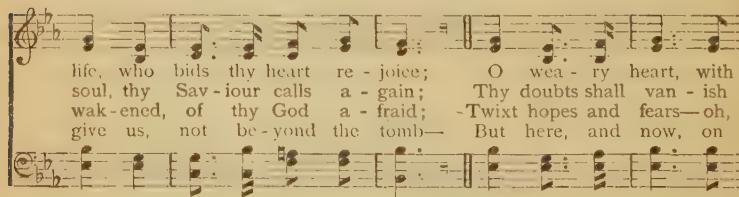
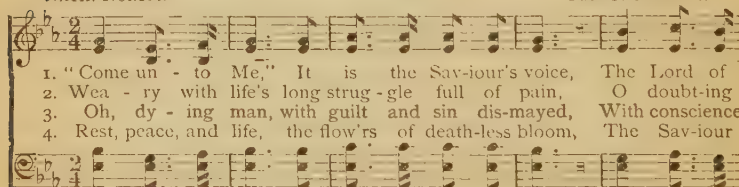
No. 88.

Come unto Me.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

NATH. NORTON

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



# Come unto Me.

## REFRAIN.

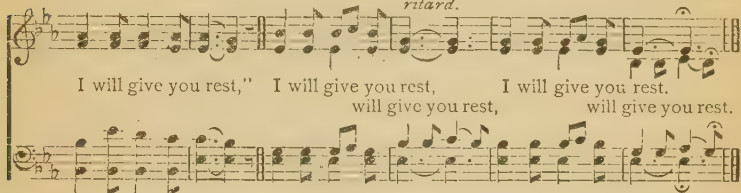


"Come un-to me," "come un-to me," "Come un-to me, and

"Come un - to me," oh, "come un - to me," "Come un - to me,

*ritard.*

I will give you rest," I will give you rest, I will give you rest,  
will give you rest, will give you rest.



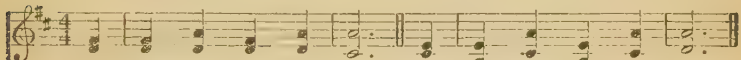
## No. 89.

## Safe Home in Port.

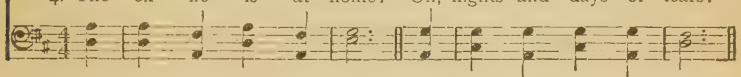

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.


A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cor - dage, shat - tered deck,  
2. The prize, the prize se - cure! The wrest - ler near - ly fell;  
3. No more the foe can harm! No more of league-red camp,  
4. The ex - ile is at home! Oh, nights and days of tears!

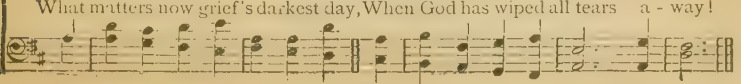



Torn sails, pro - vis - ions short, And on - ly not a wreck:  
Bare all he could en - dure, And bare not al - ways well:  
And cry of night a - larm, And need of read - y lamp:—  
Oh, long - ings not to roam! Oh, sins and doubts and fears!



*Rit.....*

But, oh! the joy, up - on the shore, To tell our voy-age per - ils o'er.  
But he may smile at troubles gone Who sets the vic - tor gar - land on!  
And yet how near - ly had he failed—How near - ly had that foe pre - vailed!  
What matters now grief's darkest day, When God has wiped all tears a - way!

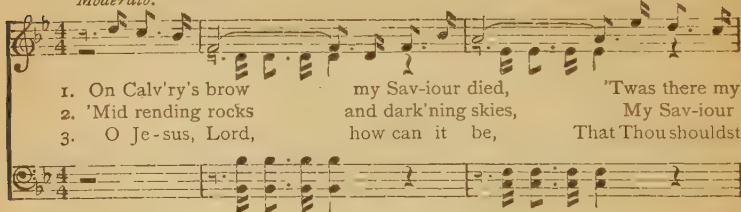




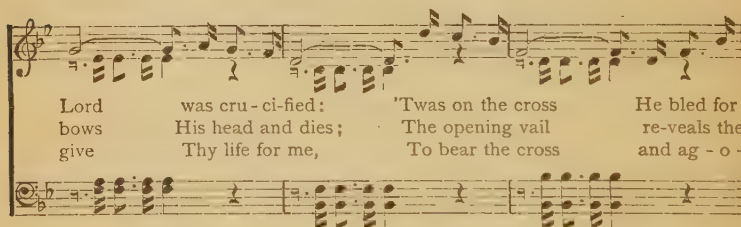
"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

W. M'K. DARWOOD.  
*Moderato.*

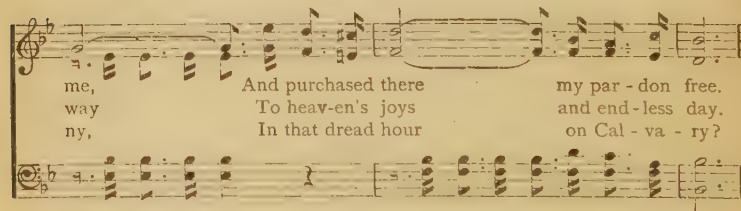
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. On Calv'ry's brow                      my Sav-iour died,                      'Twas there my  
2. 'Mid rending rocks                      and dark'ning skies,                      My Sav-iour  
3. O Je-sus, Lord,                      how can it be,                      That Thou shouldst

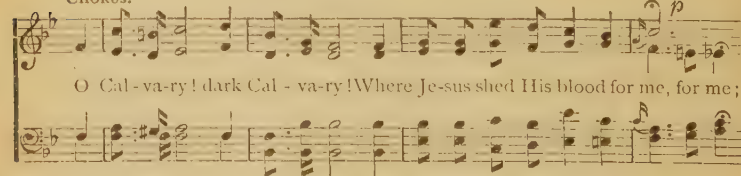


Lord                      was cru-ci-fied:                      'Twas on the cross                      He bled for  
bows                      His head and dies;                      The opening veil                      re-veals the  
give                      Thy life for me,                      To bear the cross                      and ag-o-

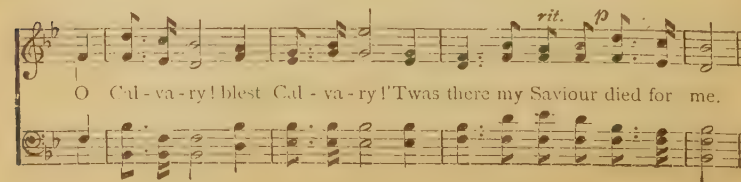


me,                      And purchased there                      my par-don free.  
way                      To heav-en's joys                      and end-less day.  
ny,                      In that dread hour                      on Cal - va - ry?

CHORUS.



O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Je-sus shed His blood for me, for me;



O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

# No. 91.

# Hold Thou my Hand.

"I the Lord have called thee.....and will hold thine hand."—Isai. 42: 6.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

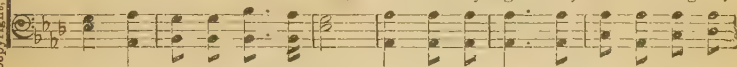
*Moderato.*



1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not
2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be-fore me With-out the
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that loie



take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing  
self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should  
sun-light of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-diant  
riv-er Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash a-long its



Sav-iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.  
wan-der, And, miss-ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.  
glo-ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!  
wa-ters, And ev-'ry wave like crys-tal bright shall be.



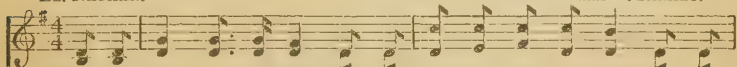
# No. 92.

# Be ye Strong in the Lord.

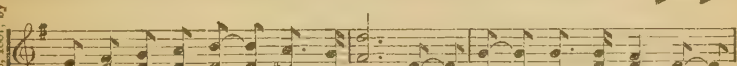
"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6: 10.

EL. NATHAN.

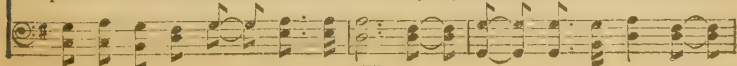
IRA D. SANKEY.



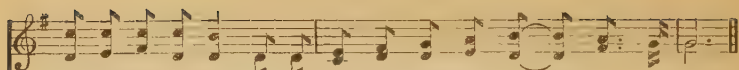
1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow-er of His might," Firm-ly
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow-er of His might," Nev-er
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow-er of His might," For His



standing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safe-ly through the  
turn-ing from the face of the foe; He will sure-ly by you stand, as you  
prom-is-es shall nev-er, nev-er fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while



# Be ye Strong in the Lord.



thickest of the fight, You shall con-quer in the name of the Lord.  
bat-tle for the right, In the pow-er of His might on - ward go.  
battling for the right, Trusting Him thou shalt for - ev - er - more pre-vail.



## CHORUS.



Firm - ly stand Firm - ly stand for the right, On to  
Firm - ly stand for the right,



vic - t'ry at the King's command; For the hon-or of the Lord, and the



tri-umph of His word, In the strength of the Lord firm - ly stand.



## No. 93.

## Resurrection Morn.

*"The dead in Christ shall rise first."*—1 Thess 4: 16.

S. BARING-GOULD.

IRA D. SANKEY.

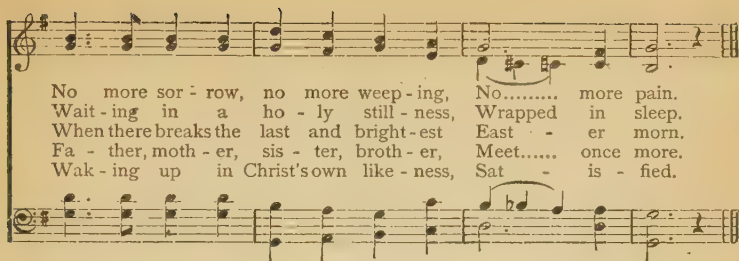


1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,
2. Here a - while they must be part-ed, And the flesh its Sab - bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
4. On that hap - py Eas - ter morn-ing All the graves their dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, Hence-forth nothing shall di - vide,



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# Resurrection Morn.



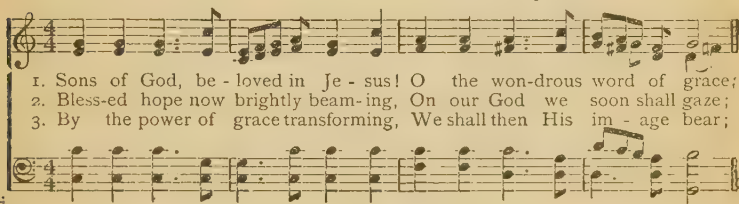
No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No..... more pain.  
 Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped in sleep.  
 When there breaks the last and bright - est East - er morn.  
 Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet..... once more.  
 Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - is - fied.

## No. 94. Beloved, now are we.

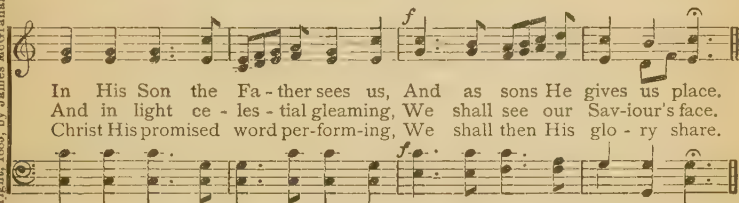
EL. NATHAN.

1 Jno. 3: 2.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

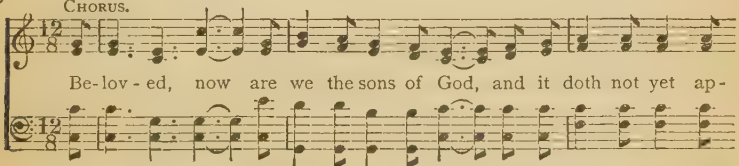


1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the won - drous word of grace;  
 2. Bless - ed hope now brightly beam - ing, On our God we soon shall gaze;  
 3. By the power of grace transform - ing, We shall then His im - age bear;

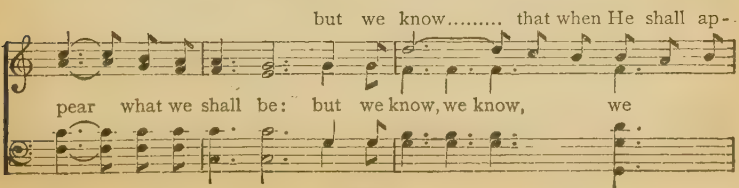


In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.  
 And in light ce - les - tial gleaming, We shall see our Sav - iour's face.  
 Christ His promised word per - form - ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.

CHORUS.



Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap -



but we know..... that when He shall ap -  
 pear what we shall be: but we know, we know, we

Beloved, now are we.

pear, .....  
 know that when He shall ap-pear, we know..... that when He shall ap-  
 we know, we know, we

pear, ..... we shall be like Him; we shall be  
 know that when He shall ap-pear,

*rit.*  
 like Him, For we shall see... Him as..... He is.....

No. 95. There is a Name I Love.

F. WHITFIELD.

(GEOR. C. M.)

H. W. GREATORIX.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;  
 2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love Who died to set me free;  
 3. It tells of One whose lov ing heart Can feel my small-est woe—  
 4. It bids my tremb-ling soul re- joice, And dries each ris- ing tear;

It sounds like mu- sic in mine ear—The sweet-est Name on earth.  
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin-ner's per-fect plea.  
 Who in each sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.  
 It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.



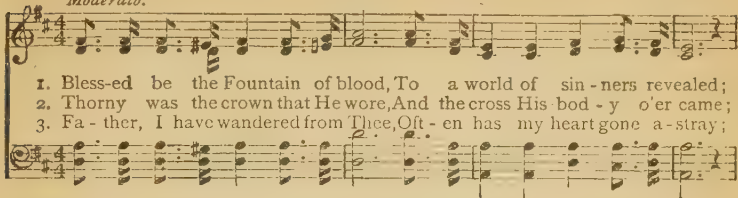
# No. 96.

# Blessed be the Fountain.

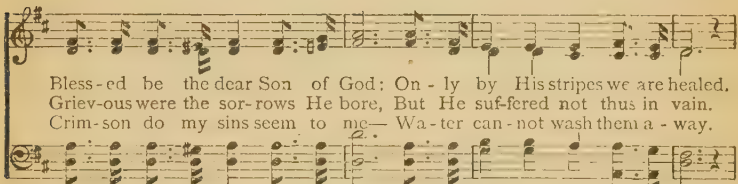
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Psalm 51: 7.

E. R. LATTA.  
*Moderato.*

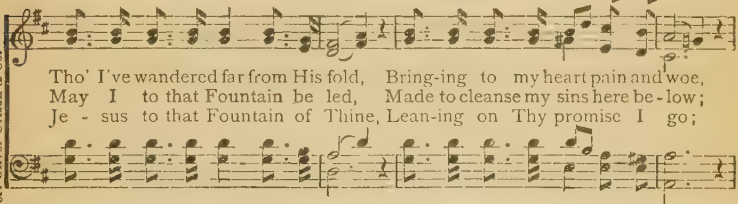
H. S. PERKINS.



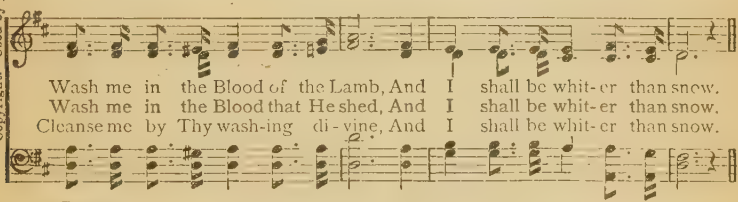
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;  
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er came;  
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;



Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.  
Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered not thus in vain.  
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

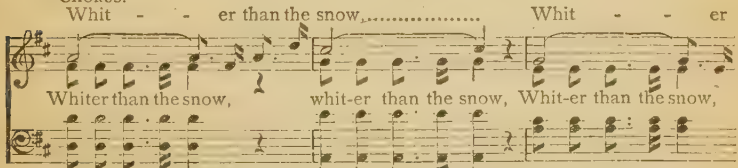


Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,  
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;  
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;



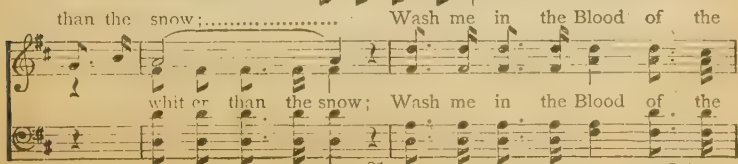
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

## CHORUS.



Whit-er than the snow,..... Whit-er

Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow,



than the snow;..... Wash me in the Blood of the

whit-er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

# Blessed be the Fountain.

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.....

*rit.*

Musical score for 'Blessed be the Fountain.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow. SNOW.....' The tempo marking 'rit.' is above the final measure.

## No. 97.

## Now the Day is Over.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—Jer. 6 : 4.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

Musical score for 'Now the Day is Over.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,  
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;  
3. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an - gels spread  
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise  
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,'

Musical score for 'Now the Day is Over.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.  
With Thy tend' rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.  
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.  
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.  
evening Steal a - cross the sky.

## No. 98.

## In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."—Psalm 31 : 20.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India.

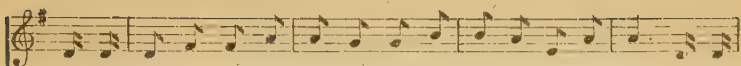
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

*Slowly.*

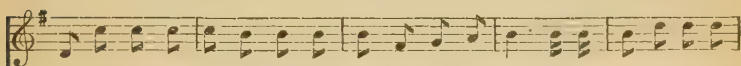
Musical score for 'In the Secret of His Presence.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!  
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, neath the shad - ow of His wing  
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;  
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord?  
*Slowly*

Copyright, 1885, by Ira D. Sankey.

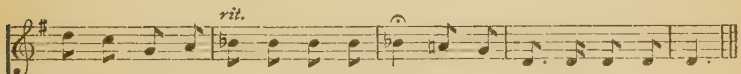
# In the Secret of His Presence.



Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side! Earth-ly  
There is cool and pleas-ant shel-ter, and a fresh and crystal spring; And my  
Oh, how pa-tient-ly He list-ens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you  
Go and hide beneath His shad-ow; this shall then be your re-ward; And when



cares can nev-er vex me, neith-er tri-als lay me low; For when Satan comes to  
Saviour rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not  
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev-er  
e'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meeting place, You must mind and bear the



tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.  
ut-ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.  
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.  
im-age of the Mas-ter in your face, of the Mas-ter in your face.



# No. 99.

# Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

HENRY ALFORD.

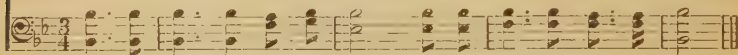
P. P. BLISS.

*Moderato.*

*FINE.*



1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords,
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,



D.C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"

D.C. Hush! be ev-'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"



Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;  
When their words of love and cheer Fall no long-er on our ear,



- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Pain us only "Till He come!"
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and eat the bread;  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board,  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come!"

# No. 100.

# Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of good courage."—Deut. 31: 6.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

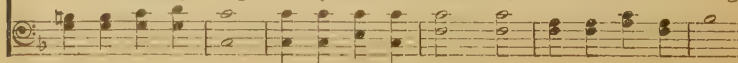
*Presto.*



1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war With the cross of Je-sus
2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces,



Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;  
Where the saints have trod. We are not di-vi-ded, All one bod-y we,  
Constant will re-main, Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that church prevail:  
In the tri-umph-song: Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King:

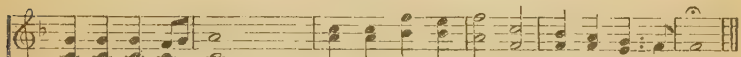
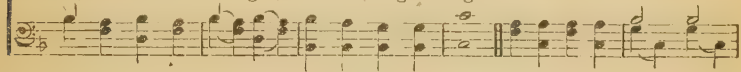


# Onward, Christian Soldiers.

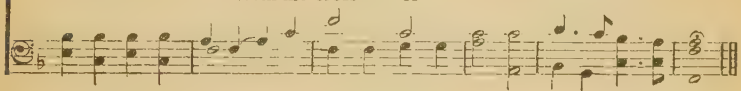
CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.  
One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian sol-diers,  
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and angels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be - fore.  
With the cross of

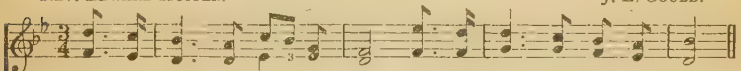


## No. 101. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

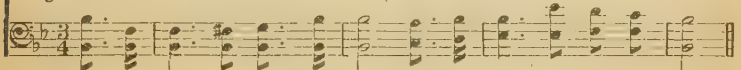
REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

(PILOT. 7s 6 lines.)

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;  
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers - roar



Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

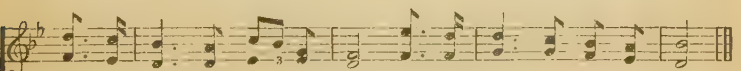
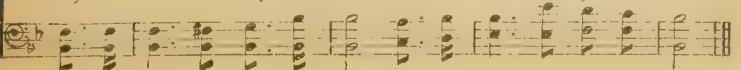


Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"





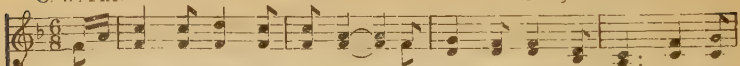
# No. 102.

# The Lily of the Valley.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys"—Song of Solomon 2: 1.

C. W. FRY.

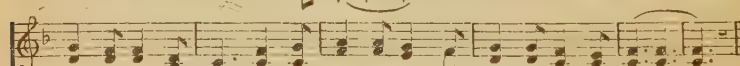
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. I've found a friend in Je - sus,—He's ev - 'ry-thing to me; He's the
2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I



fair - est of ten thousand to my soul! The "Lil - y of the Val - ley," in  
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I've all for Him tor-sak - en, I've  
live by faith, and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've



Him a - lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole:  
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.  
nothing now to fear: With His manna He my hun - gry soul shall fill.



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay; He  
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore, Thro'  
When crown'd at last in glo - ry, I'll see His bless - ed face, Where



D. S.—In sor - row He's my com - fort, In troub - le He's my stay; He



tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lily of the Val - ley," the  
Je - sus I shall safely reach the goal; He's the "Lily of the Val - ley," the  
riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll; He's the "Lily of the Val - ley," the

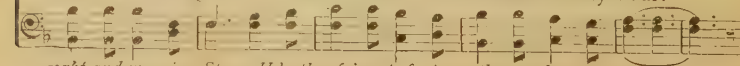


tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil - y of the Val - ley," the



D. S. for Chorus.

bright and morning Star; He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!



bright and morning Star; He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul!

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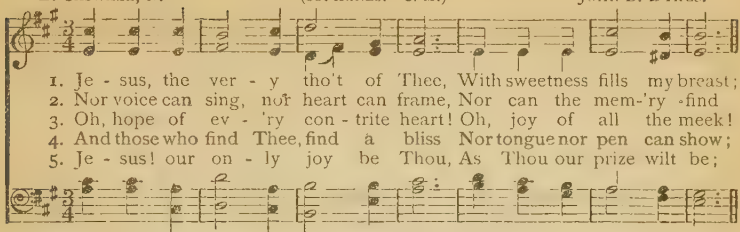
# No. 103.

# Jesus, the very Thought.

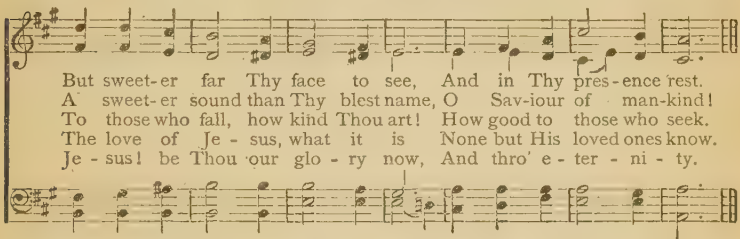
E. CASWALL, tr.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'-ry find  
 3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!  
 4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss Nought else nor pen can show;  
 5. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
 A' sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.  
 The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.  
 Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

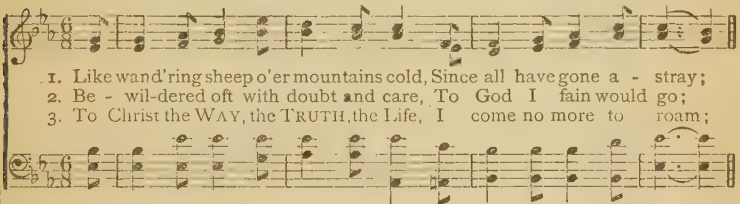
# No. 104.

# I Am the Way.

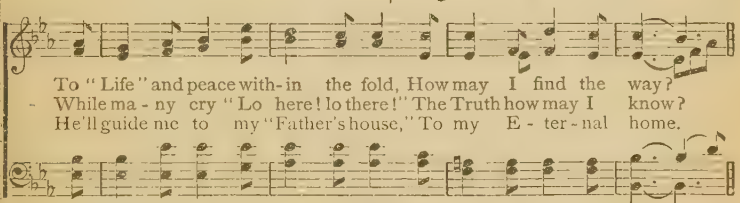
G. M. J.

Jno. 14: 6.

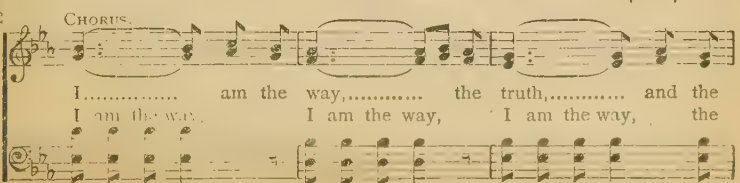
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Since all have gone a - stray;  
 2. Be - wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go;  
 3. To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the Life, I come no more to roam;



To "Life" and peace with-in the fold, How may I find the way?  
 - While ma - ny cry "Lo here! lo there!" The Truth how may I know?  
 He'll guide me to my "Father's house," To my E - ter - nal home.



CHORUS.  
 I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the  
 I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the

# I Am the Way.

life;..... No man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther but by Me.  
truth, and the life;

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the

I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the  
life;.....

truth, and the life; No man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther but by Me."

life;.....

## No. 105.

## Have Faith in God.

Mark 11: 22.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?  
2. Have faith thy par-don to be-lieve, Let God's own word thy fears re-lieve;  
3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will con-quer as you fight,  
4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;

He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.  
Have faith the Spir-it to re-ceive; Have faith, have faith in God.  
And give the tri-umph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.  
In life, in death, what-e'er be-tide, Have faith, have faith in God.

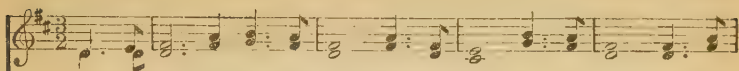
Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

# No. 106. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

"Then I shall know."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

F. J. CROSBY,

W. H. DOANE,



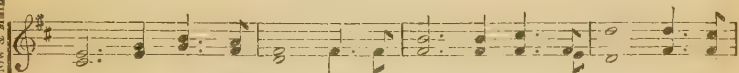
1. We shall reach the summer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys- tal riv- er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall



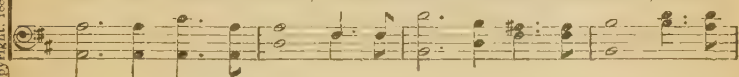
press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the  
find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the  
gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-



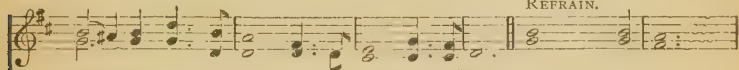
Copyright, 1884, by Biglow & Main.



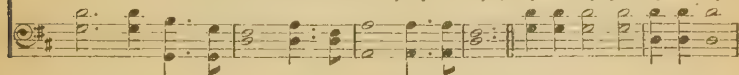
loved ones watch-ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we  
star that, fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall  
fore our Fa-ther's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall



## REFRAIN.



come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by,  
see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by. }  
know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by, yes, by and by,



Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.



# No. 107. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

(JEWETT. 6S. D.)

WEEDER, arr. by H. P. M.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign: Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 fu - turescene I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove

*rit.*  
 Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 And sorrowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, — My Lord, Thy will be done.

# No. 108. What will you do with Jesus?

"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. 27: 22.

NATHANIEL NORTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;  
 2. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear;  
 3. Oh, think of the King of Glo - ry From heav'n to earth come down,

As ten - der - ly He bids you Your bur - dens lay at His feet;  
 The sol - emn words are sound - ing In ev - 'ry list - 'ning ear;  
 His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, His crown;

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.



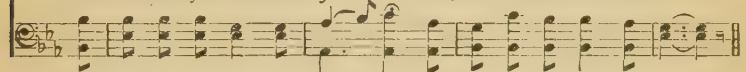
# What will you do with Jesus?



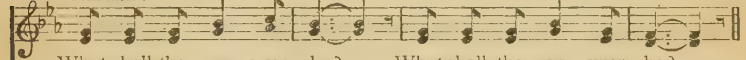
Oh, soul so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee;  
Im - mor - tal life's in the question, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty;  
Of His di - vine com - pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee;



Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?



## REFRAIN.



What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?



What will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?



# No. 109. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

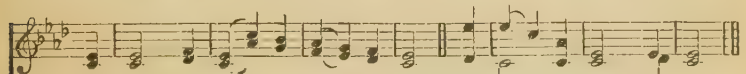
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

(AHIRA, S. M.)

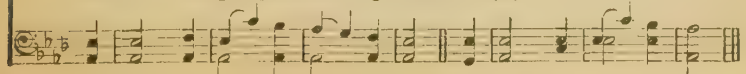
H. W. GREATOREX.



1. La - borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourn - ing hearts de - plore;
3. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r, your con - stant guest.
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil,



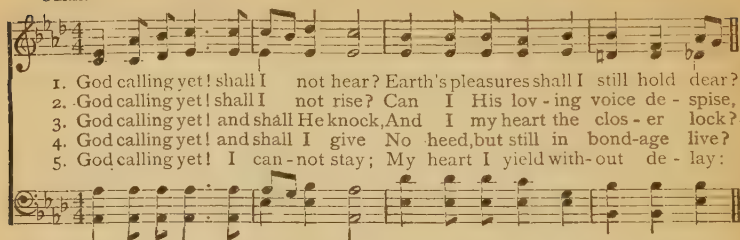
The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.  
And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis - pense your hal - lowed lore.  
And wrap the Sav - iour's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.  
And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar - duous toil.



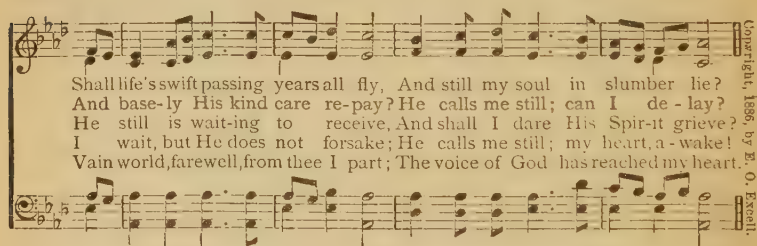
*"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.*

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
 2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,  
 3. God calling yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?  
 4. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?  
 5. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:

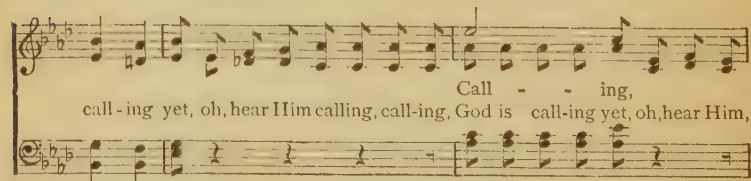


Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?  
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?  
 He still is wait-ing to receive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?  
 I wait, but He does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!  
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

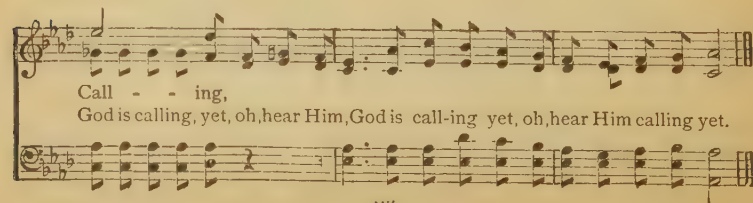
## CHORUS.



Call - - ing, Call - - ing,  
 God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is



Call - - ing,  
 call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling, call-ing, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him,



Call - - ing,  
 God is calling, yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.

# No. 111. Oh Cease, my Wandering Soul.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

(ADRIAN. S. M.)

J. E. GOULD.

Used by permission O. Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

1. Oh cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;  
 2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!  
 3. Therese thou shalt a - bide, Theresweet shall be thy rest;  
 4. Ah, no! I all for - sake, My all to Thee re - sign;  
 All this wide world, to eith - er pole, Hath not for thee a home.  
 Oh, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
 And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.  
 Gra - cious Re - deem - er, take, oh, take And seal me ev - er Thine.

# No. 112. How shall we Escape?

G. M. J.

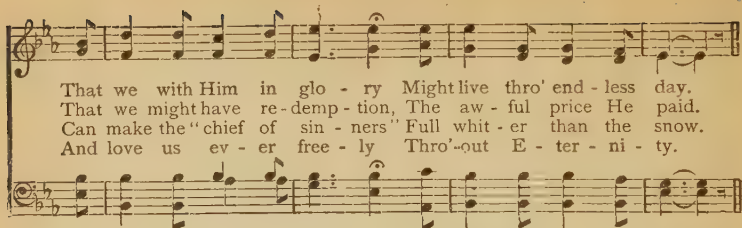
Heb. 2: 3.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

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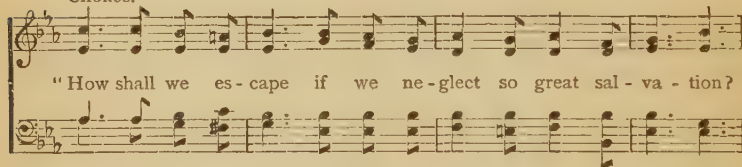
1. God loved a world of sin - ners, For them He gave His Son;  
 2. Be - hold the bleed - ing Sav - iour Up - on the cru - el tree, -  
 3. God loves the vil - est sin - ner, But hates the small - est sin;  
 4. Re - turn to God, O wan - d'rer, Thy pur - chased par - don take;  
 And who - so - e'er re - ceives Him, He saves them, ev - 'ry one;  
 The Just condemned, for - sak - en - He dies for you and me;  
 Then who shall see His King - dom? Or who can en - ter in?  
 Thy sins He'll not re - mem - ber, For thy Re - deem - er's sake;  
 He came to bring sal - va - tion, To bear our sins a - way,  
 The "Son of God" be - lov - ed, For us a curse was made;  
 "The pre - cious blood of Je - sus, - Let ev - 'ry creat - ure know -  
 He'll cast them all be - hind Him, Or 'neath the deep - est sea,"

# How shall we Escape?



That we with Him in glo - ry Might live thro' end - less day.  
That we might have re - demp - tion, The aw - ful price He paid.  
Can make the "chief of sin - ners" Full whit - er than the snow.  
And love us ev - er free - ly Thro'-out E - ter - ni - ty.

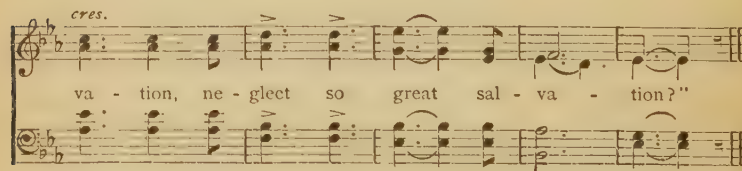
## CHORUS.



"How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?



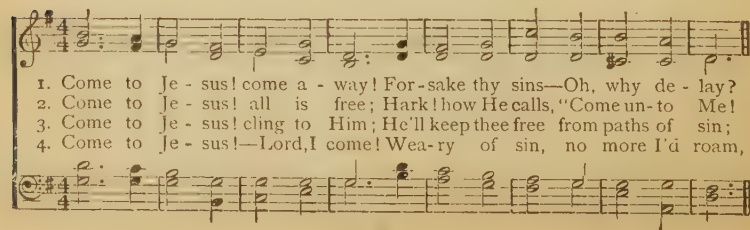
How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal -



*cres.*  
va - tion, ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?"

## No. 113. Come to Jesus! come away!

John 6: 37.



1. Come to Je - sus! come a - way! For-sake thy sins—Oh, why de - lay?  
2. Come to Je - sus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, "Come un-to Me!  
3. Come to Je - sus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee free from paths of sin;  
4. Come to Je - sus!—Lord, I come! Wea - ry of sin, no more I'd roam,

Come to Jesus! come away!

His arms are o - pen night and day;      He waits to wel - come thee!  
 I cast out none, I'll par - don thee,"      Oh, thou shalt wel - come be!  
 Thoushalt at last a vic - t'ry win,      And He will wel - come thee!  
 But with my Sav - iour be at home;      I know He'll wel - come me!

# No. 114. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Daniel 5: 5.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou - sand of His lords,  
 2. See the brave cap - tive, Dan - iel, as he stood be - fore the throng,  
 3. See the faith, zeal and cour - age, that would dare to do the right,  
 4. So our deeds are re - cord - ed—there's a Hand that's writ - ing now:

While they drank from gold - en ves - sels, as the Book of Truth re - cords—  
 And re - buk'd the haughty monarch for his might - y deeds of wrong;  
 Which the Spir - it gave to Dan - iel—this the se - cret of his might  
 Sin - ner, give your heart to Je - sus,—to His roy - al man - dates bow;

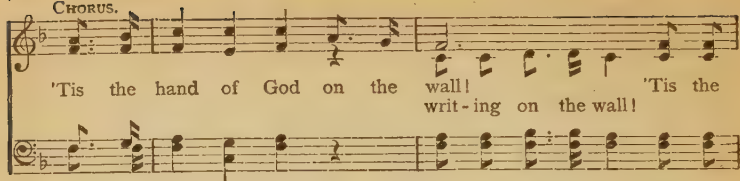
In the night, as they revelled in the roy - al pal - ace hall,  
 As he read out the writ - ing—'twas the doom of one and all,  
 In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall,  
 For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,

They were seized with con - ster - na - tion,—'twas the Hand up - on the wall!  
 For the king - dom now was fin - ished—said the Hand up - on the wall!  
 He un - der - stood the writ - ing of his God up - on the wall!  
 When the sin - ner's con - dem - na - tion will be writ - ten on the wall!

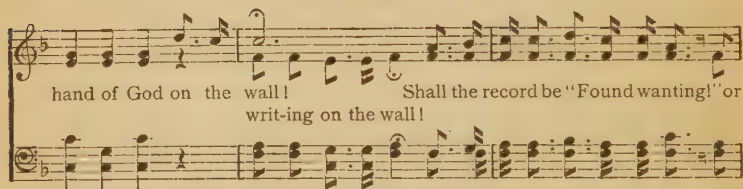


# The Handwriting on the Wall.

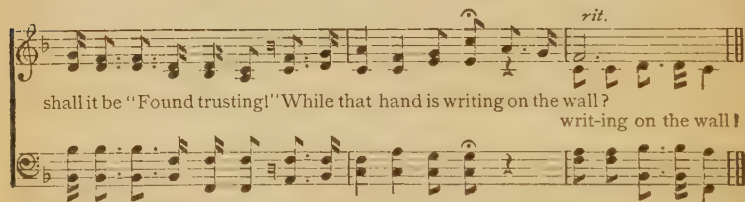
CHORUS.



'Tis the hand of God on the wall! 'Tis the  
writ-ing on the wall!



hand of God on the wall! Shall the record be "Found wanting!" or  
writ-ing on the wall!



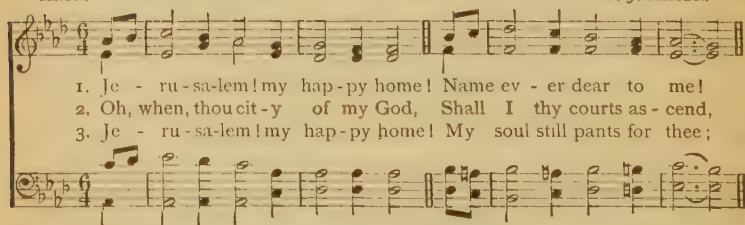
shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writing on the wall?  
writ-ing on the wall!

## No. 115. Jerusalem my Happy Home.

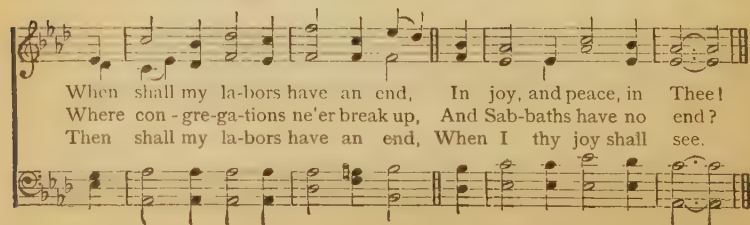
(MANOAH. C. M.)

ANON.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!  
2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,  
3. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;

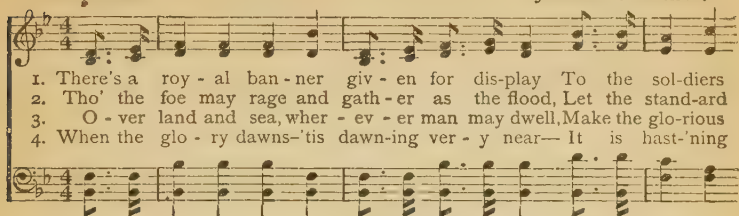


When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in Thee!  
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?  
Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I thy joy shall see.

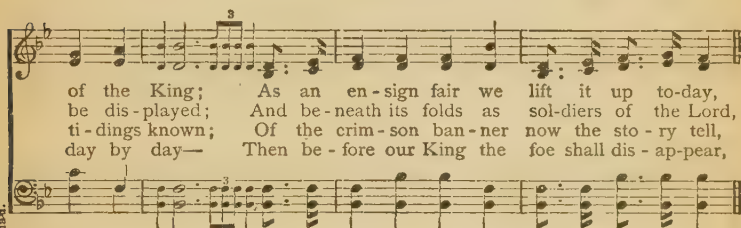
*"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.*

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



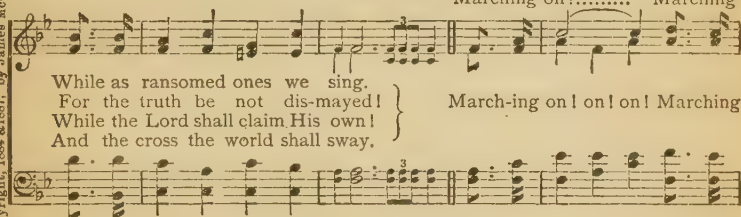
1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers  
 2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard  
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious  
 4. When the glo - ry dawns - 'tis dawn - ing ver - y near— It is hast - ning



of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,  
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds as sol - diers of the Lord,  
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,  
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

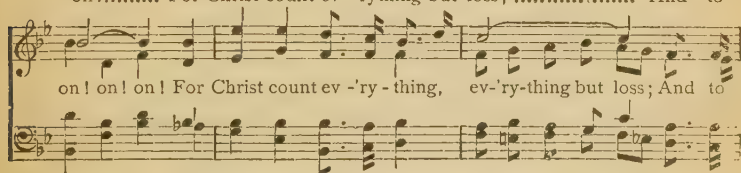
CHORUS.

Marching on!..... Marching



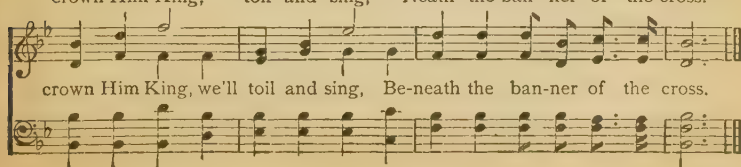
While as ransomed ones we sing.  
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! } March - ing on! on! on! Marching  
 While the Lord shall claim His own!  
 And the cross the world shall sway.

on!..... For Christ count ev - 'rything but loss; ..... And to



on! on! on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss; And to

crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross.



crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross.

# No. 117.

# A Sinner like Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. i : 15.

C. J. B. *Slow.*

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as  
 2. I wan - der'd on - in the dark - ness, Not a  
 3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour, ..... A

vile as a sin - ner could be; And I won - der'd if  
 ray of light could I see; And the tho't filled my  
 voice sweet - ly whis - pered to me, Say - ing, Christ the Re -

Christ the Re - deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.  
 heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.  
 deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

- 4 I listened : and lo ! 'twas the Saviour  
 That was speaking so kindly to me ;  
 I cried, "I'm the chief of the sinners,  
 Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"
- 5 I then fully trusted in Jesus ;  
 And oh, what a joy came to me!  
 My heart was filled with His praises,  
 For saving a sinner like me.
- 6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
 For the light is now shining on me;  
 And now unto others I'm telling  
 How He saved a poor sinner like me.
- 7 And when life's journey is over,  
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
 I'll praise Him for ever and ever,  
 For saving a sinner like me.

# No. 118.

# There is a Calm.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4 : 9:

ERNEST RICKMAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a calm be - yond life's fit - ful, fe - ver, A deep re -  
 2. There is a Hope, to which the Chris - tian, cling - ing; Is lift - ed  
 3. There is a spot - less Robe of Christ's own weav - ing; Will you not

pose, an ev - er - last - ing rest; Where white-robed an - gels  
 high a - bove life's surg - ing wave; Finds life in death and  
 wrap it round your sin - stained soul? Poor wand - ring child, up -

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

# There is a Calm.

*rit.*

welcome the be - liev - er A - mong the blest, a - mong the blest.  
fadeless flow - ers spring - ing From the dark grave, from the dark grave.  
on thy past life griev - ing, Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!

There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearn - ings, And si - lent  
There is a Crown pre - pared for those who love Him; The Christian  
There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in Heav - en;— A - las! that

pray'rs shall be at last ful - filled; Where strife and sor - row,  
sees it in the dis - tance shine, Like a bright bea - con  
an - y should Thy gift re - fuse!— The law - ful choice of

*rit.*

murm'rings and heart burnings At last are stilled, at last are stilled.  
glit - ter - ing a - bove him, And whispers, "Minel!" and whispers "Minel!"  
life and death is giv - en—Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

## No. 119.

## There is a Stream.

ISAAC WATTS.

(WARD, L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - y of our God;  
2. That sacred stream, Thy ho - ly Word, Supports our faith, our fears con - trols;  
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;

Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing thro', And wait'ring our di - vine a - bode.  
Sweet peace Thy promis - es at - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.  
While ev - ry na - tion, ev - ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.


## No. 120.

## There is None Righteous.


G. M. J.

Rom. 3: 10, 23.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


*Allegretto.*


1. A guilt - y soul, by Phar - i - sees of old, Was brought accused, a - lone,  
 2. A learn - ed Mas - ter, Rul - er of the Jews, God's kingdom could not gain,  
 3. "Good Mas - ter," pray can aught be lacking yet? Thy laws I do o - bey;




But Je - sussaid, "Let him without a sin, Be first to cast a stone."  
 With all the lore and cul - ture of the age, He "must be born a - gain."  
 "Go sell and give, then come and fol - low me," But sad he turned a - way.

CHORUS.




"There is none righteous, no, not one, All, all have sinned,"  
 all have sinned,



There is none righteous, for all have sinned, and come short of the



glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, Come short of the glo - ry, Come



short of the glo - ry, of the glo - - ry of God.  
 the glo - ry of God.

ad lib.



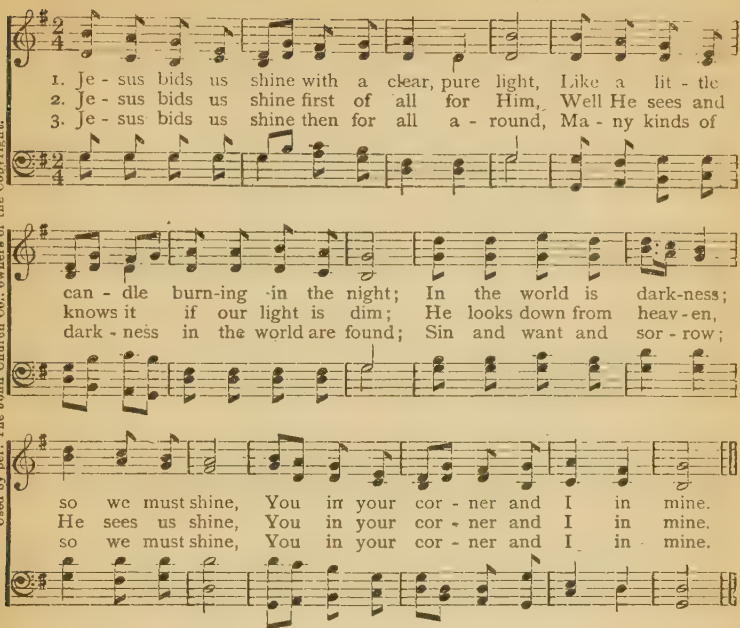
# No. 121.

# Little Lights.

ANNA B. WARNER, by per.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

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1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle  
 2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and  
 3. Je - sus bids us shine then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

can - dle burn - ing in the night; In the world is dark - ness;  
 knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en;  
 dark - ness in the world are found; Sin and want and sor - row;

so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.  
 He sees us shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.  
 so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.

# No. 122.

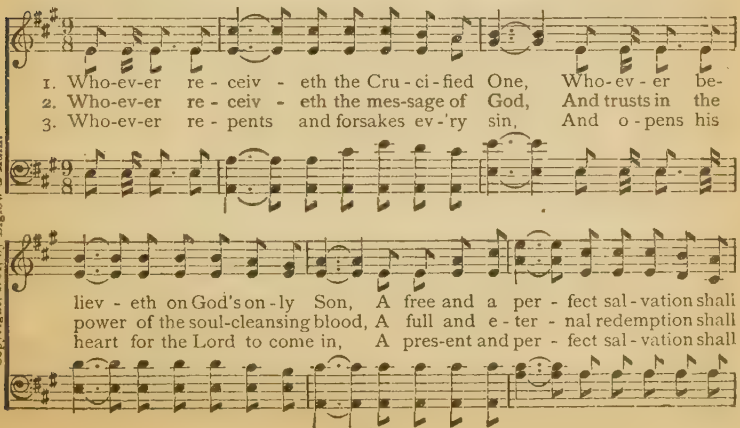
# Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

Copyright, 1884, by Biglow & Main.



1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who-ev - er be -  
 2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes - sage of God, And trusts in the  
 3. Who-ev-er re - pents and forsakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal - vation shall  
 power of the soul - cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal redemption shall  
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal - vation shall

# Abundantly Able to Save.

have: For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save  
 have: For He is both a - ble and will - ing to save.  
 have: For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.

## CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas - - ter is call - ing for thee;.....  
 Brother, the Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee;

His grace and His mer - - cy are wondrously free;.....  
 Brother, His grace and His mer - cy are wondrously free;

His blood as a ran - - som for sin - ners He gave,.....  
 Brother, His blood as a ran - som for sin - ners He gave,

And He is a - bund - - ant - ly a - ble to save.  
 And He is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.

## No. 123.

## Come, Come to Jesus.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 1: 28.

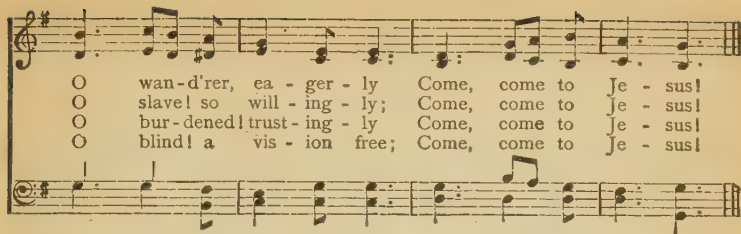
GEO. B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,  
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,  
 3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee,  
 4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee,

Copyright, 1884

# Come, Come to Jesus.



O wan-d'rer, ea - ger - ly Come, come to Je - sus!  
 O slave! so will - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!  
 O bur-dened! trust - ing - ly Come, come to Je - sus!  
 O blind! a vis - ion free; Come, come to Je - sus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!  
 He waits to shelter thee,  
 O weary! blessedly  
 Come, come to Jesus!

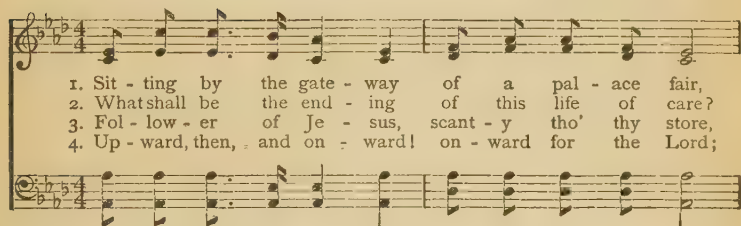
6 Come, come to Jesus!  
 He waits to carry thee,  
 O lamb! so lovingly,  
 Come, come to Jesus!

## No. 124. Carried by the Angels.

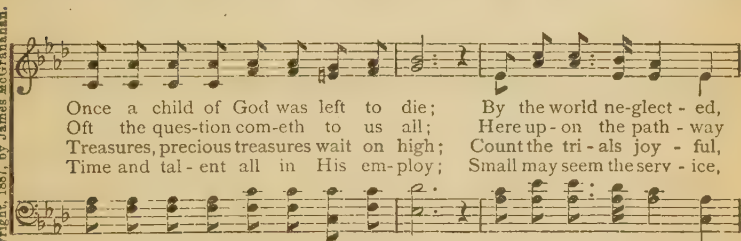
EL. NATHAN.

Luke 16: 22.

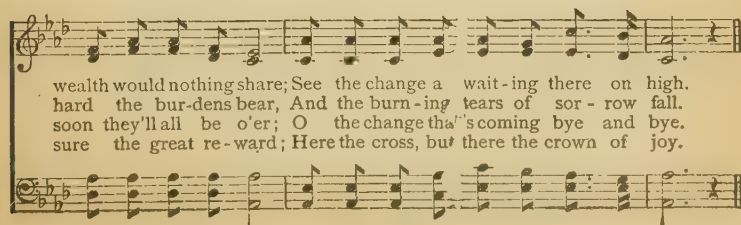
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Sit - ting by the gate - way of a pal - ace fair,  
 2. What shall be the end - ing of this life of care?  
 3. Fol - low - er of Je - sus, scant - y tho' thy store,  
 4. Up - ward, then, and on - ward! on - ward for the Lord;



Once a child of God was left to die; By the world ne-glect - ed,  
 Oft the ques-tion com-eth to us all; Here up-on the path - way  
 Treasures, precious treasures wait on high; Count the tri - als joy - ful,  
 Time and tal - ent all in His em - ploy; Small may seem the serv - ice,



wealth would nothing share; See the change a wait-ing there on high.  
 hard the bur-dens bear, And the burn-ing tears of sor - row fall.  
 soon they'll all be o'er; O the change tha' s coming bye and bye.  
 sure the great re - ward; Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.

# Carried by the Angels.

## CHORUS.

Car-ried by the an - gels to the land of rest, Mu - sic sweet - ly

sound-ing thro' the skies; Wel-comed by the Sav - iour

to the heav-'nly feast, Gath-ered with the loved in Par - a - dise.

## No. 125.

## Fear Thou Not.

J. E. A.

Isa. 41 : 10.

Trans. from Dr. MALAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

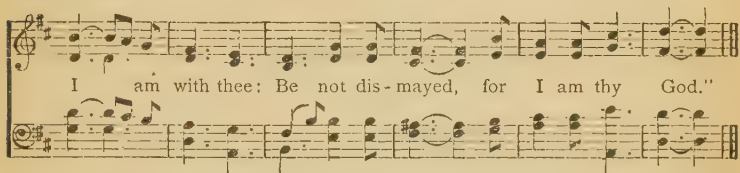
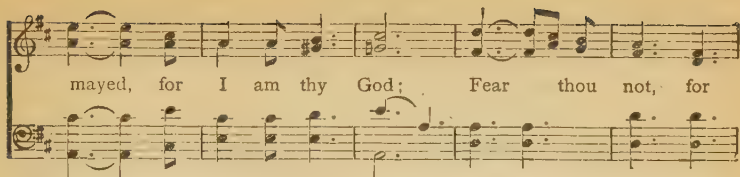
1. { O Christian trav'ler, fear no more The storms which round thee spread ;  
Nor yet the noontide's sul-try beams On thy de-fence-less (*Omit.*) head.  
2. { Thy Saviour, who up-on the cross Thy full re-demp-tion paid,  
Will not from thee, His ransomed one With-hold His promised (*Omit.*) aid.

## CHORUS.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee: Be not dis-

Copyright, 1884, by James McGranahan.

# Fear Thou Not.



3 A safe retreat and hiding-place  
Thy Saviour will provide;  
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,  
While sheltered at His side:

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,  
When every joy seems flown,  
Believer, thou shalt never tread  
The toilsome way alone.

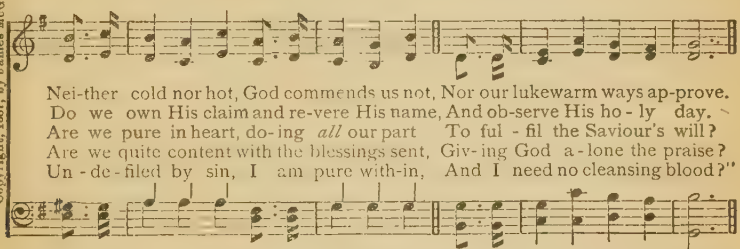
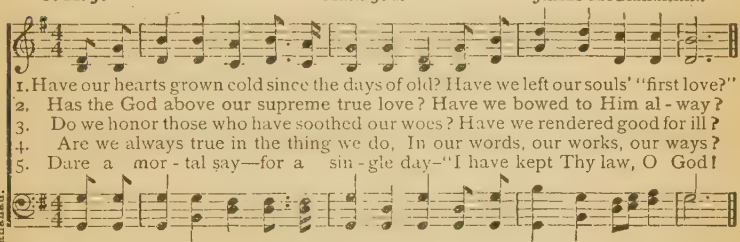
## No. 126.

## Repent Ye.

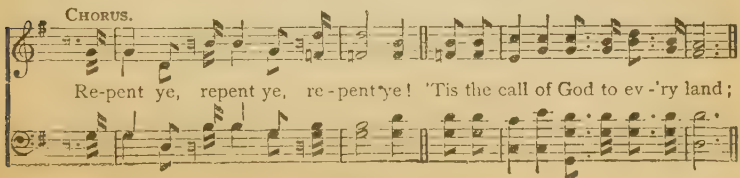
G. M. J.

Matt. 3. 2.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

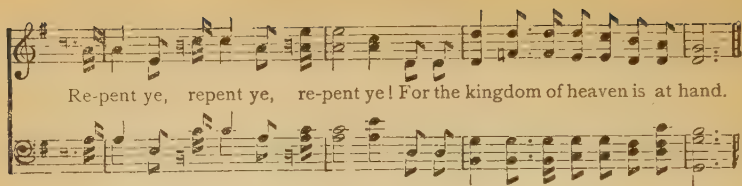


### CHORUS.





# Repent Ye!



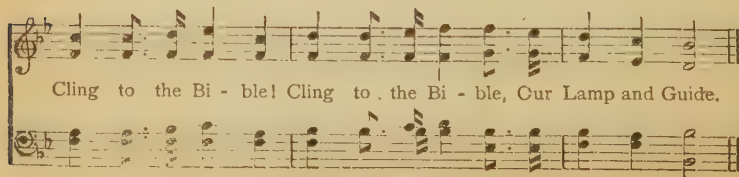
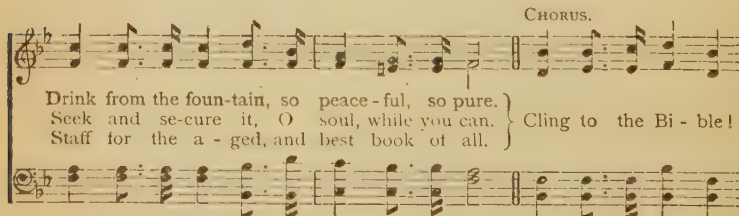
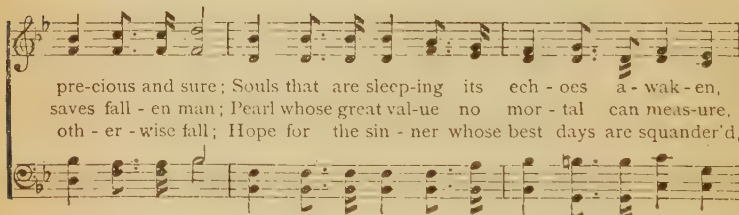
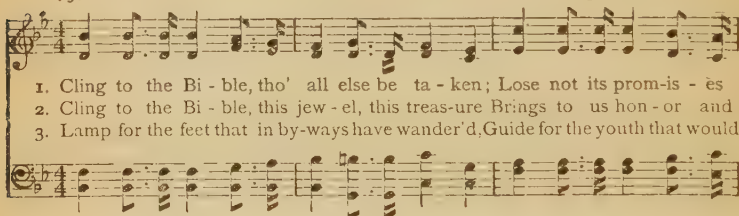
## No. 127.

## Cling to the Bible.

Ps. 119: 105.

M. J. SMITH.

J. R. MURRAY.




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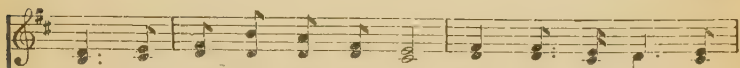
*"Are they not all ministering spirits."*—Heb. i: 14.

F. W. FABER.


C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.



1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green  
 2. Far, far a-way, like bells at ev-'ning peal - ing, The voice of  
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea-ry



fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore; "How sweet the truth those  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by  
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its




blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 thousands meekly stealing, Kind shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 ech-oes sweetly ring-ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.


## CHORUS.



An-gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing; Sing us sweet



frag-ments of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall



end the night of weep-ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

# No. 129.

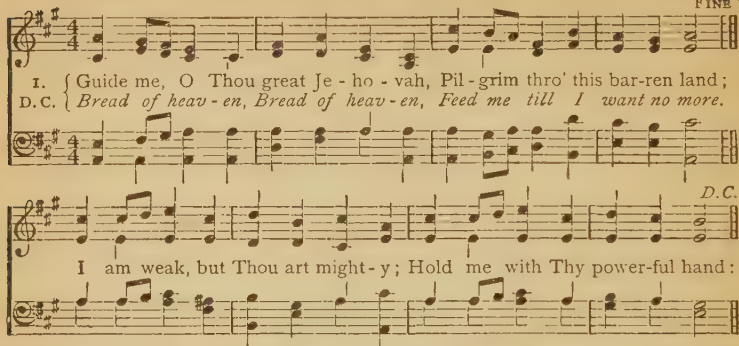
# Guide Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—Psalm 31 : 3.

W. WILLIAMS.

WM. L. VINER.

FINE



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land ;  
D.C. { Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

I am weak, but Thou art might - y ; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand :

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow,  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey thro' :  
Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;  
Songs of praises Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee.

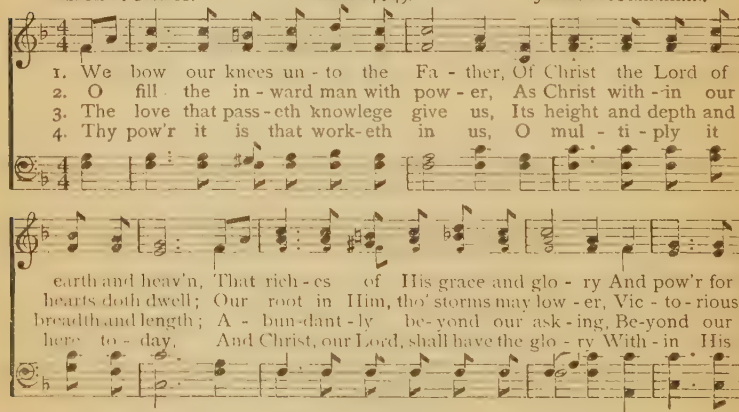
# No. 130.

# Waiting for the Promise.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Luke 24 : 49.

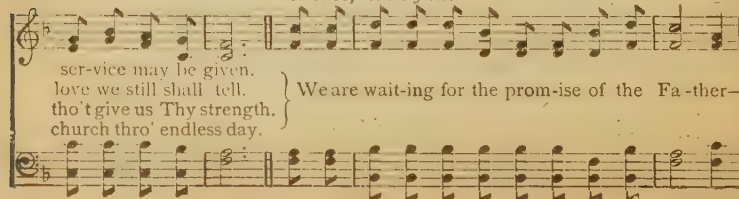
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. We bow our knees un - to the Fa - ther, Of Christ the Lord of  
2. O fill the in - ward man with pow - er, As Christ with - in our  
3. The love that pass - eth knowlege give us, Its height and depth and  
4. Thy pow'r it is that work - eth in us, O mul - ti - ply it

earth and heav'n, That rich - es of His grace and glo - ry And pow'r for  
hearts doth dwell ; Our root in Him, tho' storms may low - er, Vic - to - rious  
breadth and length ; A - bun - dant - ly be - yond our ask - ing, Be - yond our  
here - to - day, And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glo - ry With - in His

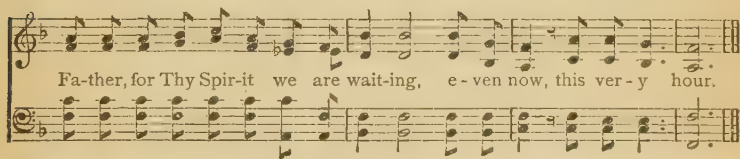
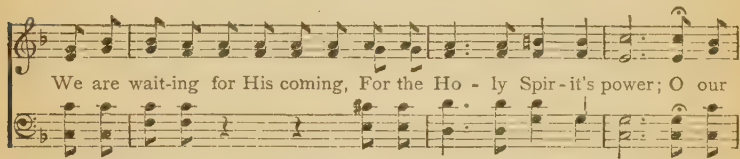
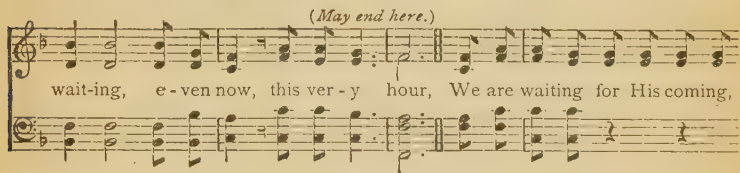
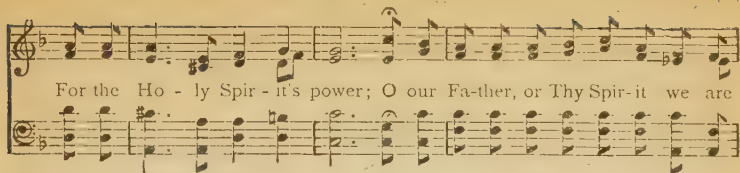
CHORUS, not too fast.



ser - vice may be given.  
love we still shall tell.  
tho't give us Thy strength.  
church thro' endless day.

We are wait - ing for the prom - ise of the Fa - ther -

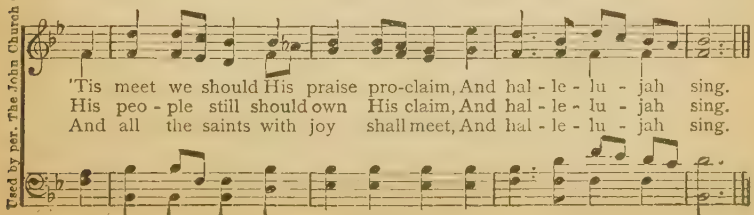
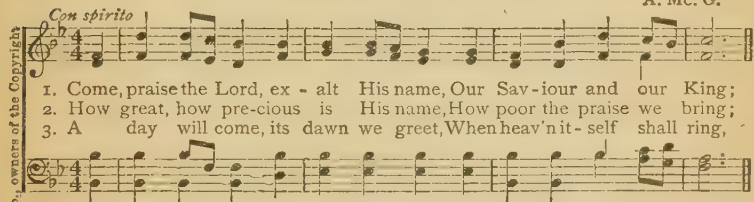
- Waiting for the Promise.



No. 131.

Come, Praise the Lord.

A. Mc. G.



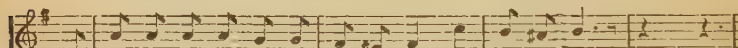
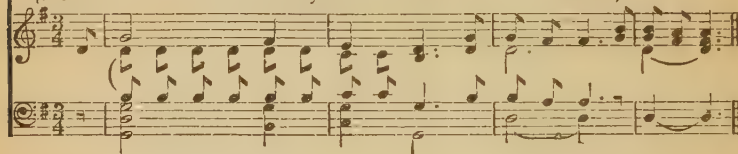
*"Christ is all, and in all."*—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR.

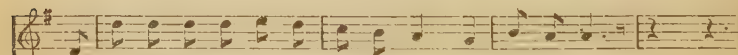
Mrs. C. BARNARD, arr.



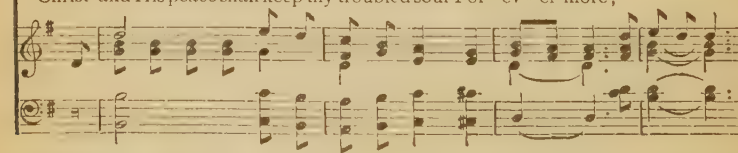
1. Some-times I catch sweet glimpses of His face, But that is all;
2. And is this all He meant when first He said, "Come un-to me?"
3. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heav-y tho'ts, But love His love;
4. Christ and His love shall be thy bless-ed all For ev-er-more;



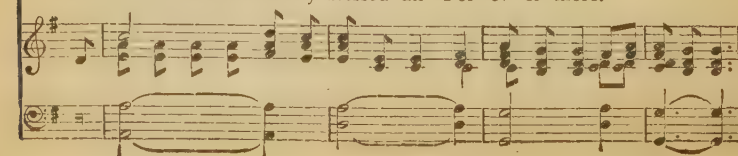
- Some-times He looks on me and seems to smile, But that is all;  
Is there no deep-er, more en-dur-ing rest In Him for thee?  
Do thou full jus-tice to His ten-der-ness, His mer-cy prove;  
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways For-ev-er-more;



- Some-times He speaks a pass-ing word of peace, But that is all;  
Is there no stead-ier light for thee in Him? O come and see;  
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all, And look a-bove;  
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul For ev-er-more;



- Some-times I think I hear His lov-ing voice Up-on me call.  
Is there no deep-er, more en-dur-ing rest In Him for thee?  
And do not wrong Him by thy heav-y tho'ts, But love His love.  
Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all For-ev-er-more.



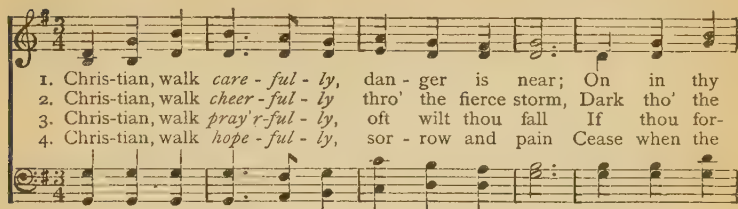
Arrangement Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.



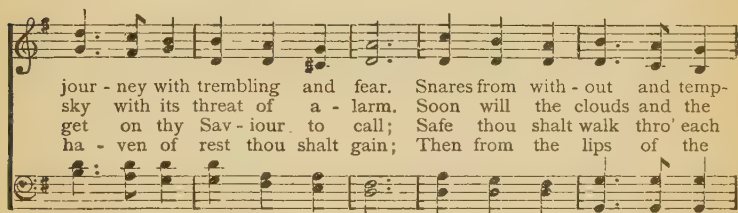
"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—Eph. 4: 1.

Words arr.

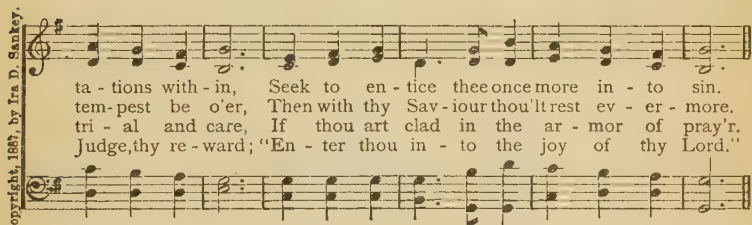
GEO. C. STREBBINS.



1. Chris-tian, walk *care - ful - ly*, dan - ger is near; On in thy  
 2. Chris-tian, walk *cheer - ful - ly*, thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the  
 3. Chris-tian, walk *pray'r - ful - ly*, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-  
 4. Chris-tian, walk *hope - ful - ly*, sor - row and pain Cease when the



jour - ney with trembling and fear. Snares from with - out and temp-  
 sky with its threat of a - larm. Soon will the clouds and the  
 get on thy Sav - iour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each  
 ha - ven of rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the

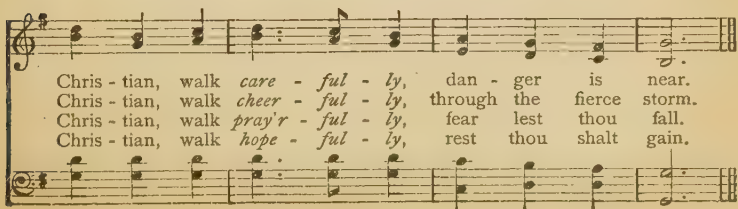


ta - tions with - in, Seek to en - tice thee once more in - to sin.  
 tem - pest be o'er, Then with thy Sav - iour thou'lt rest ev - er - more.  
 tri - al and care, If thou art clad in the ar - mor of pray'r.  
 Judge, thy re - ward; "En - ter thou in - to the joy of thy Lord."

CHORUS.



Chris-tian, walk *care - ful - ly*, Chris-tian, walk *care - ful - ly*,  
 Chris-tian, walk *cheer - ful - ly*, Chris-tian, walk *cheer - ful - ly*,  
 Chris-tian, walk *pray'r - ful - ly*, Chris-tian, walk *pray'r - ful - ly*,  
 Chris-tian, walk *hope - ful - ly*, Chris-tian, walk *hope - ful - ly*,



Chris - tian, walk *care - ful - ly*, dan - ger is near.  
 Chris - tian, walk *cheer - ful - ly*, through the fierce storm.  
 Chris - tian, walk *pray'r - ful - ly*, fear lest thou fall.  
 Chris - tian, walk *hope - ful - ly*, rest thou shalt gain.

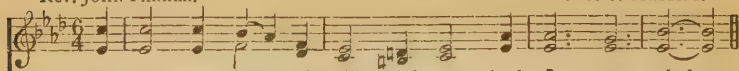
# No. 134.

## He Holds the Key.

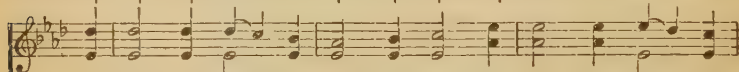
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

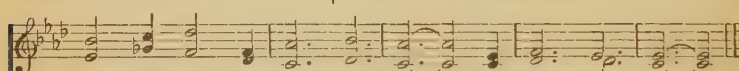
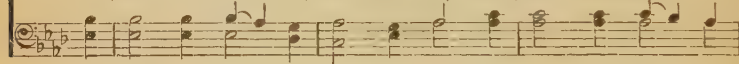
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



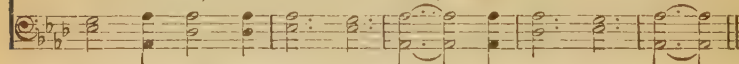
1. He holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad;
2. What if to-mor-row's cares were here With-out its rest?
3. The ver-y dim-ness of my sight Makes me se-cure;
4. I can-not read His fu-ture plans, But this I know;
5. E-nough; this cov-ers all my wants, And so I rest;



If oth-er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust-ed  
I'd rath-er He un-locked the day, And, as the hours swing  
For, grop-ing in my mist-y way I feel His hand; I  
I have the smil-ing of His face, And all the ref-uge  
For, what I can-not, He can see, And, in His care I



it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.  
o-pen say, "My will is best," "My will is best."  
hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."—  
of, His grace, While here be-low, While here be-low.  
safe shall be, For-ev-er blest, For-ev-er blest.



# No. 135.

## Hallelujah for the Cross!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6: 14.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR (arr.)

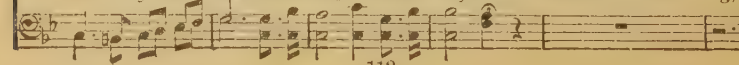
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It's
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our



fy-ing ev-ry blast, Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,  
triumph let us tell, Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shown,  
sins on Je-sus laid, Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,



# Hallelujah for the Cross!



The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver thrown, Hallelu-jah for the cross!  
Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hallelu-jah for the cross!  
Of Christ our *at-le* - ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hallelu-jah for the cross!

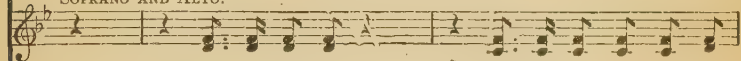


\* SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

SOPRANO AND ALTO.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

CHO. *mp*

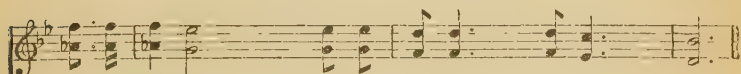
TENOR AND BASS.



lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,



lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,



Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.



Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.



\* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

# Hallelujah!

**f** FULL CHORUS.

\* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

## No. 136. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—James 4: 7.

P. S.  
SOLO.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, A - long the grand highway of life;  
2. In courage alone lies your safe-ty, When you the long journey be - gin;  
3. Be careful in choosing companions, Seek on - ly the brave and the true;

You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each cit - y with e - vil is rife.  
Your trust in a heav-en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un - spot - ted from sin.  
And stand by your friends when in tri - al, Ne'er changing the old for the new.

This world is a stage of ex - ci - tem - ent, There's danger wher - ev - er you go;  
Temptations will go on in - creas - ing, As streams from a riv - u - let flow;  
And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the wine - cup to know;

\* For a final ending, all the voice may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

# Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

But if you are tempted in weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
 But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
 With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

## CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
 say No! say No!

Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

## No. 137.

## God's Time Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6:2.

JOSEPH COOK.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Ho - li - ness, or heav-en lose;  
 2. End - less sin means end - less woe; In - to end - less sin I go,  
 3. As the stream its chan - nel grooves, And with - in that channel moves,

While what heav-en loves I hate, Shut for me is heav-en's gate.  
 If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.  
 So doth hab - it's deep-est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.

4 Light obeyed increaseth light,  
 Light resisted bringeth night;  
 Who shall give me will to choose,  
 If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;  
 Let the Light its sceptre wield;  
 While thy God prolongeth grace,  
 Haste thee toward His holy face!

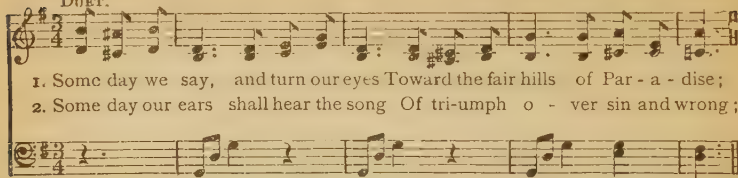


"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Cant. 2: 17.

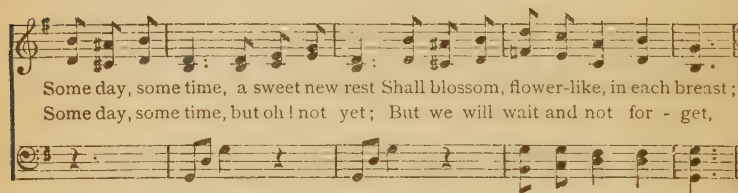
EBEN H. REXFORD.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

DUET.

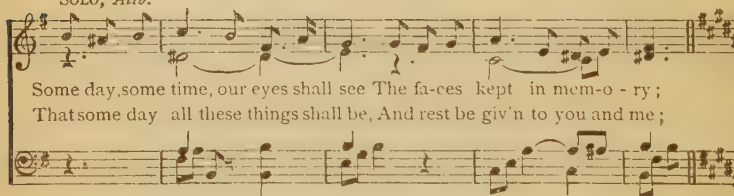


1. Some day we say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of Par - a - dise;  
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of tri-umph o - ver sin and wrong;



Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;  
Some day, some time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get,

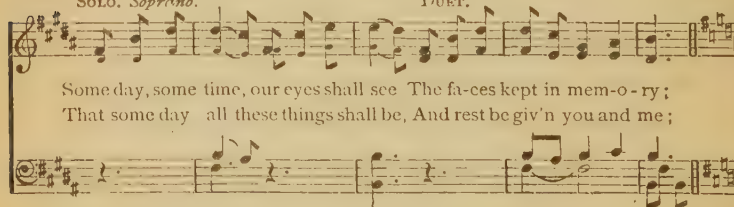
SOLO, Alto.



Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The fa-ces kept in mem-o - ry;  
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me;

SOLO, Soprano.

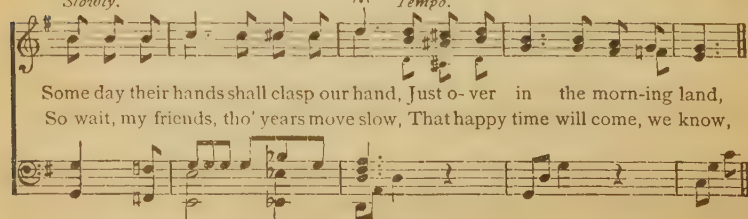
DUET.



Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The fa-ces kept in mem-o - ry;  
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n you and me;

Slowly.

Tempo.

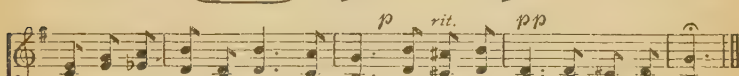
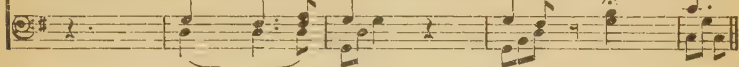


Some day their hands shall clasp our hand, Just o - ver in the morn-ing land,  
So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know,

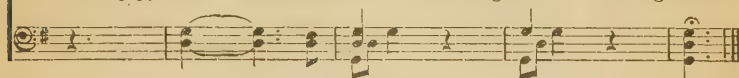
# © Morning Land.



Just o - ver in the morning land ; Some day their hands shall clasp our hands,  
That happy time will come, we know ; So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,



Just o - ver in the morn - ing lands ; O morn - ing land ! O morning land !  
That hap - py time will come, we know O morn - ing land ! O morning land !



## No. 139.

## © What a Saviour.

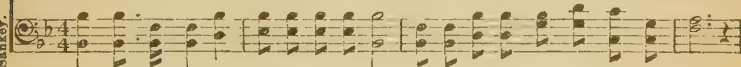
"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

J. L. STERLING.

IRA D. SANKEY.



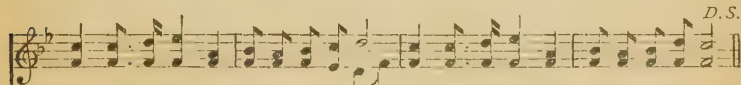
1. Come to the Saviour, hear His loving voice Never will you find a Friend so true,
2. Blest words of comfort, gently now they fail, Jesus is the life, the truth, the way ;
3. Soft - ly the Spirit whispers in the heart, Do not slight the Saviour's offered grace,
4. Light in the darkness, joy in an - y pain, Refuge for the wea - ry and oppressed ;



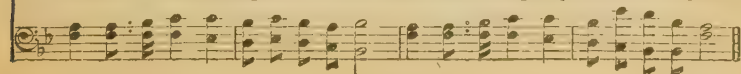
Now He is wait-ing, trust Him and re-joyce, Ten-der-ly He call-eth you.  
Come to the fountain, there is room for all, Je - sus bids you come to-day.  
Glad-ly re-ceive Him, let Him not de-part, Hap-py they who seek His face.  
Still He is wait-ing, call-ing yet a - gain, Come and He will give you rest.



D. S. Still He is wait-ing, grieve His love no more, Ten-der-ly He call-eth you.



O, what a Saviour standing at the door, Haste while He lingers, pardon now implore ;



*"With me in Paradise."*—Luke 23: 43.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O gold-en day,                      O' day of God,                      When sin-less  
 2. To Christ the Lord                      up-on the tree,                      A sin-ner  
 3. O gold-en day                      When Christ descends,                      The curse re-

1. O gold-en day, etc.

souls                      the gar-den trod!                      In bliss su-preme,  
 cries:—                      "Re-mem-ber me!"                      "To-day shalt thou,"  
 moves                      and sor-row ends;                      All glo-ry clad,

Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

'neath sun-ny skies,                      In E-den fair,  
 the Lord re-plies,                      "Be with me there  
 the ran-somed rise                      To reign with Him

## CHORUS.

in Par-a-dise,  
 in Par-a-dise."  
 in Par-a-dise,                      } O Par-a-dise, sweet Par-a-dise, From

# 

scenes of earth we long to rise; O Par - a - dise, bright Par - a - dise,

FINE.

Where Je - sus reigns..... be - yond the skies. 2. The fa - tal  
 be - yond the skies, 3. The bead - ed

fall, the sin, the shame, The death, the doom,  
 brow, the silvered hair, The ach - ing heart,

the sword a - flame, The curse, the crime be - yond dis -  
 the va - cant chair, The grass - y graves, the bro - ken

Go to Chorus.

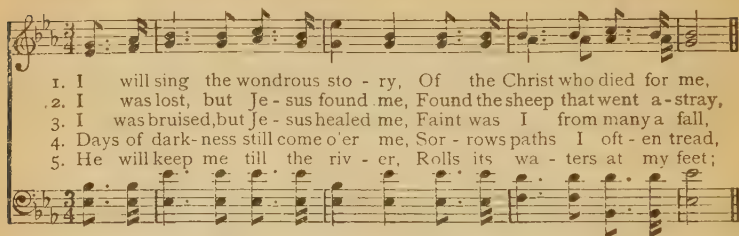
guise, The earth no more is Par - a - dise.  
 ties, Are not the scenes of Par - a - dise.

# No. 141. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

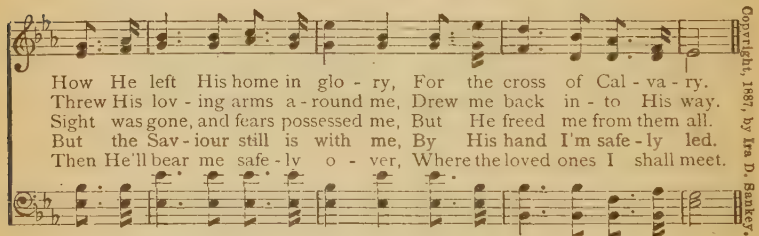
"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever." - Ps. 1: 89.

F. H. RAWLEY.

PETER BILHORN.

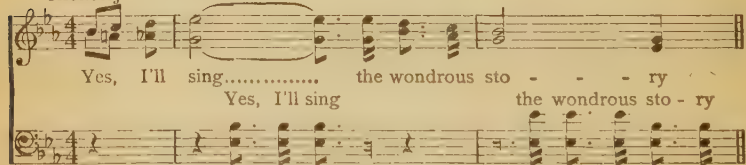


1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,  
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,  
 3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,  
 4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - rows paths I oft - en tread,  
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er, Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

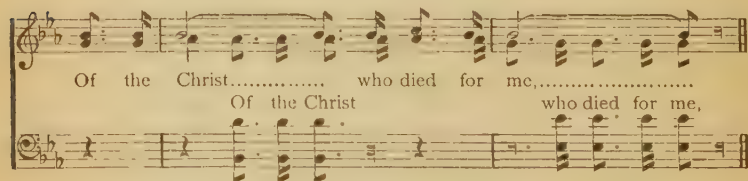


How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.  
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

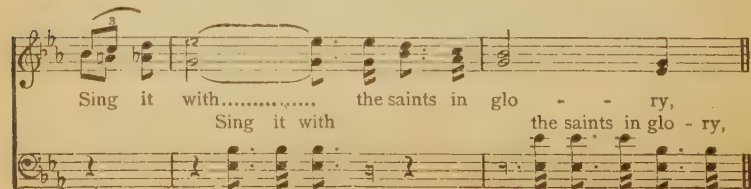
## CHORUS.



Yes, I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - - ry  
 Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry



Of the Christ..... who died for me.....  
 Of the Christ who died for me,



Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,  
 Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.



# I will Sing the Wondrous Story

Gath-ered by..... the crys - tal sea,  
gath-ered by the the crys - tal sea.

## No. 142. Loving-Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Western Melody.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;  
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,  
4. When troubled, like a gloomy cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thunder'd loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!  
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!  
He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!  
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good!

Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!  
Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!  
Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!  
Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good!

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. VATES.

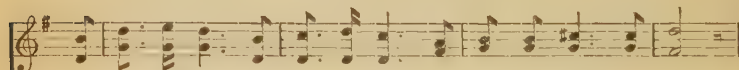
Arr. by IRA D. SANKET.



1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worshipp'd there to - day;
2. The sex-ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the singing wife, It had the old - time ring;



It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray;  
 He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;  
 The preacher said with trump-et voice, Let all the peo - ple sing:



The meet-ing house was fi - ner built, Than they were years a - go,  
 He must have been a Chris-tian man, He led me bold - ly through  
 "Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune; The mu - sic up - ward roll'd,



But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.  
 The crowded aisle of that grand church, To find a pleas - ant pew.  
 Un - til I tho't the an - gel choir Struck all their harps of gold.

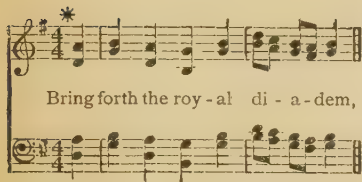


Words used by per. Ph. Phillips. Arrangement Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sanket.

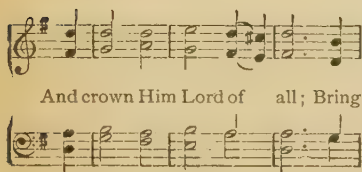
# The Model Church.

4.

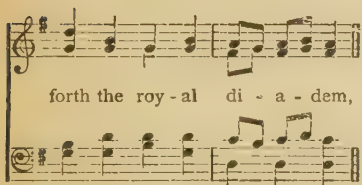
My deafness seemed to melt away,  
My spirit caught the fire;  
I joined my feeble, trembling voice  
With that melodious choir;  
And sang as in my youthful days,  
"Let angels prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,



And crown Him Lord of all; Bring



forth the roy - al di - a - dem,



And crown Him Lord of all;"

5.

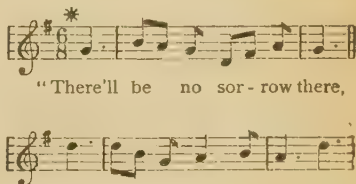
I tell you, wife, it did me good  
To sing that hymn once more;  
I felt like some wrecked mariner  
Who gets a glimpse of shore;  
I almost want to lay aside  
This weather-beaten form,  
And anchor in the blessed port,  
Forever from the storm.

6.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,  
But simple gospel truth;  
It fitted humble men like me;  
It suited hopeful youth;  
To win immortal souls to Christ,  
The earnest preacher tried;  
He talked not of himself, or creed,  
But Jesus crucified.

7.

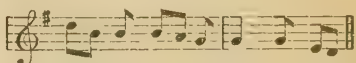
Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,  
The vict'ry soon be won;  
The shining land is just ahead,  
Our race is nearly run:  
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,  
Our home so bright and fair;  
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



"There'll be no sor - row there,



There'll be no sor - row there, In



heav'n a - bove Where all is love,



There'll be no sor - row there."

\* All join in singing the old tunes.

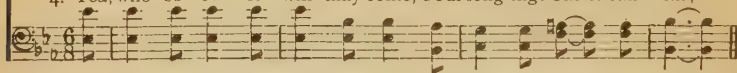
*"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.*

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

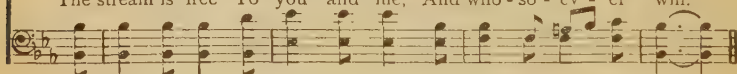
GEO. C. STEEBINS.



1. The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come! And take the wa - ter of life!"
2. Let ev - 'ry one who hears, say "Come!" And joy - ful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a - thirst, for - sake Your bro - ken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who - so - ev - er will may come, Your long - ings Christ can fill;



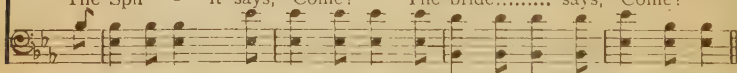
O bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.  
 I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!  
 Then come, partake, One draught will slake, Your soul's con - sum - ing thirst.  
 The stream is free To you and me, And who - so - ev - er will.



CHORUS.



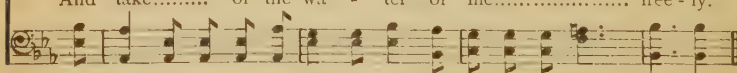
The Spir - it says, "Come!" The bride..... says, "Come!"



The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!"



And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.



And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.



The Spir - it says, "Come!" The bride..... says, "Come!"



The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!"



And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.



And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.

# No. 145.

# Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are  
2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will  
3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,  
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!  
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come!  
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

# No. 146. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Cant. 2: 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau - ty of the hills,  
2. Oft we tread the path be - fore us With a wear - y bur - den'd heart;  
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gath - er round the throne;

And the sun - light falls in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills,  
Oft we toil a - mid the shadows, And our fields are far a - part:  
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:

We re - call our Fa - ther's promise In the rain - bow of the spray:  
But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed" All our la - bor will re - pay,  
And the song of our re - demption, Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,



# When the Mists have Rolled Away.

*rit.*

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.  
 When we gath - er in the morning Where the mists have rolled a - way.  
 When the shad - ows have de - part - ed, And the mists have rolled a - way.

## CHORUS.

known, as we are known,  
 We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er more..... to walk a -  
 as we are known,

We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk a -  
 lone,..... In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:  
 lone, to walk alone,

*rit.*

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have rolled a - way.

## No. 147.

## Saviour, Again.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

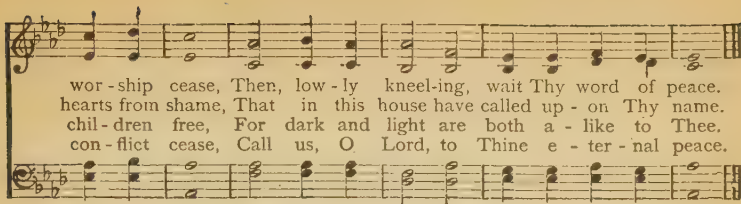
JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -  
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -  
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for  
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our  
 gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the  
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy  
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

# Saviour, Again.



wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.  
 chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.  
 con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

## No. 148.

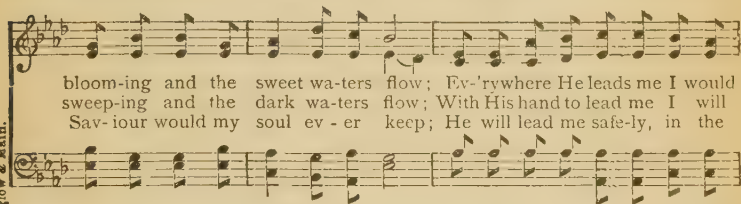
## Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING.

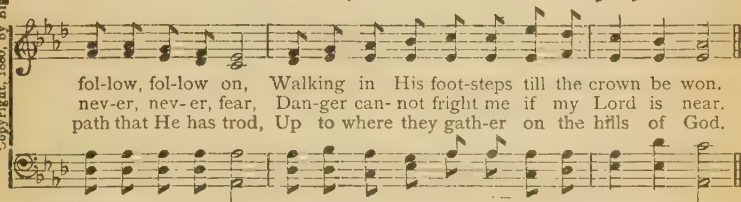
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

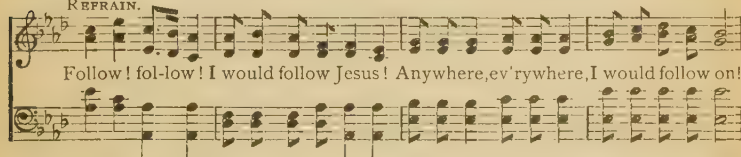


bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would  
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will  
 Sav-iour would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly, in the

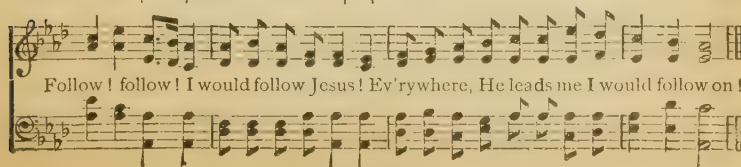


fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His foot-steps till the crown be won.  
 nev-er, nev-er, fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.  
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

### REFRAIN.



Follow! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev-'rywhere, I would follow on!



Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Ev-'rywhere, He leads me I would follow on!

# No. 149.

# Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.

W. O CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je - sus knows thy sor-row, Knows thine ev - 'ry care ; Knows thy deep con-  
 2. Trust the heart of Je - sus, Thou art precious there ; Sure - ly He would  
 3. Je - sus knows thy conflict, Hears thy burden'd sigh ; When thy heart is

tri-tion, Hears thy feeblest prayer ; Do not fear to trust Him—Tell Him all thy  
 shield thee From the tempter's snare ; Safe-ly He would lead thee By His own sweet  
 wound-ed, Hears the plaintive cry ; He thy soul will strengthen, O-ver-come thy

grief ; Cast on Him thy bur-den, He will bring re - lief.  
 way, Out in - to the glo - ry Of a bright-er day.  
 fears ; He will send thee com-fort, Wipe a - way thy tears.

Copyright, 1883, by Ira D. Sankey.

# No. 150.

# Gather Them In.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread ;  
 2. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room ; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,  
 3. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room ; 'Tis a mes-sage from God a - bove ;

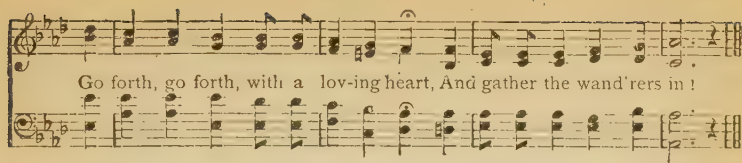
O gath - er them in!—let His house be filled, And the hungry and poor be fed.  
 To think of the ma - ny who slight the call That may never be heard a - gain !  
 O gath - er them in - to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love.

REFRAIN.

Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

# Gather Them In.



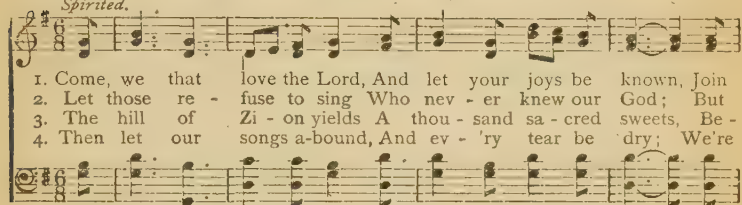
Go forth, go forth, with a lov-ing heart, And gather the wand'ers in!

No. 151.

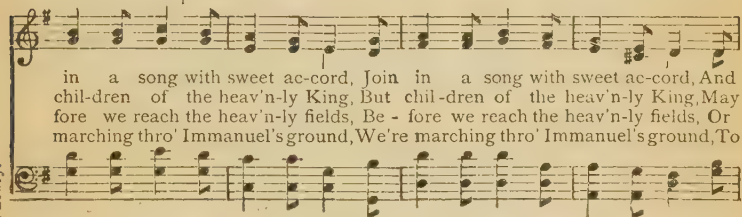
## We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS,  
*Spirited.*

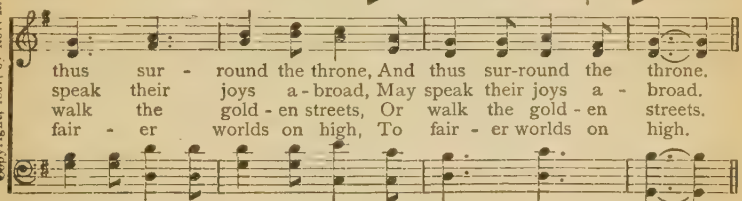
REV. R. LOWRY.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -  
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

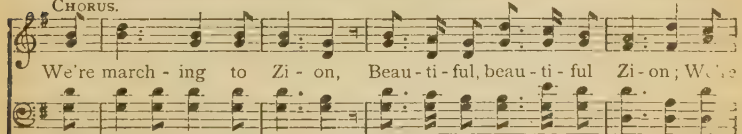


in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And  
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May  
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or  
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To




thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.  
speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus surround the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're

We're marching on to Zi - on,



march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi-on,

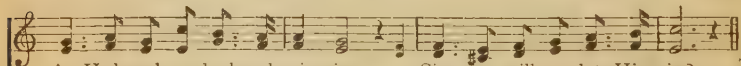
# No. 152. Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arr. by W. W. D.

C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.



1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;



As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?  
Not a place that He can en - ter, In your heart for which He died?  
O to - day is time ac - cept - ed, To - mor - row you may call in vain.  
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleading cease.



CHORUS.



Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Has - ten now His word o - bey,



Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

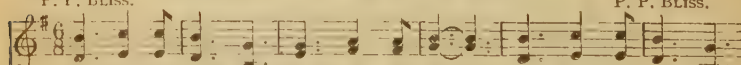


# No. 153.

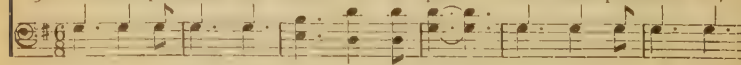
## Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS.

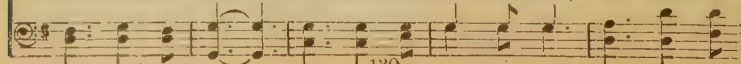
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spir - it,  
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are  
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is





go thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."  
 ling-'ring near, Pray's rise from hearts so dear: O wan-d'rer come.  
 but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

No. 154.

The Ninety and Nine.

E. C. CLEPHANE.

To be sung only as a Solo.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the shel-ter of the  
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e-nough for  
 3. But none of the ransomed ev-er knew How deep were the wa-ters

fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the  
 Thee?" But the Shepherd made an-swer; "This of mine Has wan-der'd  
 cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His

gates of gold—A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-  
 a-way from me, And, although the road be rough and steep I  
 sheep that was lost. Out in the des-ert He heard its cry—Sick

way from the tender Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care.  
 go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."  
 and helpless and read-y to die, Sick and helpless, and read-y to die.

- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
 That mark out the mountain's track?"  
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray  
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back,"  
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and  
 torn?"  
 "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a glad cry to the gate of  
 heaven,  
 "Rejoice! I have found my Sheep!"  
 And the Angels echoed around the throne,  
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
 own!"

# No. 155.

# Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy mighty arm make bare; Speak with the voice that  
 2. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis-turb this sleep of death; Quicken the smould'ring  
 3. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre-ate soul-thirst for Thee; But hung'r-ing for the  
 4. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy precious name; And, by the Ho - ly

CHORUS.

wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear. Re - vive!..... re - vive!..... And  
 em-bers now By Thine Almighty breath.  
 bread of life, Oh, may our spir-its be!  
 Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine inflame. } Revive Thy work! revive Thy work! And

give, refreshing showers; The glory shall all be Thine own; The blessing shall be ours.  
 give, oh, give refreshing showers;

# No. 156.

# I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;  
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;  
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,  
 4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

I am Thine, O Lord.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died ;

near-er, near-er,

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 157. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let  
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought—My  
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
sin—not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I  
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the

taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
help - less es - tate, And has shed His own blood for my soul.  
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!  
Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well..... with my soul,.....

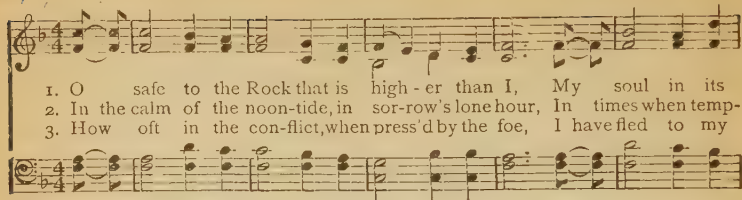
It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

# No. 158.

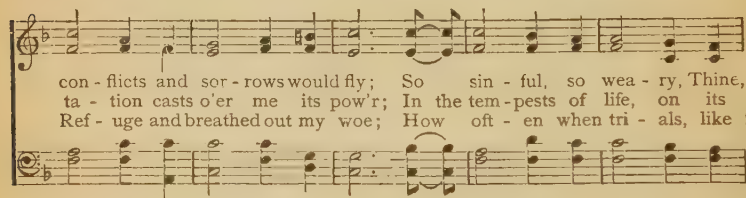
# Hiding in Thee.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

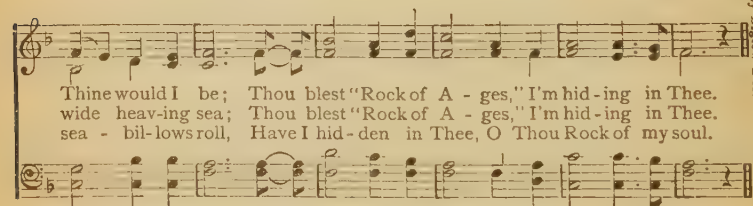
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its  
 2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In times when temp-  
 3. How oft in the con-flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my



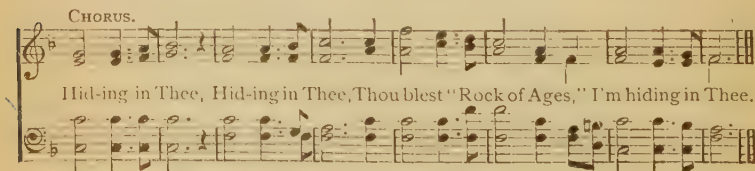
con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,  
 ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its  
 Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als, like



Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 wide heav - ing sea; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

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CHORUS.

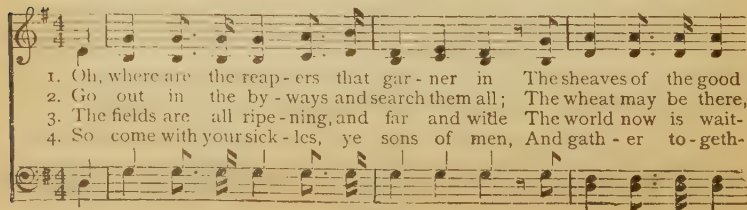


Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

# No. 159. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

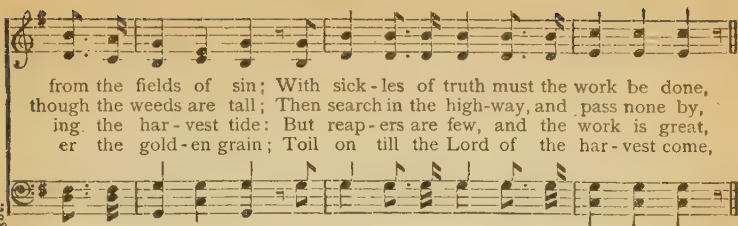
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good  
 2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,  
 3. The fields are all ripe - ning, and far and wide The world now is wait -  
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth -

# Oh, Where are the Reapers.

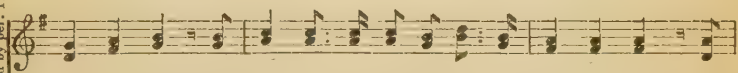
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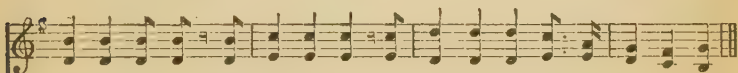
## CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "harvest home."  
But gath-er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers! Oh,  
And much would be lost should the har-vest wait.  
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."



who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,



who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.



## No. 160.

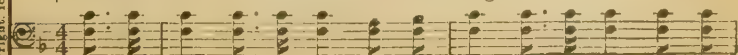
## To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us  
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the  
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the  
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



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# To the Work.



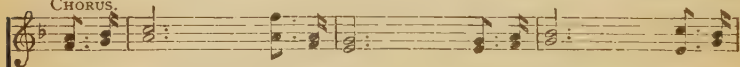
fol-low the path that our Mas-ter has trod ; With the balm of His counsel our fountain of Life let the wea - ry be led ; In the cross and its ban-ner our kingdom of dark-ness and er - ror shall fall ; And the name of Je-ho - vah ex - robe and a crown shall our la - bor reward ; When the home of the faith-ful our



strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tid - ings, "Sal - va - tion is free !" al - ted shall be, In the loud swelling cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free !" dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransom'd, "Sal - va - tion is free !"



## CHORUS.



Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing



Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,



on, Let us hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Master comes.



Toiling on, and trust, and pray,

## No. 161.

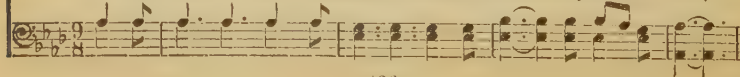
## My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His wond'rous love to me ;
2. I will tell the wond'rous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n - ly love to me ;



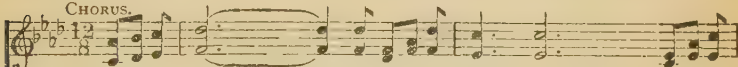
# My Redeemer.



On the cru - el cross He suf-fer'd, From the curse to set me free.  
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.  
How the vic - to - ry He giv-eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.  
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.



## CHORUS.



Sing, oh! sing, ..... of my Re-deem - er, With His



Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His

blood.....



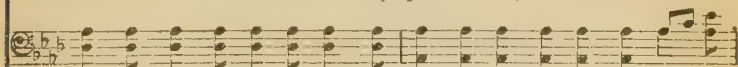
blood He purchased me, He pur-chased me,..... On the  
blood ..... He pur-chased me,



blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the

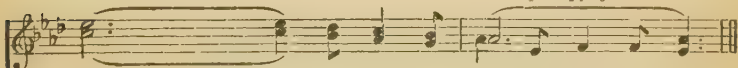


cross ..... He seal'd my par - don, Paid the

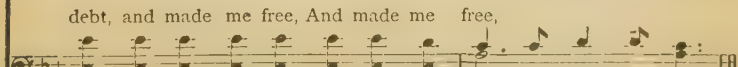


cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the

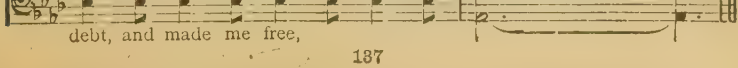
*Repeat pp after last verse.*



and made me free.



debt, and made me free, And made me free,

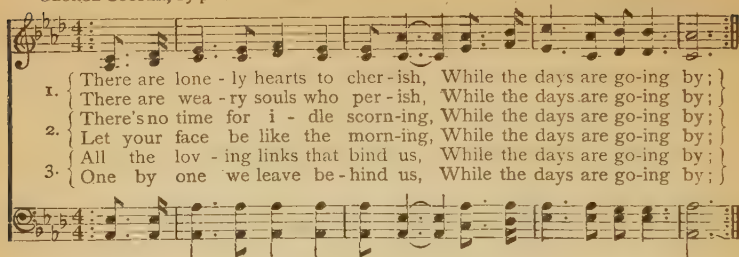


debt, and made me free,

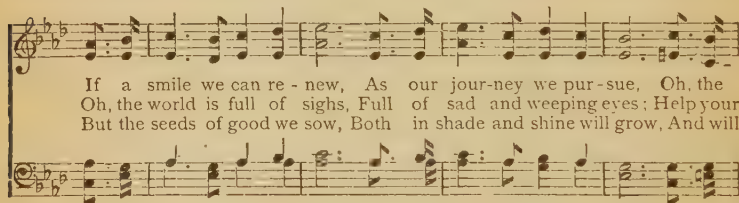
# No. 162. While the Days are going By.

GEORGE COOPER, by per.

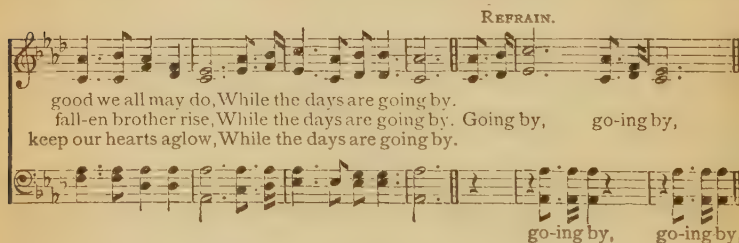
IRA D. SANKEY.



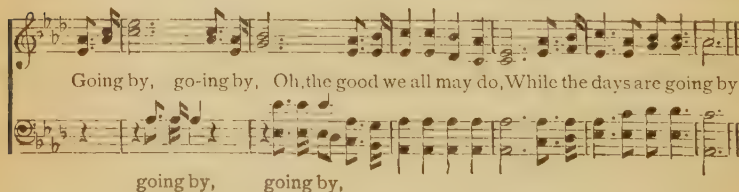
1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 2. { There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 3. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }



If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the  
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your  
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will



REFRAIN.  
 good we all may do, While the days are going by.  
 fall - en brother rise, While the days are going by. Going by, go - ing by,  
 keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.  
 go - ing by, go - ing by,



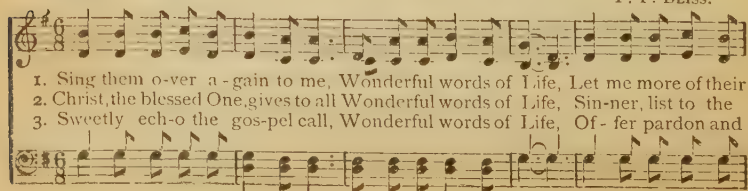
Going by, go - ing by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.  
 going by, going by,

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# No. 163. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of Life, Let me more of their  
 2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonderful words of Life, Sin - ner, list to the  
 3. Sweetly ech - o the gos - pel call, Wonderful words of Life, Of - fer pardon and

# Wonderful Words of Life.

beauty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty,  
loving call, Wonderful words of Life. All so freely giv-en, Wooing us to heaven.  
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je-sus, on-ly Saviour, Sancti-fy for-ev-er.

Beau-ti-ful words, wonder-ful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

## No. 164.

## Behold, what Love!

M. S. S.

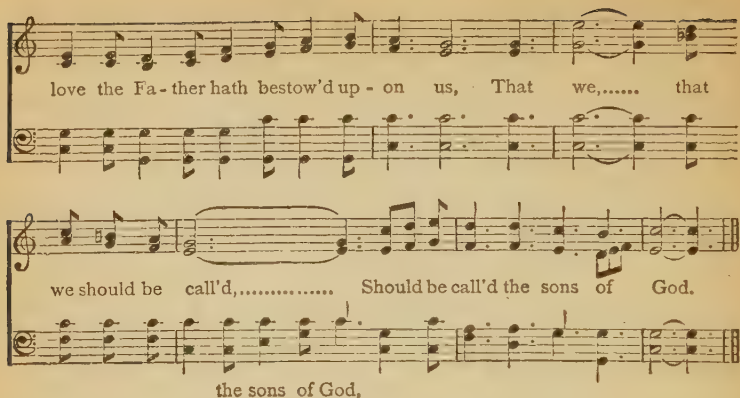
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stow'd  
2. No long-er far from Him, but now By "pre-cious blood" made nigh;  
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It 'doth not yet ap - pear;  
4. With such a bless-ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sin-ners lost, that we should be Now call'd the sons of God!  
Ac-cept-ed in the "Well-be-lov'd," Near to God's heart we lie.  
But when our pre-cious Lord we see, We shall His im-age bear.  
More like our ris-en, glo-rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

### CHORUS.

Be - hold, what manner of love!..... What manner of  
what manner of love,



love the Fa-ther hath bestow'd up - on us, That we,..... that

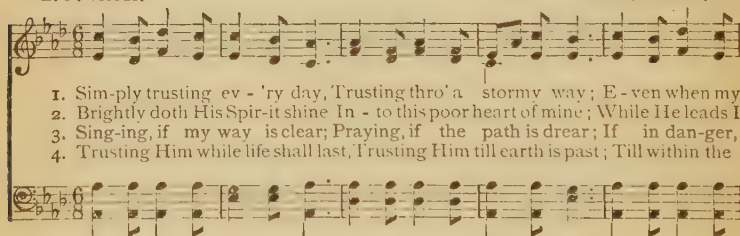
we should be call'd,..... Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,

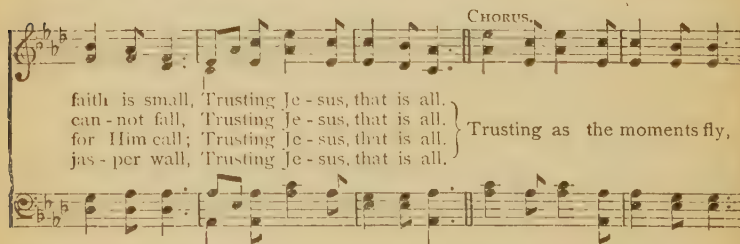
## No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. STITES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

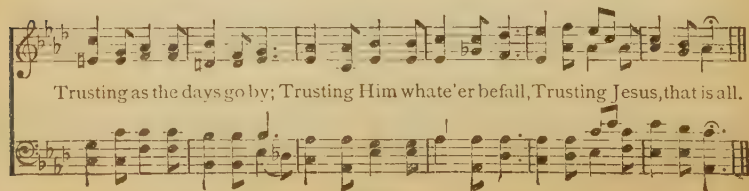


1. Sim-ply trusting ev - 'ry day, 'Trusting thro' a stormy way; E-ven when my  
2. Brightly doth His Spir-it shine In - to this poor heart of mine; While He leads I  
3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear; If in dan-ger,  
4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past; Till within the



CHORUS.

faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
for Him call; Trusting Je - sus, that is all. } Trusting as the moments fly,  
jas - per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.



Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.



H. R. PALMER.

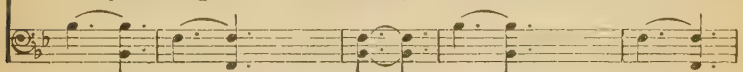
H. R. PALMER, by per.



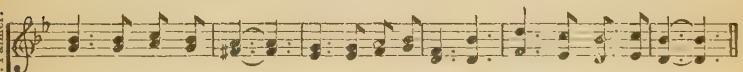
1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will  
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,  
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,



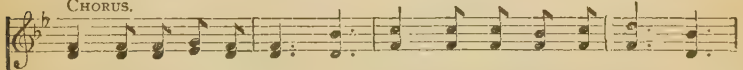
Copyright, 1868, by H. R. Palmer.



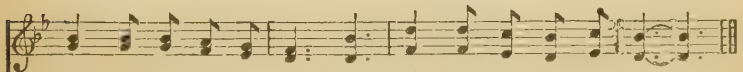
Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



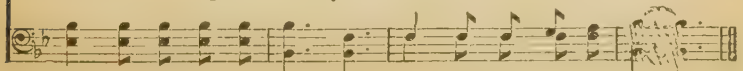
## CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.



# No. 167. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are - we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - ber'd with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.  
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our Ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?  
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



All because we do not car - ry. Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.  
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



# No. 168. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS,

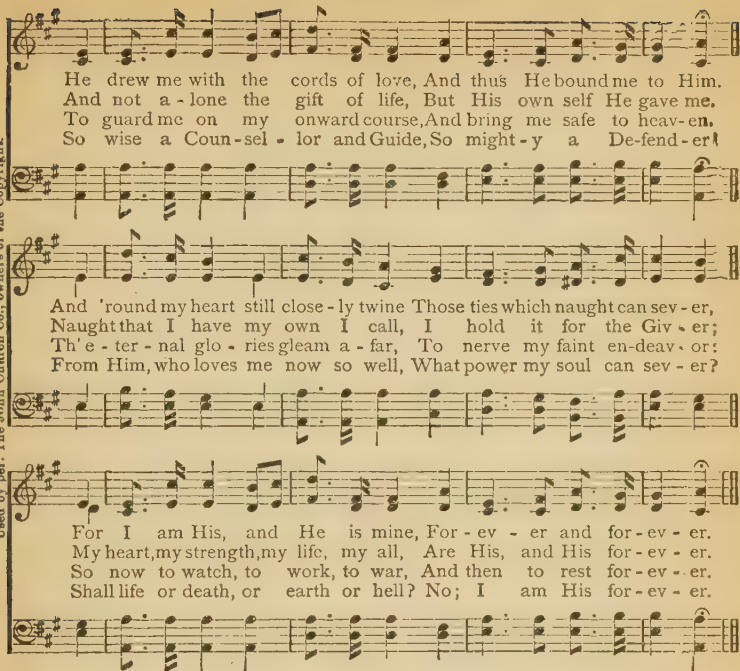


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



# I've Found a Friend.

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He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en,  
So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!

And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,  
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er;  
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:  
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev-er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.  
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.  
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

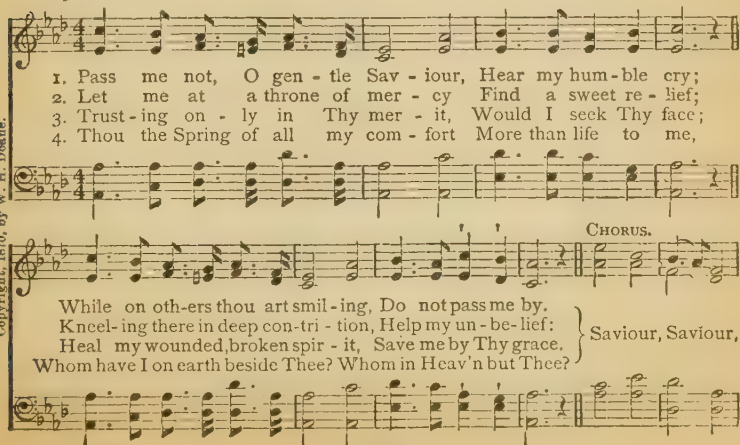
## No. 169.

## Pass Me Not.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

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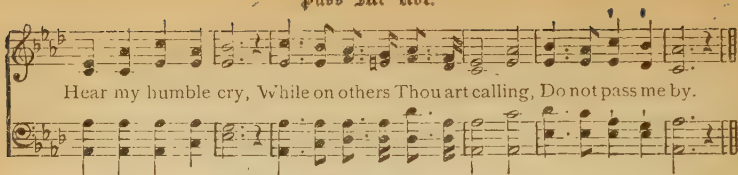


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;  
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;  
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;  
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort More than life to me,

CHORUS.

While on oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief:  
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. } Saviour, Saviour,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

# Pass Me Not.

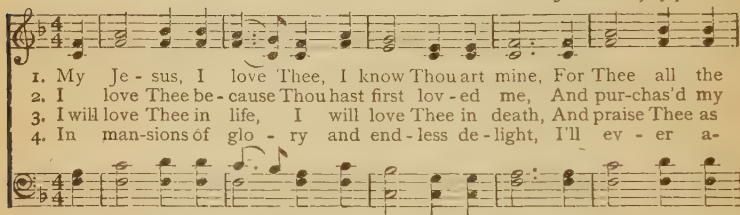


Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

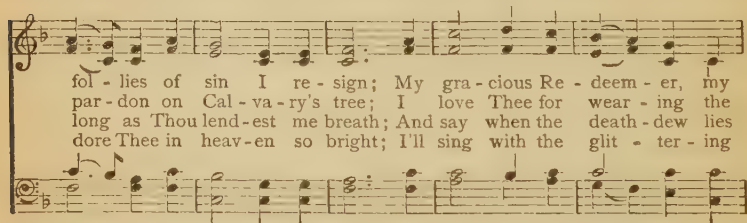
## No. 170.

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON, by per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chas'd my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



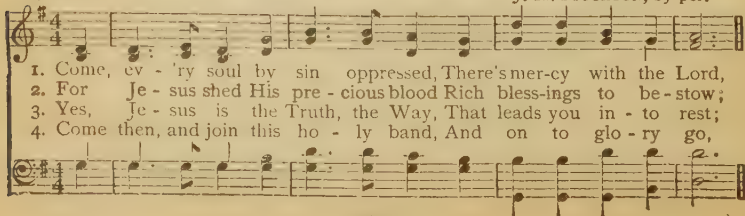
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
cold on my brow, If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
crown on my brow, If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

## No. 171.

## Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

# Only Trust Him.

And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.  
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.  
Be - lieve in Him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.  
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

## CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

## No. 172.

## All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. ELVINA M. (HALL,) MYERS.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,  
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and that a - lone, Can change the  
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my

## CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all. } Je - sus paid it all,  
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. }  
gar - ments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb. }

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.



## No. 173.

## I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have a Saviour, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear lov-ing Sav-iour tho'  
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,  
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splen-dent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-ry my  
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this  
 5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is

earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me, And  
 bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But  
 won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in brightness, Dear  
 world nev-er knew; My Sav-iour a-lone is its Au-thor and Giv-er, And  
 your Saviour too; Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glo-ry, And

*f* CHORUS.  
 oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!  
 oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! } For you I am pray-ing, For  
 friends, could I see you re-ceive-ing one too! }  
 oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!  
 prayer will be answer'd—'twas answer'd for you!

*p* *f* *pp* *rall.*  
 you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

## No. 174.

## I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?  
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;  
 3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;  
 4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue plead-ing; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;

# I shall be Satisfied.

Why art thou for - ev - er plead-ing? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?  
 Ah, why dost thou thus re - prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?  
 Turn from all of earth's am - bi - tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?  
 I ac - cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?

## CHORUS.

I ..... shall be sat-is-fied, I ..... shall be sat-is-fied,  
 I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

When I awake in His likeness, I ..... shall be sat-is-fied,  
 I shall be satisfied,

I ..... shall be satisfied, When I awake in His like - ness.  
 I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,

## No. 175.

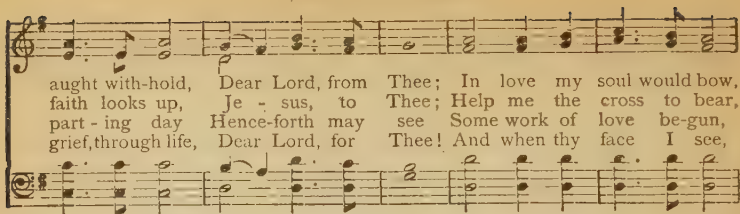
## Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

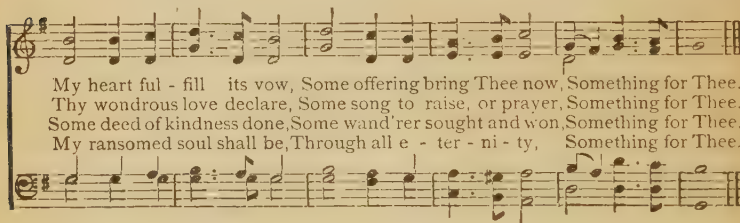
1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I  
 2. O'er the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble  
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like-ness to Thee— That each de -  
 4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

# Something for Jesus.



ought with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,  
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear,  
 part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be-gun,  
 grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when thy face I see,

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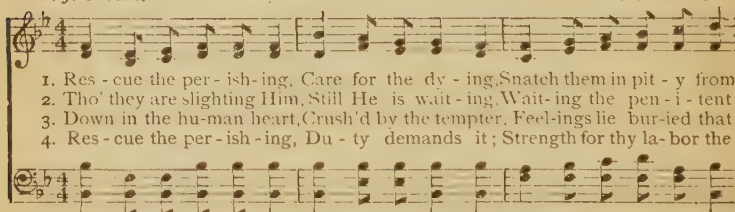
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
 Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.  
 Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.  
 My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

## No. 176.

## Rescue the Perishing.

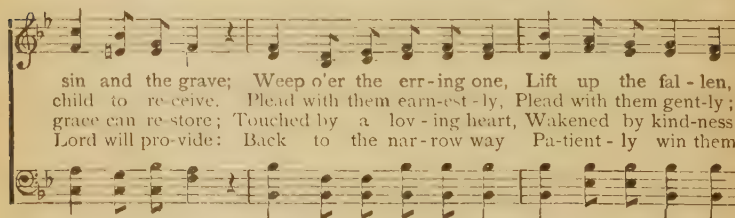
F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



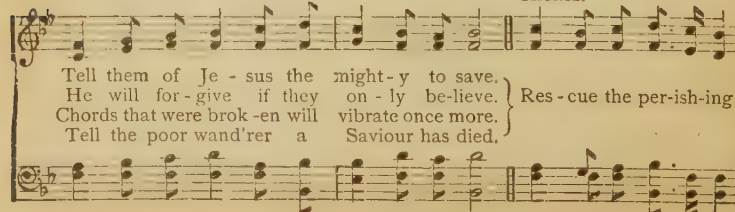
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent  
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

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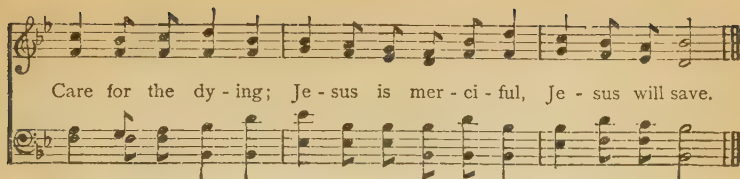
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len,  
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gent - ly;  
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them.

### CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
 Chords that were brok - en will vibrate once more. }  
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

# Rescue the Perishing.

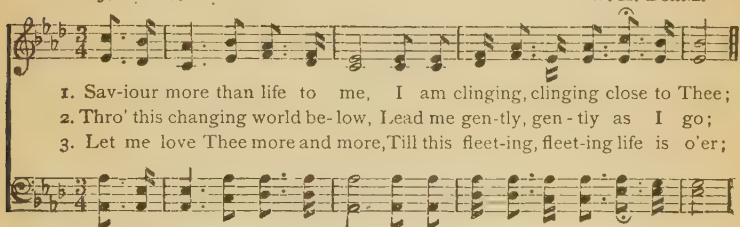


Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

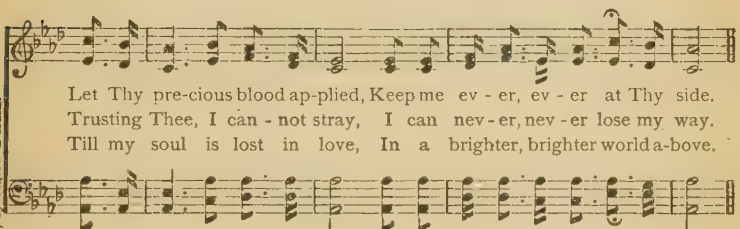
## No. 177.      Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

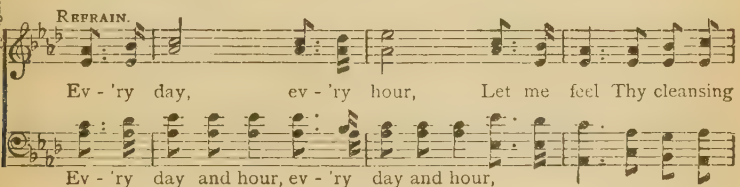
W. H. DOANE.



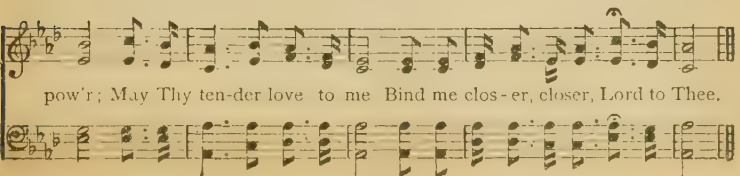
1. Sav-iour more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;



Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er at Thy side.  
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.  
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.



**REFRAIN.**  
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing  
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,



pow'r; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, closer, Lord to Thee.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ing with-in; More patience in  
 2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His  
 3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More freedom from

suff-'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith 'in my Sav-iour,  
 glo-ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor-rows,  
 earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king-dom,

*Rit.*  
 More sense of His care; More joy in His ser-vice, More pur-pose in prayer.  
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.  
 More used would I be; More blessed and ho-ly, More, Saviour, like Thee.

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## No. 179.

## I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

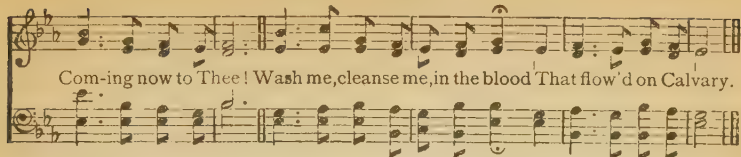
1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy  
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness  
 3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and  
 4. 'Tis Je-sus who confirms The bless-ed work within, By add-ing grace to

CHORUS.  
 pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry,  
 ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. } I am coming, Lord!  
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.  
 welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

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# I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



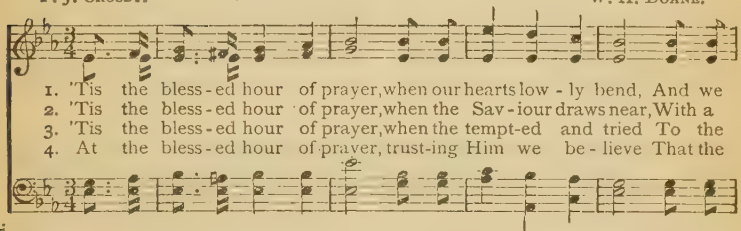
5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness!

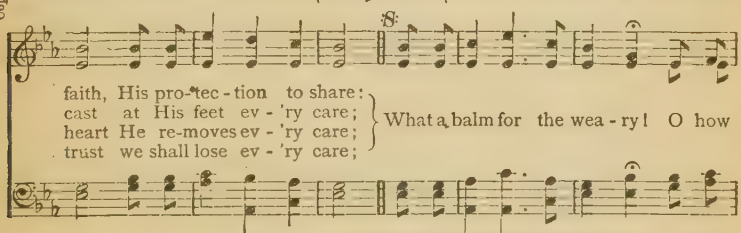
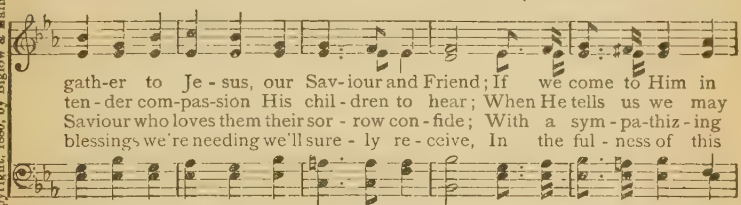
## No. 180. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

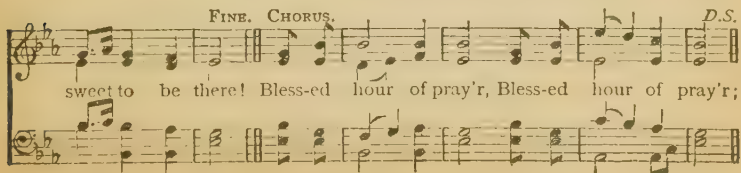


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D.S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS.



sweet to be there!

# No. 181.

# I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by Temp - ta - tions lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -  
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis -  
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

## REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford,  
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 bide, Or life is vain. } I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
 es In me ful - fil.  
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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# No. 182.

# Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a precious fountain Free to all— a  
 2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the Bright and  
 3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from  
 4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ev - er, Till I reach the

## CHORUS.

heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.  
 Morning Star Shed its beams a - round me.  
 day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me. } In the Cross, in the Cross,  
 gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

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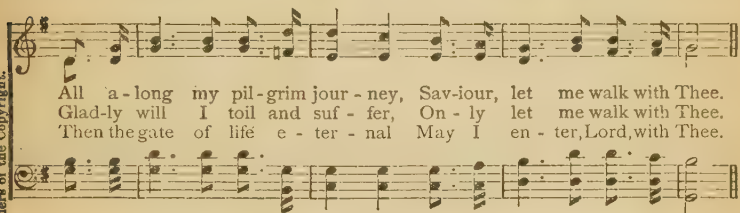
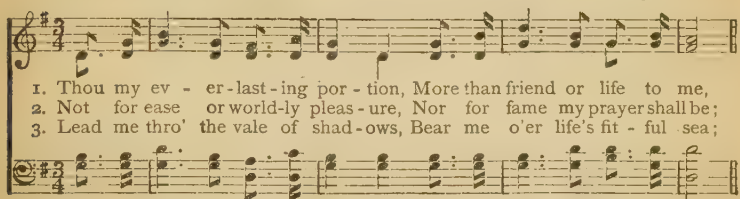


No. 183.

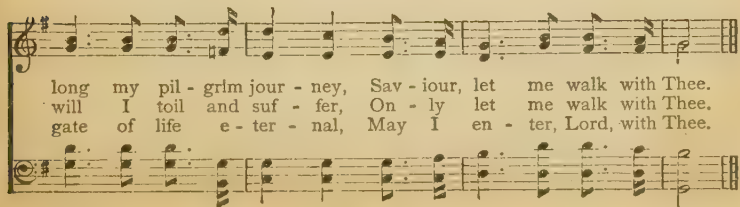
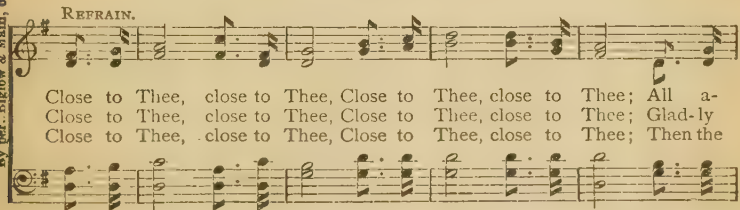
Close to Thee.

F. J. CROSBY,

S. J. VAIL.



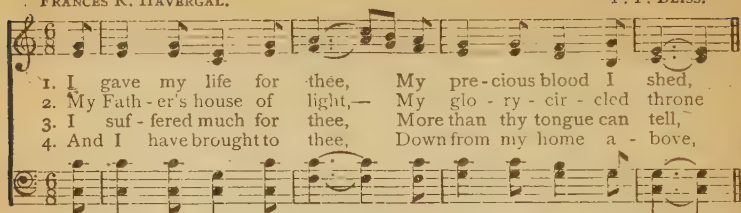
REFRAIN.



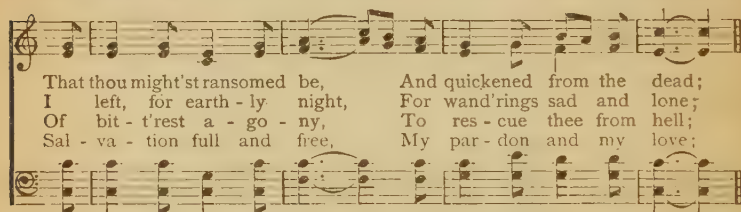
# No. 184. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

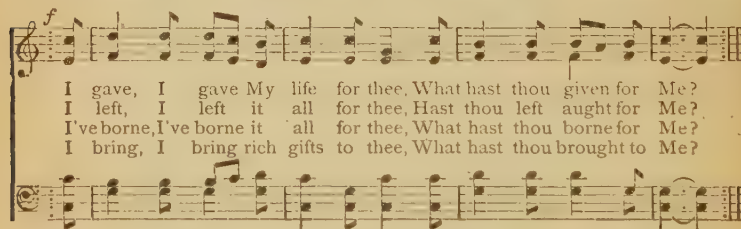
P. P. BLISS.



1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fath-er's house of light,— My glo-ry-cir-cled throne  
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,  
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a-bove,



That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;  
 I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;  
 Of bit-t'rest a-go-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;  
 Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and my love;



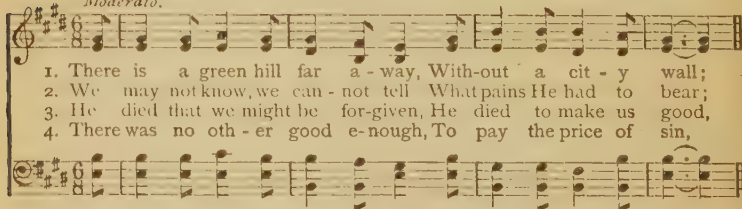
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

Used by per. The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

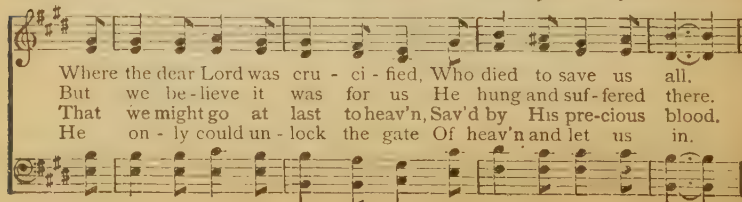
# No. 185. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.  
*Moderato.*

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall;  
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;  
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,  
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin,

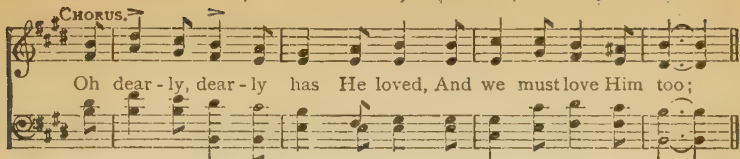


Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.  
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood.  
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

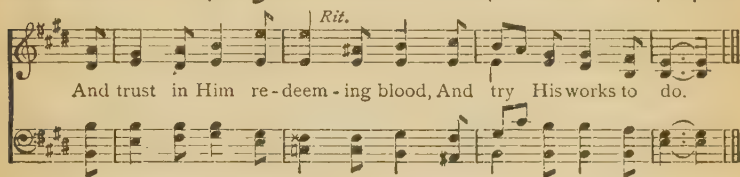
Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

There is a Green Hill far away.

CHORUS.



Oh dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

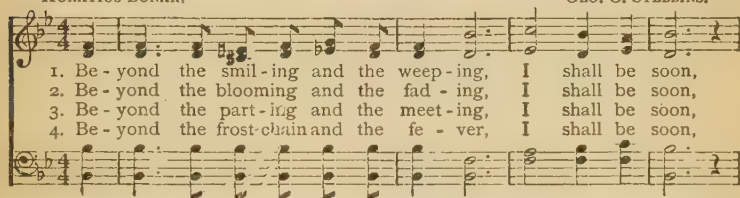


And trust in Him re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

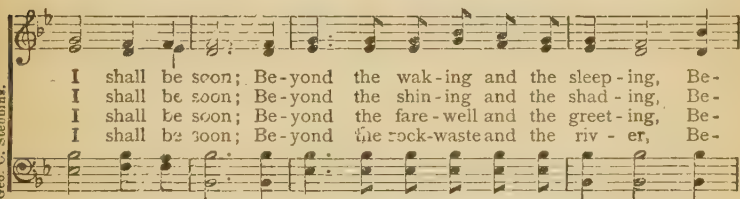
No. 186. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR.

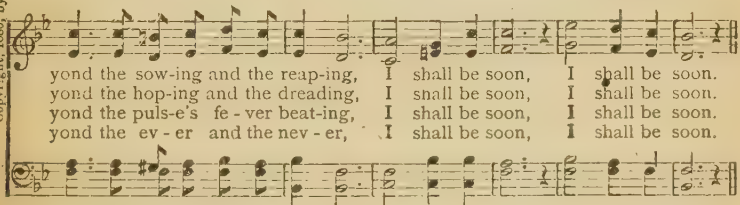
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon,  
2. Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, I shall be soon,  
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon,  
4. Be - yond the frost - chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon,



I shall be soon; Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be -  
I shall be soon; Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Be -  
I shall be soon; Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be -  
I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be -



yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.  
yond the hop - ing and the dreading, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.  
yond the puls - e's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.  
yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

REFRAIN.



Love, rest and home! Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

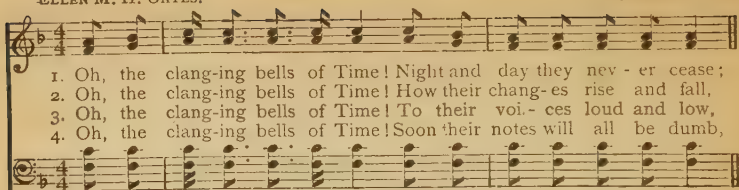


# No. 187.

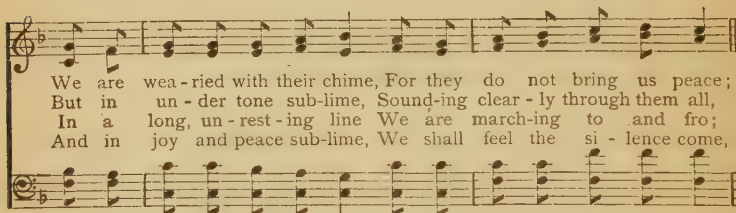
# Eternity.

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

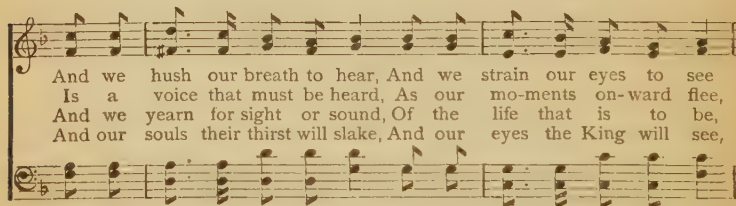
P. P. BLISS.



1. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;  
 2. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,  
 3. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voi.- ces loud and low,  
 4. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,



We are wea-ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;  
 But in un-der tone sub-lime, Sound-ing clear-ly through them all,  
 In a long, un-rest-ing line We are march-ing to and fro;  
 And in joy and peace sub-lime, We shall feel the si-lence come,



And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see  
 Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo-ments on-ward flee,  
 And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be,  
 And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,

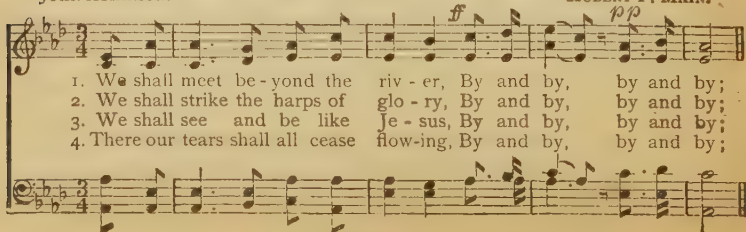


*Rit.* *Rallentando.*  
 If thy shores are draw-ing near,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 And it, speak-eth, aye one word,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 For thy breath doth wrap us round,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 When thy glorious morn shall break,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

# No. 188. We Shall Meet, By and By.

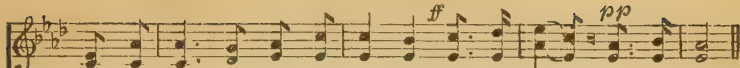
JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

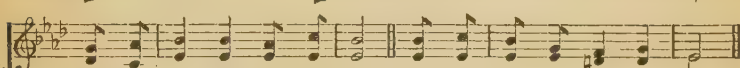


1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, By and by, by and by;  
 2. We shall strike the harps of glo-ry, By and by, by and by;  
 3. We shall see and be like Je-sus, By and by, by and by;  
 4. There our tears shall all cease flow-ing, By and by, by and by;

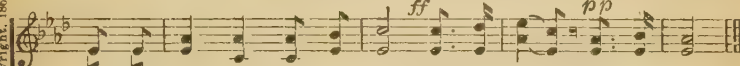
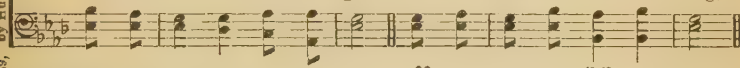
# We Shall Meet, By and By.



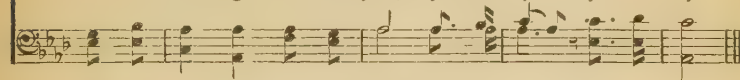
And the dark-ness shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by;  
We shall sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, By and by, by and by;  
Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;  
And with sweet-est rap-ture know-ing, By and by, by and by;



With the toil-some jour-ney done, And the glo-rious bat-tle won,  
And the stains for-ev-er-more Shall re-sound in sweet-ness o'er  
And the an-gels who ful-fil All the man-dates of His will  
All the blest ones, who have gone To the land of life and song,—



We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.  
Yon-der ev-er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.  
Shall at-tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.  
We with shout-ings shall re-join, By and by, by and by.

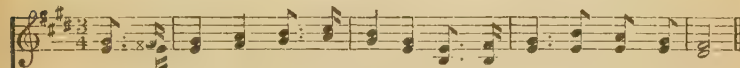


## No. 189.

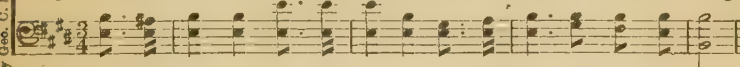
## Christ is Coming.

J. R. MACDUFF.

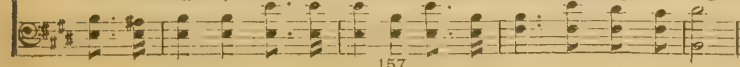
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Christ is com-ing! let cre-a-tion From her groans and tra-vail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto-ry Of Thy bit-ter cross and pain;
3. Tho' once cra-dled in a man-ger, Oft no pil-low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex-iles have been pin-ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "bless-ed hope" be-fore us, Let no harp re-main un-strung;

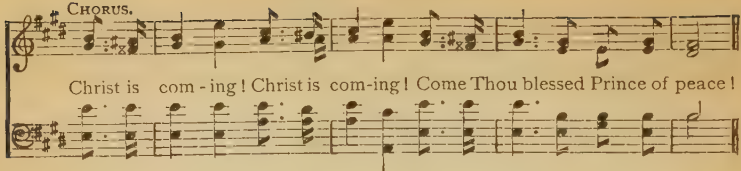


Let the glo-rious proc-la-ma-tion Hope re-store and faith in-crease:  
She shall yet be-hold Thy glo-ry, When Thou com-est back to reign.  
Here an a-lien and a stran-ger, Mock'd of men, disowned of God.  
But, in heav-en-ly ves-ture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo-ry see.  
Let the might-y ran-somed cho-rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue.



# Christ is Coming.

## CHORUS.



Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come Thou blessed Prince of peace!



Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

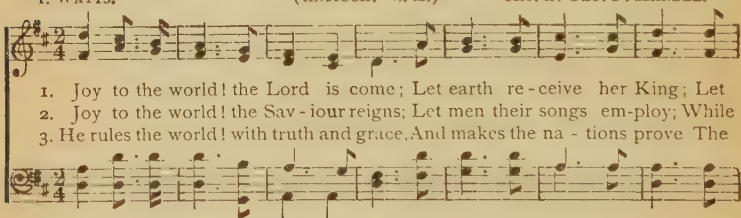
## No. 190.

## Joy to the World.

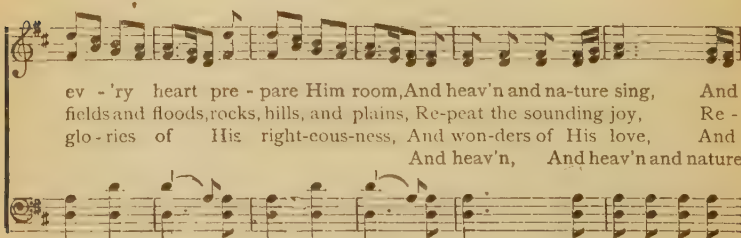
I. WATTS.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

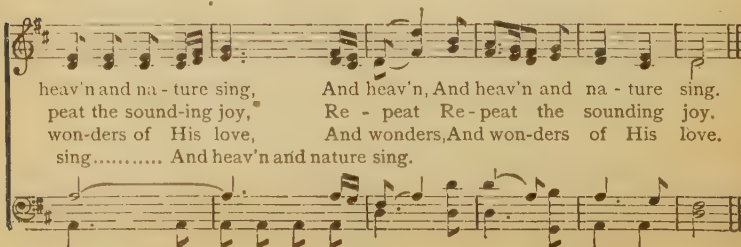
Arr. fr. GEO. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world! with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The



ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And  
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-  
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And  
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature



heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.  
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat Re-peat the sounding joy.  
won-ders of His love, And won-ders, And won-ders of His love.  
sing..... And heav'n and nature sing.

1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles, For the  
 1. An I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The  
 D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

langed-for hame-bringin' an' my Father's welcome smiles  
 gow-den gates o' heav'n an' my { Omit..... } ain coun-trie.  
 hear the an - gels sing-in' in my { Omit..... } ain coun-trie.

D.C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mon-y - tint - ed fresh an' gay. }  
 { The bird - ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Faither made them sae. }

- 2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King  
 To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;  
 Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see  
 The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.  
 My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair  
 For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,  
 When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.
- 3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,  
 I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;  
 It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be  
 In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.  
 Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
 I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,  
 For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
 An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.
- 4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, and He'll surely come again,  
 He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;  
 But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.  
 Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait  
 For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,  
 God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,  
 That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

## No. 192.

## Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;  
 2. The Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;  
 3. A sweet perfume up-on the breeze, Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees,  
 4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy,

Here shines undimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.  
 He gent-ly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.  
 And flow'rs that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.  
 As an-gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

## CHORUS.

O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per. John J. Flood.

## No. 193.

## Bringing in the Sheaves.

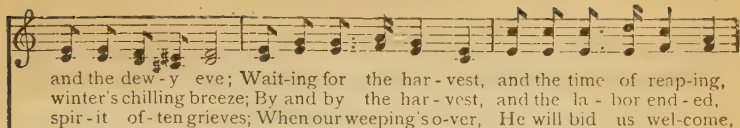
KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

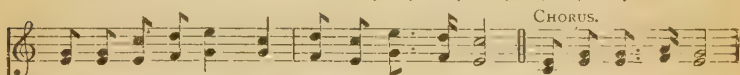
1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide  
 2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor  
 3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our



## Bringing in the Sheaves.

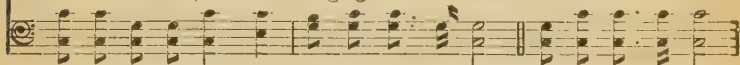
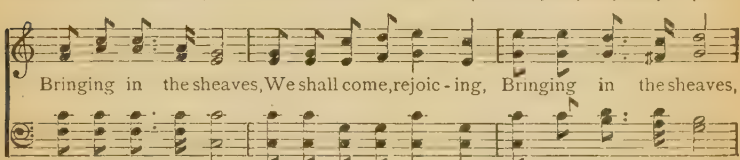


and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,  
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,  
spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

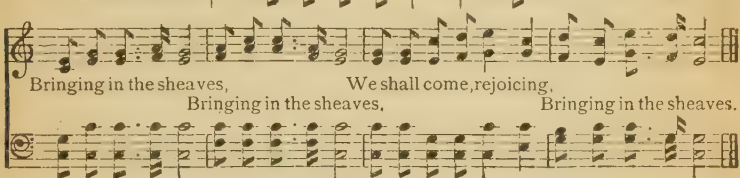



CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. }  
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. } Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. }

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves,



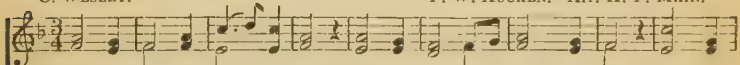
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joicing.  
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

## No. 194.

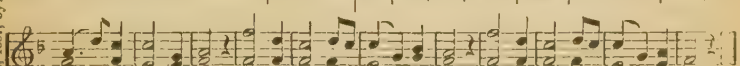
## Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY.

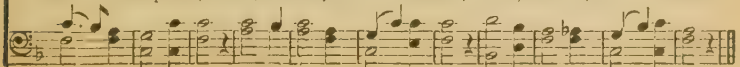
F. W. KÜCKEN. Arr. H. P. MAIN.

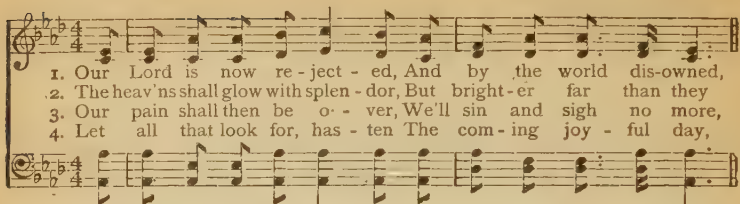


1. Depth of mer - cy! can it be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my
2. I have long with - stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not
3. Now, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my

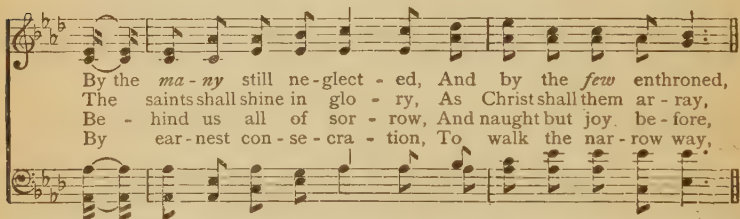



God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?  
hearken to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thousand falls, Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.  
toul revolt deplore, Look, believe, and sin no more, Look, believe, and sin no more.

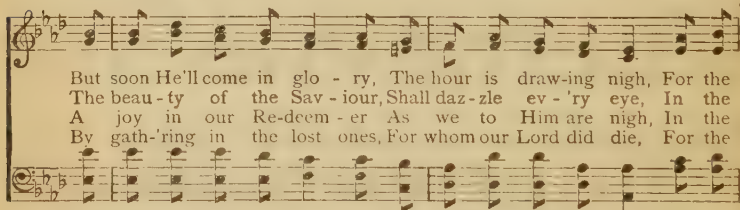




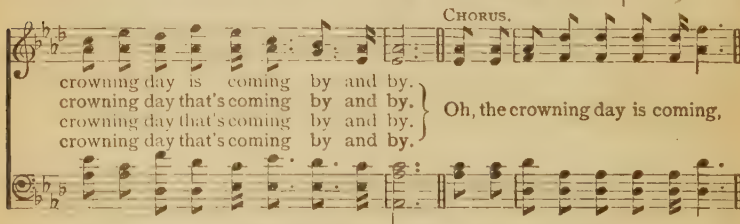
1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned,  
 2. The heav'n shall glow with splen-dor, But bright-er far than they  
 3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,  
 4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day,



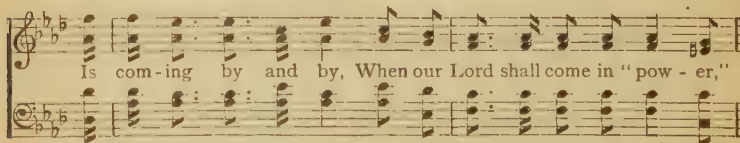
By the *ma-ny* still ne-glect-ed, And by the *few* enthroned,  
 The saints shall shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray,  
 Be-hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore,  
 By ear-nest con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way,



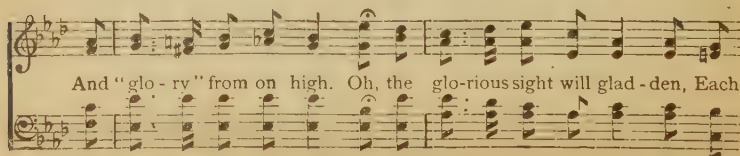
But soon He'll come in glo-ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the  
 The beau-ty of the Sav-iour, Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the  
 A joy in our Re-deem-er As we to Him are nigh, In the  
 By gath'-ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the



CHORUS.  
 crowning day is coming by and by.  
 crowning day that's coming by and by.  
 crowning day that's coming by and by.  
 crowning day that's coming by and by. } Oh, the crowning day is coming,



Is com-ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow-er,"



And "glo-ry" from on high. Oh, the glo-rious sight will glad-den, Each

# The Crowning Day.

wait-ing, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

## No. 196.

## O'er the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD.

E. H. PHELPS, by per.

1. Oh, tender and sweet was the Master's voice As He lovingly call'd to me,
2. But my sins are ma-ny, my faith is small, Lo the answer came quick and clear;
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear-ful-ly said, And the way I can-not see;
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can-not go back, Press forward I sure-ly must;

"Come o-ver the line, it is on-ly a step—I am waiting, my child, for Thee."  
 "Thou needest not trust in thy-self at all, Step o-ver the line, I am here."  
 I fear if I try I may sad-ly fail, And thus may dishon-or Thee.  
 I will place my hand in His wounded palm, Step o-ver the line, and *trust*.

### REFRAIN.

"O-ver the line," Hear the sweet refrain, Angels are chanting the heavenly strain:

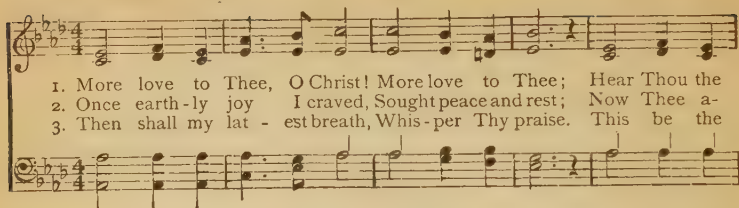
"Over the line,"—Why should I remain With a step between me and Je-sus?  
 4th v. "Over the line,"—I *will not* re-main, I'll cross it and go to Je-sus.

# No. 197.

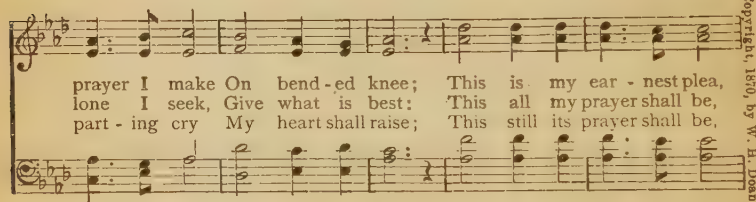
# More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

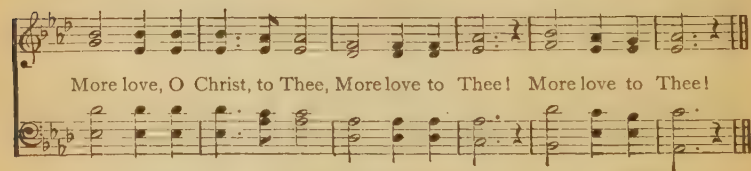


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-  
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise. This be the



prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,  
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,  
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be,

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.



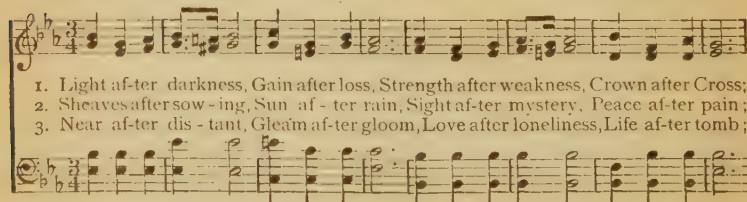
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

# No. 198.

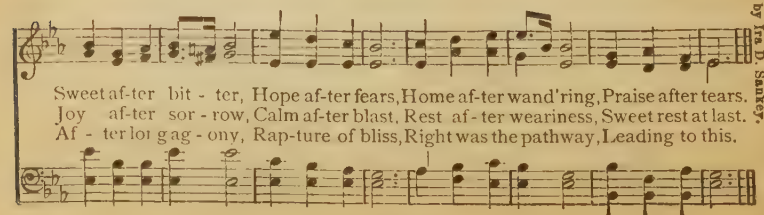
# Light after Darkness.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Light af-ter darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after Cross;  
 2. Sheaves after sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af-ter mystery, Peace af-ter pain;  
 3. Near af-ter dis - tant, Gleam af-ter gloom, Love after loneliness, Life af-ter tomb;



Sweet af-ter bit - ter, Hope af-ter fears, Home af-ter wand'ring, Praise after tears.  
 Joy af-ter sor - row, Calm af-ter blast, Rest af-ter weariness, Sweet rest at last.  
 Af - ter loi - g - on - y, Rap - ture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

# No. 199.

G. F. R.

# Why do You Wait?

GEO. F. ROOT.

Used by per. The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.



- |                                     |                                       |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,  | Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?      |
| 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, | To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?     |
| 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er,  | His Spir - it now striving with - in? |
| 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,  | The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, |



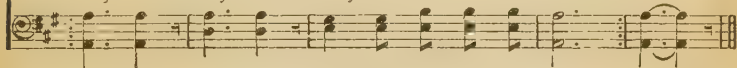
Your Saviour is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.  
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.  
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.  
Your Sav - iour is long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



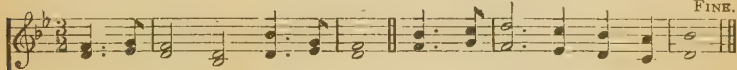
# No. 200.

A. M. TOPLADY.

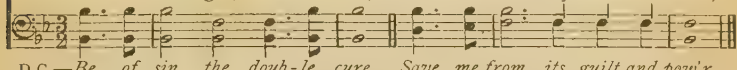
# Rock of Ages.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

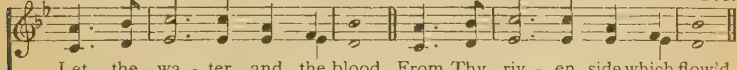
FINE.



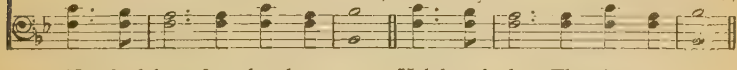
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,



- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.



# No. 201.

# All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 202. TUNE—CORONATION. NO. 201.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing<br>My great Redeemer's praise;<br>The glories of my God and King,<br>The triumphs of His grace. | 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,<br>That bids our sorrows cease;<br>'Tis music in the sinner's ears,<br>'Tis life, and health, and peace. |
| 2 My gracious Master, and my God,<br>Assist me to proclaim,—<br>To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,<br>The honors of Thy Name.  | 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,<br>He sets the pris'ner free;<br>His blood can make the foulest clean,<br>His blood avail'd for me.       |

C. WESLEY.

# No. 203.

# In the Cross of Christ.

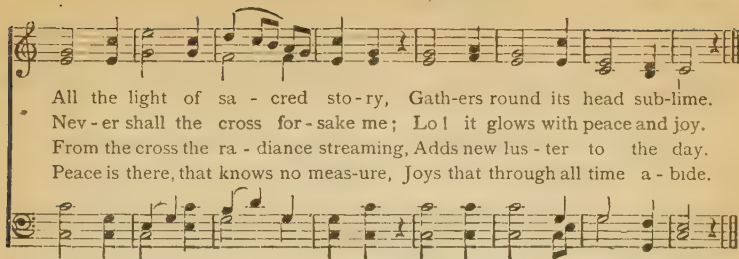
J. BOWRING.

(RATHBUN. 8. 7.)

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

In the Cross of Christ.



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.  
Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

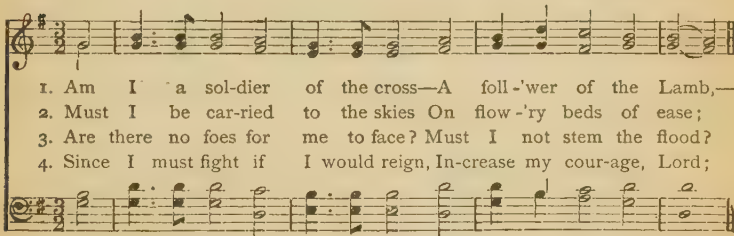
No. 204.

Am I a Soldier.

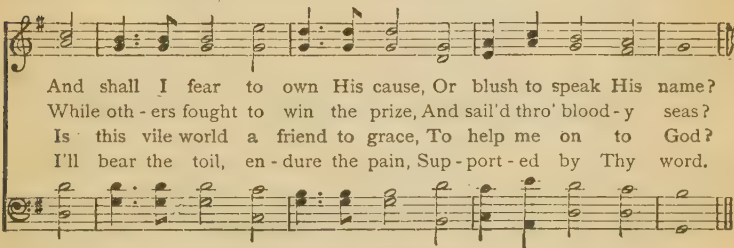
(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross—A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 205. AWAKE, MY SOUL.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal, 'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
And an immortal crown. To thine aspiring eye.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod, Have I my race begun;  
And onward urge thy way. And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

P. DODDRIDGE.

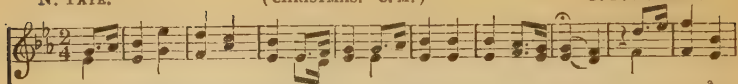
# No. 206.

# While Shepherds Watched.

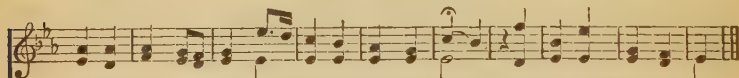
N. TATE.

(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

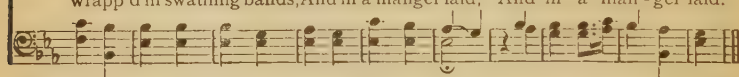
G. F. HANDEL.



1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel
2. "Fear not" said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,— "Glad tidings
3. "T' you, in David's town, this day, Is born of David's line, The Saviour,
4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find To human view displayed, All mean-ly



of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glo-ry shone a-round.  
of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind."  
who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;—And this shall be the sign;—  
wrapp'd in swathing bands, And in a manger laid, And in a man-ger laid."



- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
Appeared a shining throng And to the earth be peace; [men  
Of angels, praising God, who thus Good-will henceforth from heaven to  
Addressed their joyful song:— Begin, and never cease!"

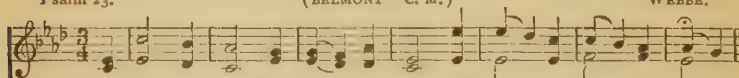
# No. 207.

# The Lord's My Shepherd.

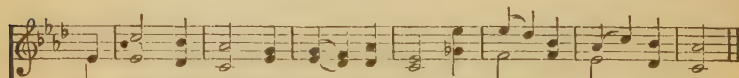
Psalms 23.

(BELMONT C. M.)

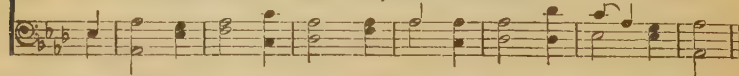
WEBER.



1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear none ill;



In pas-tures green: He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.



- 4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## No. 208. TUNE—BELMONT. NO. 207.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove !  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
  - 2 Look ! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys !  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
  - 3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
  - 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate—  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee.  
And Thine to us so great ?
  - 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove !  
With all thy quickning powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,  
And that shall kindle ours.
- ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 209. TUNE—BELMONT. NO. 207.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free ?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free ;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus pierced feet,

Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.

- 4 Oh, precious cross ! oh, glorious crown,  
Oh, resurrection day !  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

T. SHEPHERD, *alt.*

## No. 210. TUNE—BELMONT. NO. 207

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived  
And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light ;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that Light of Life I'll walk  
Till trav'ling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## No. 211.

## Just as I Am.

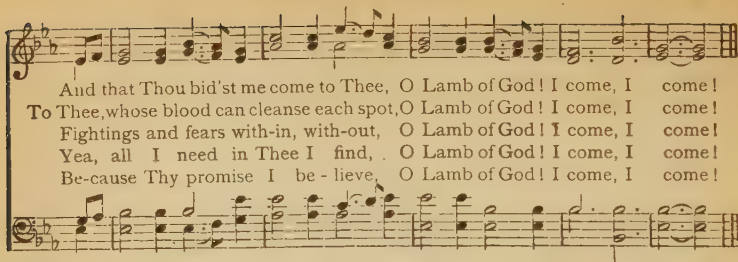
(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
4. Just as I am, poor, wretch-ed blind, Sight, rich-és, heal-ing of the mind,  
5. Just as I am ; Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;

Just as I Am.



And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

**No. 212.** WHEN I SURVEY. L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And poor contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God,  
 All the vain things that charm me most  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
- 4 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
 Spreads o'er His body on the tree;  
 Then I am dead to all the globe,  
 And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

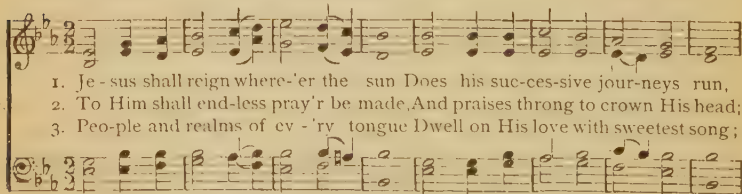
ISAAC WATTS.

**No. 213.** Jesus Shall Reign.

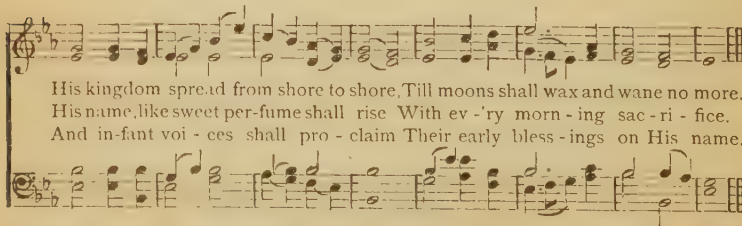
ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

JOHN HATTON.



1. Je-sus shall reign where-'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run,
2. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 His name, like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.  
 And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their early bless-ings on His name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns  
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our King:  
 Angels, descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud amen.



# No. 214. Not all the Blood of Beasts.

ISAAC WATTS.

(BOYLSTON, S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,  
 2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;  
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,  
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den Thou did'st bear;

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.  
 A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich - er blood than they.  
 While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.  
 While hang - ing on the curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

## No. 215. TUNE—BOYLSTON, NO 214.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Lord, bless and pity us,<br/>         Shine on us with Thy face;<br/>         That th'earth Thy way, and nations all<br/>         May know Thy saving grace.</p> <p>2 Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord!<br/>         Let people all Thee praise!<br/>         Oh, let the nations all be glad,<br/>         In songs their voices raise!</p> | <p>3 Thou'lt justly people judge,<br/>         On earth rule nations all:<br/>         Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them<br/>         Praise Thee, both great and small!</p> <p>4 The earth her fruit shall yield,<br/>         Our God shall blessing send;<br/>         God shall us bless: men shall Him fear<br/>         Unto earth's utmost end.</p> |
|---|---|

Psalm 67.

## No. 216. Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS, S. M.)

H. G. NÄGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

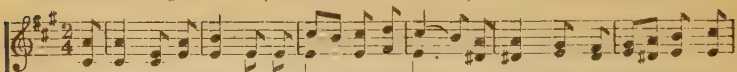
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our com - forts and our cares.  
 And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

# No. 217. . . . . How Firm A Foundation.

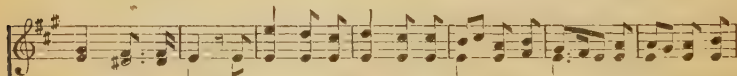
G. KEITH.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN. IIS.)

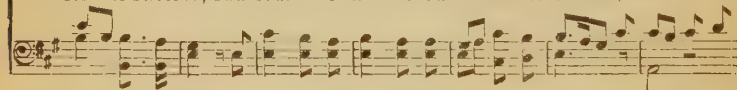
M. PORTOGALLO.



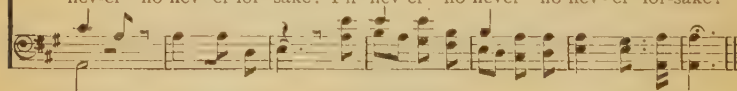
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for repose, I will not—I will not de-



excellent word! What more can He say, than to you He has said, —To you, who for still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My not o - verflow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sancti - fy sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no



ref-uge to Je - sus hath fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je - sus hath fled? gracious, omni - po-tent hand, Up-held by My gracious, omni - po-tent hand," to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress," nev-er—no nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er—no never—no nev-er for-sake!"

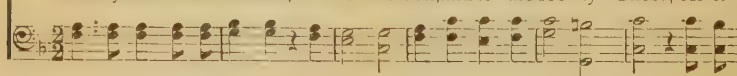


# No. 218 . . . . . Glory be to the Father.

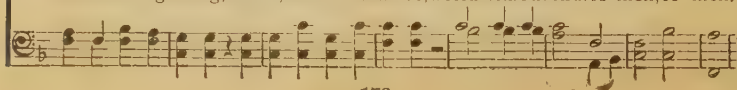
H. W. GREATOREX.



Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it



was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men,



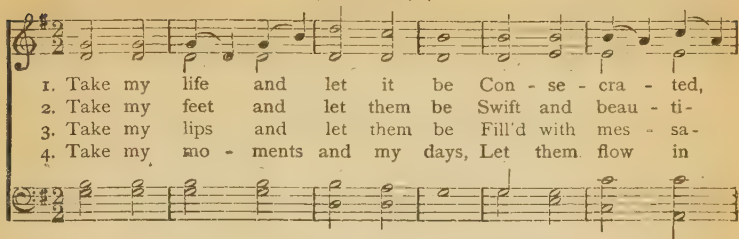
Used by per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of Copyright.

# No. 219. Take my Life and let it Be.

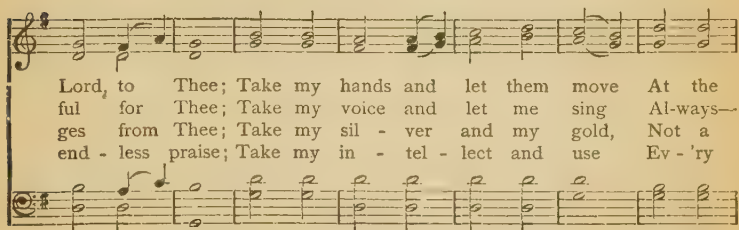
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(HENDON. 7s.)

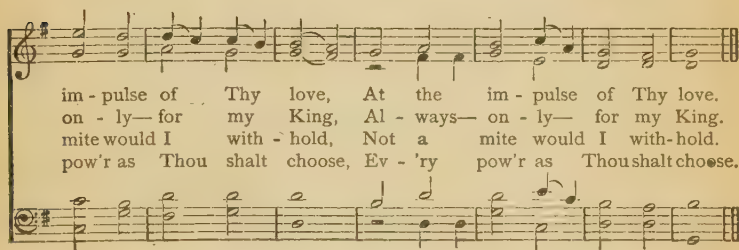
C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,  
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -  
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa -  
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in



Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the  
 ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways—  
 ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a  
 end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry



im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 on - ly— for my King, Al - ways— on - ly— for my King.  
 mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.  
 pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn  
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour  
 At Thy feet its treasure-store;  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
 In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

## No. 220. COME, SAID JESUS.

I Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
 Come, and make my paths your choice;  
 I will guide you to your home,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come!

4 Hither come! for here is found  
 Balm that flows for every wound,  
 Peace that ever shall endure,  
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANN L. BARBAULD.

# No. 221.

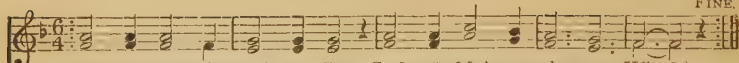
# Sinners, Turn.

C. WESLEY.

(MARTYN. 7s. D.)

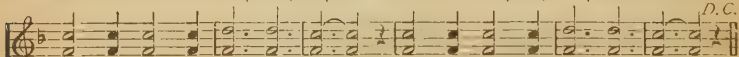
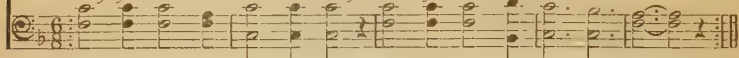
S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

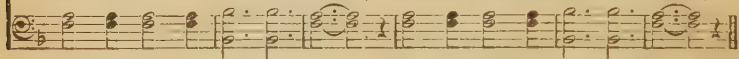


1. { Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die! God, your Mak-er, asks you—Why? }  
 { God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Himself to live; }

D.C.—Why ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?



He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands,—



2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?  
 He who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died Himself that ye might live.  
 Will ye let Him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?  
 He, who all your lives hath strove,  
 Urged you to embrace His love:  
 Will ye not His grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,  
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

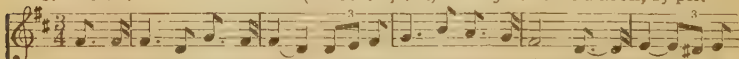
# No. 222.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

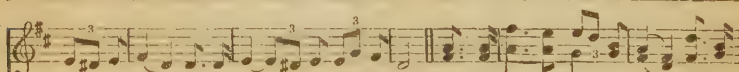
C. WESLEY.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

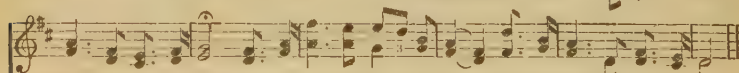
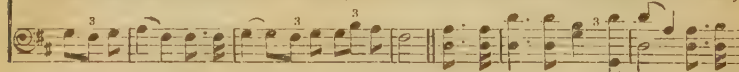
Jos. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



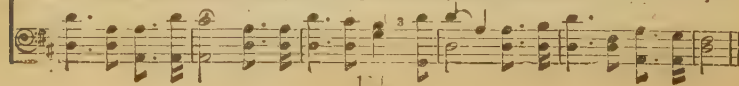
1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er  
 2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fall - en,  
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin: Let the heal - ing



waters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour hide, Till the  
 not a-lone, Still sup-port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my  
 cheer the faint, I heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and holy is Thy name, I am  
 streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within, Thou of life the Fountain art, Freely



storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.  
 help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.  
 all unrighteousness; Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



# No. 223.

# Hearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6. 4.)

LOWELL MASON.

Used by per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of the copyright.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross  
 2. Tho', like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,  
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,  
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee!

FINE.

D.S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be—Near-er, my God, to Thee!  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee!  
 In mer-cy given: An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee!  
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee!  
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!

# No. 224.

# Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.

Used by per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of the copyright.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;  
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....) Work, 'mid springing  
 D.C. Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit.....) When man's work is  
 FINE. *cres.* D.C.  
 flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;  
 done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon,  
 Give every flying minute,  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies,  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.



# No. 225.

# There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, FINE.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains. D.S.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

# No. 226.

# Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

(WEBB. 7. 6.)

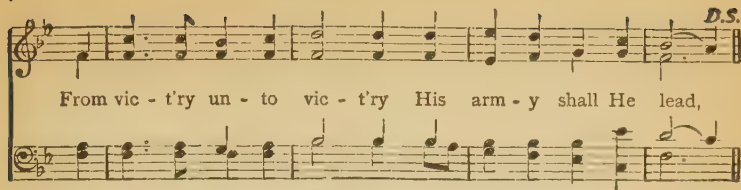
G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: FINE.

D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

# Stand up for Jesus.



2 Stand us!—stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day, the noise of battle,  
The next, the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally!

3 Blest river of salvation!  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"  
S. F. SMITH.

## No. 228. SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES

1 Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while He sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in His wings;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bring us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.

## No. 227. THE MORNING LIGHT. 7s. 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears!  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

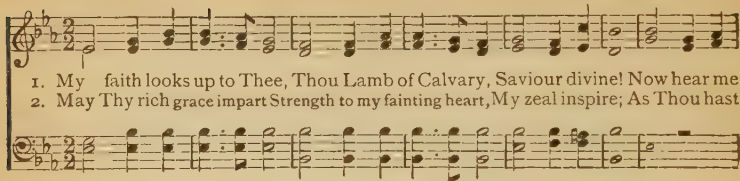
2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.

# No. 229. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

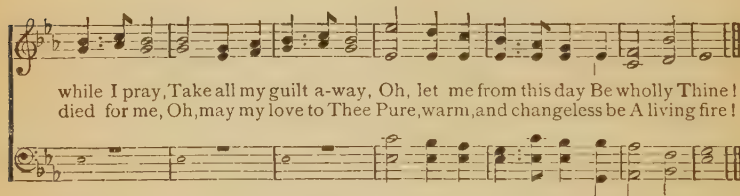
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!  
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!

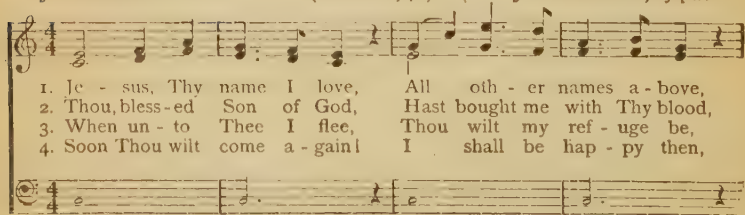
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 While life's dark maze I tread,<br/>And griefs around me spread,<br/>Be Thou my guide;<br/>Bid darkness turn to day,<br/>Wipe sorrow's tears away,<br/>Nor let me ever stray<br/>From Thee aside.</p> | <p>4 When ends life's transient dream,<br/>When death's cold, sullen stream<br/>Shall o'er me roll,<br/>Blest Saviour! then, in love,<br/>Fear and distrust remove;<br/>Oh, bear me safe above,<br/>A ransomed soul!</p> |
|--|--|

# No. 230. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

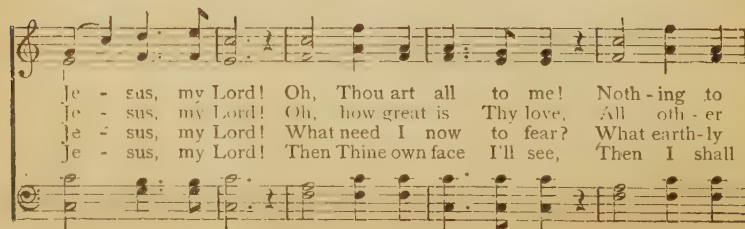
J. G. DECK.

(LYTE. 6s, 4s.)

J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

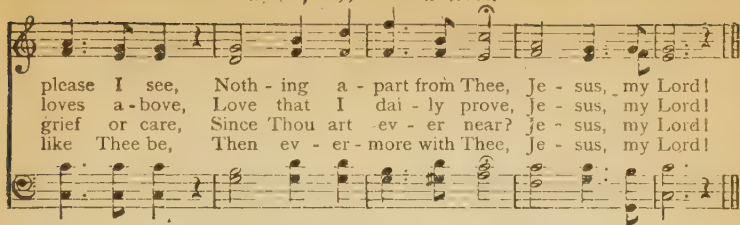


- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Je - sus, Thy name I love,<br/>2. Thou, bless-ed Son of God,<br/>3. When un - to Thee I flee,<br/>4. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain!</p> | <p>All oth - er names a - bove,<br/>Hast bought me with Thy blood,<br/>Thou wilt my ref - uge be,<br/>I shall be hap - py then,</p> |
|--|---|



Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me! Noth - ing to  
Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, how great is Thy love, All oth - er  
Je - sus, my Lord! What need I now to fear? What earth - ly  
Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own face I'll see, Then I shall

# Jesus, Thy Name I Love.



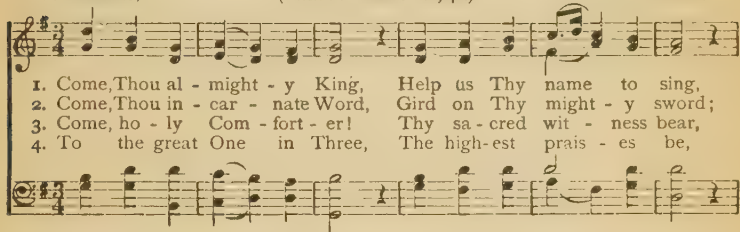
please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!  
 loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!  
 grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!  
 like Thee be, Then ev - er - more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

## No. 231. Come, Thou Almighty King.

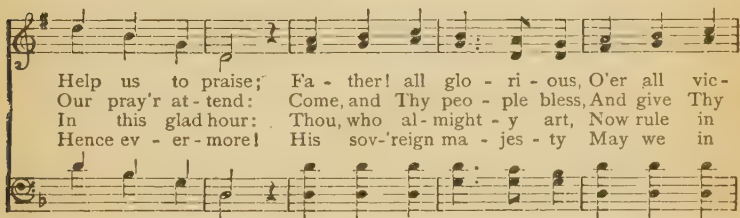
C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;  
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,  
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,



Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in  
 Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign ma - jes - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!  
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## No. 232. SOUND, SOUND THE TRUTH.

- 1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,  
 Bear ye the word of God

Through the wide world:  
 Tell what our Lord has done,  
 Tell how the day is won,  
 And from His lofty throne  
 Satan is hurled.

- 2 Speed on the wings of love,  
 Jesus, who reigns above,  
 Bids us to fly;

They who His message bear  
 Should neither doubt nor fear,  
 He will their friend appear,  
 He will be nigh.

- 3 Ye, who forsaking all,  
 At your loved Master's call,  
 Comforts resign;  
 Soon will your work be done;  
 Soon will the prize be won;  
 Brighter than yonder sun  
 Then shall ye shine.

T. KELLY.

# No. 233. TUNE—AMERICA. NO. 234.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise  
Into Thy native skies,—  
Assume Thy right;  
And where in many a fold  
The clouds are backward rolled—  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legions swell  
Thy radiant train:  
Praises all heaven inspire;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,—  
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—  
No feet but Thine have trod  
The serpent down;

Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider yon portals throw!  
Saviour triumphant—go,  
And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!  
And let Thy name prevail  
From age to age;  
Lord of the rolling years!  
Claim for Thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage.

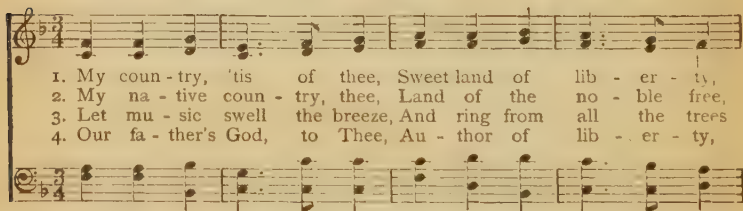
5 And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star—  
"Lo! these have come,  
Followers of Him who gave  
His life their lives to save;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home."

M. BRIDGES.

# No. 234. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

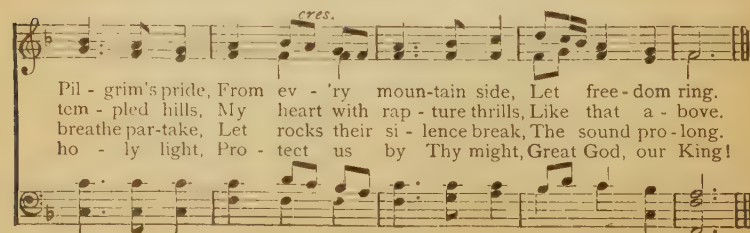
(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's



*cres.*  
Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.  
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.  
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



# No. 235. TUNE—RATHBUN. NO. 203.

- 1 O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,  
All within me, bless His name;  
Bless Jehovah, and forget not  
All His mercies to proclaim.
- 2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,  
Thy diseases all who heals;  
Who redeems thee from destruction,  
Who with thee so kindly deals.
- 3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,  
Who with good things fills thy mouth,  
So that even like the eagle  
Thou hast been restored to youth.
- 4 In His righteousness, Jehovah  
Will deliver those distressed;  
He will execute just judgment  
In the cause of all oppressed.

Ps. 103.

# No. 236. TUNE—BELMONT. NO. 207.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;—  
A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
So freely shed for me:—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within:—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

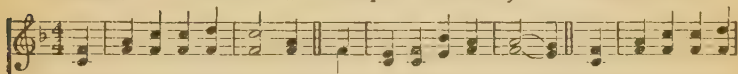
C. WESLEY.

# No. 237. Missionary Hymn. 7s, & 6s.

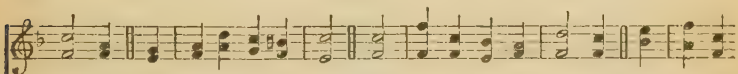
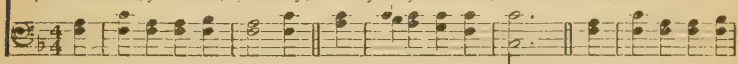
R. HEBER.

"Come over.....and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

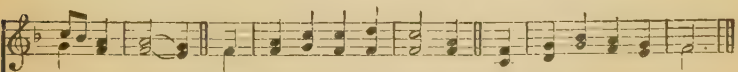
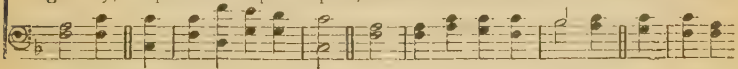
LOWELL MASON.



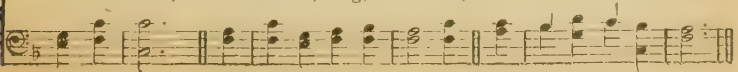
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spi-cy bree-zes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev'-ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of



fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient riv-er, From many a  
pleas-es And on-ly man is vile? In vain, with lavish kind-ness, The gifts of  
night-ed The light of life de-ny? Sal-va-tion! oh, sal-va-tion! The joy-ful  
glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd nature, The Lamb, for



palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.  
God are strown: The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learn'd Messiah's name.  
sin-ners slain, Re-deemer, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss returns to reign.



# No. 238.

# A Mighty Fortress.

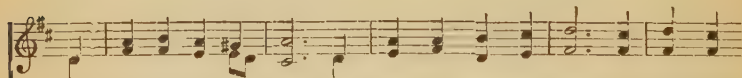
"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 Sam. 22: 2.

F. H. HEDGE, tr.

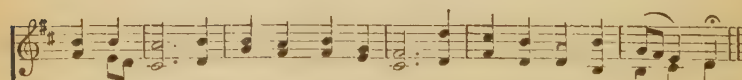
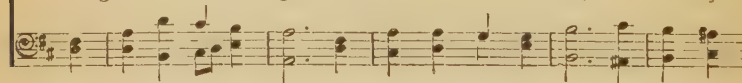
MARTIN LUTHER.



1. { A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing ;  
Our Help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. }
2. { Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing ;  
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choosing. }
3. { And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us ;  
We will not fear, for God hath will'd, His truth to tri - umph through us. }



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work his woe ; His craft and  
Doth ask who that may be ? Christ Je - sus, it is He ! Lord Sab-aoth  
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so ; The bod - y



pow'r are great, And arm'd with cru-el hate—On earth is not his e - qual.  
is His name, From age to age the same ; And He must win the bat - tle.  
they may kill ; God's truth a - bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.



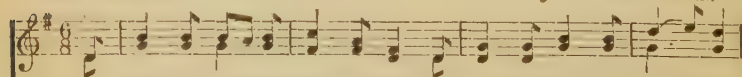
# No. 239.

# Glorious Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zec. 13: 1.

REV. F. BOTTOME.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

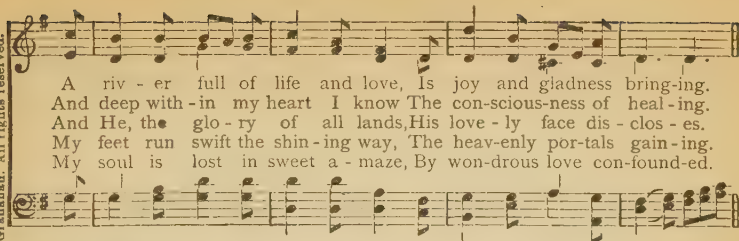


1. Be - neath the glorious throne a - bove, The crys - tal fount - ain spring - ing,
2. Through all my soul its wa - ters flow, Thro' all my na - ture steal - ing ;
3. The bar - ren wastes are fruit - ful lands, The des - ert blooms with ros - es ;
4. My sun no more goes down by day, My moon no more is wan - ing ;
5. Oh, depth of mer - cy ! breadth of grace ! Oh, love of God un - bound - ed !



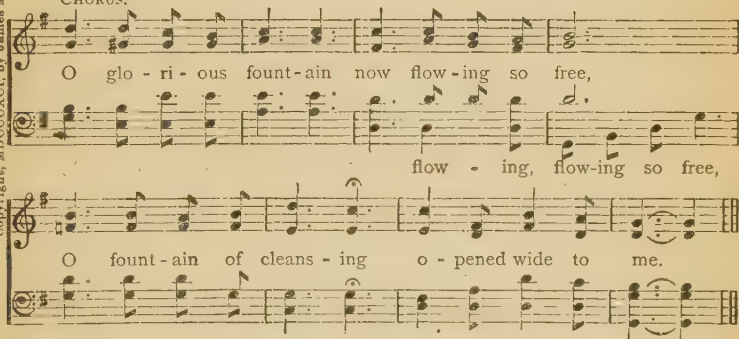
# Glorious Fountain.

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A riv - er full of life and love, Is joy and gladness bring-ing.  
And deep with-in my heart I know The con-sci-ous-ness of heal-ing.  
And He, the glo-ry of all lands, His love-ly face dis-clos-es.  
My feet run swift the shin-ing way, The heav-enly por-tals gain-ing.  
My soul is lost in sweet a-maze, By won-drous love con-found-ed.

## CHORUS.



O glo-ri-ous fount-ain now flow-ing so free,  
flow-ing, flow-ing so free,  
O fount-ain of cleans-ing o-pened wide to me.

## No. 240.

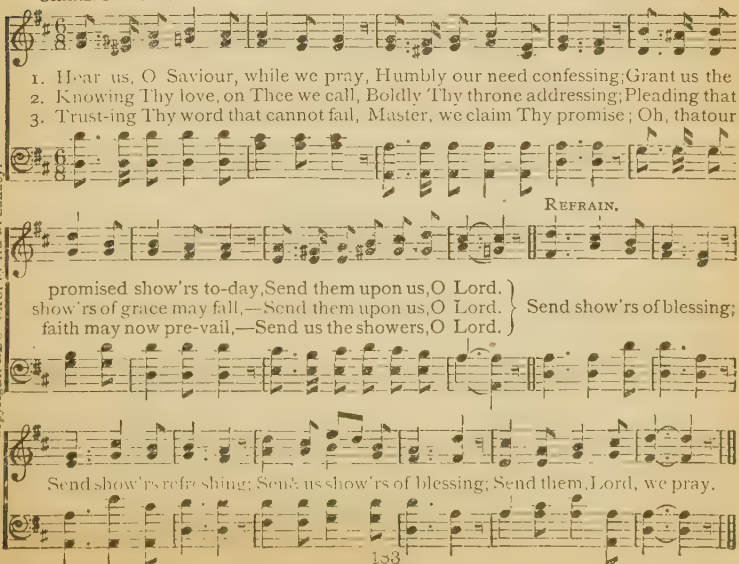
## Hear us, O Saviour.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34 : 26.

CHARLES BRUCE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

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1. Hear us, O Saviour, while we pray, Humbly our need confessing; Grant us the  
2. Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call, Boldly Thy throne addressing; Pleading that  
3. Trusting Thy word that cannot fail, Master, we claim Thy promise; Oh, that our

REFRAIN.

promised show'rs to-day, Send them upon us, O Lord.  
show'rs of grace may fall,—Send them upon us, O Lord. } Send show'rs of blessing;  
faith may now pre-vail,—Send us the showers, O Lord. }

Send show'rs refresh-ing; Send us show'rs of blessing; Send them, Lord, we pray.

# No. 241.

# His Praises I Will Sing.

"I will sing praise to the Lord."—Judg. 5: 3.

J. B. ATCHINSON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've learn'd to sing a glad new song Of praise un - to our King!  
 2. I've learn'd to sing the song of peace, 'Tis sweet-er ev - 'ry day,  
 3. I sing the song of per - fect love, It cast-eth out all fear!  
 4. I've learn'd to sing the song of joy, My cup is run-ning o'er  
 5. Soon I shall sing the new, new song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

And now with all my ran-som'd pow'rs His prais - es I will sing.  
 Since Je - sus calm'd my troub - led soul, And bore my sins a - way.  
 O breadth, O length, O depth, O height! O love so full of cheer.  
 With bless - ings full of peace and love, And still there's more and more!  
 With all the saint - ed hosts a - bove, Be - fore the great I AM!

CHORUS.

His prais - es I will sing, He is my Lord and King;

And now with all my ransomed pow-ers His prais - es I will sing.

# No. 242.

# Hope On.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord."—Ps. 146: 5.

ROBERT BRUCE.

J. H. BURKE.

1. Hope on, hope on, O troub - led heart; If doubts and fears o'er -  
 2. Hope on, hope on, though dark and deep The shad - ows gath - er  
 3. Hope on, hope on, go brave - ly forth Through tri - al and temp -

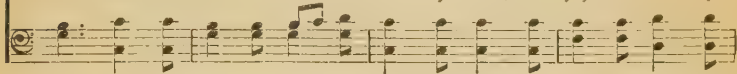
# Hope On.



take thee, Re-mem-ber this—the Lord hath said, He nev - er will for-  
o'er thee; Be not dismayed; thy Sav - iour holds The Lamp of life be-  
ta - tion; Di - rect - ed by the word of truth, So full of con-so-



sake thee; Then mur-mur not, still bear thy lot, Nor yield to care or  
fore thee; And if He will that thou to - day Shouldst tread the vale of  
la - tion; There is a calm for ev - 'ry storm, A joy for ev - 'ry



sor-row; Be sure the clouds that frown to-day, Will break in smiles to-mor-row.  
sor-row, Be not afraid, but trust and wait; The sun will shine to - mor-row.  
sor-row, A night from which the soul shall wake To hail an end - less mor-row.



## No. 243.

## Narrow and Strait.

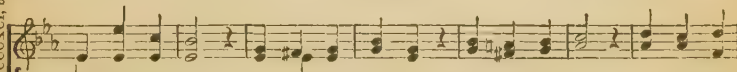
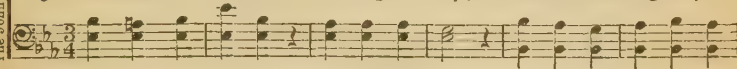
*"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way."*—Matt. 7: 14.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Why do you lin-ger, Why do you stay In the broad road, that most
2. Do you find pleasures, Last-ing and pure, In the gay scenes that the
3. Come then, be - lov - ed, No long-er stay; Leave the broad highway, O



dan - ger-ous way—While right be-fore you, Nar-row and strait, Is the bright  
thoughtless al-lure—While your Redeem-er, With love so great, Points to the  
leave it to-day; Make your de - cis-ion, Oh, do not wait; Take thou the





# Narrow and Strait.

REFRAIN.

path-way to heav'n's pearly gate? } Nar-row and strait, .....

way that is nar-row and strait? }

path-way so nar-row and strait. } Nar-row and strait,

Narrow and strait, .....

Narrow and strait, Is the bright pathway to heav'n's pearly gate.

## No. 244.

## O Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. 26: 4.

Rev. H. L. HASTINGS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;  
2. I'll hide me in this ref-uge strong, From ev-'ry storm-y blast;  
3. Ye com-fort-less and temp-est-tost, By sins and woes op-prest:  
4. Ye thirst-y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crys-tal wa-ters spring;

A sure and cer-tain anch'rageground In Christ with-in the veil.  
And sit and sing un-til the waves Of wrath are o-ver-past.  
Ye tempt-ed, troub-led, ru-ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.  
There hide from ev-'ry storm-y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

CHORUS.

O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-cure-ly hide;  
O Rock In Thee

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O Rock of Ages.

My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.

No. 245. Jesus Saves! O Blessed Story.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. 7: 25.

CLAUDIA MAY FERRIN,

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Je - sus saves! O bless-ed sto - ry, Full of love and peace di - vine,  
2. Je - sus saves! O, who can fath - om All the ful - ness of His love?  
3. Je - sus saves! O sin - ner, heark - en To the call of love to - day;

Bursting from the realms of glo - ry, Echoing thro' this world of time,  
He once died for our re - demp - tion, Now He waits for us a - bove.  
There's no oth - er way to heav - en, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

CHORUS.  
Je - sus saves! O glo - ry! glo - ry! Shout the ti - dings o'er and o'er;

Tell to all the earth the sto - ry, Je - sus saves for ev - er - more.

# No. 246.

# Christ is my Redeemer.

"I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer."—Isa. 49: 26.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

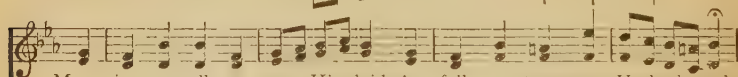
*Allegro.*



1. How sweet the joy that fills my soul, Christ is my Re-deem-er;
2. Tho' Sa-tan oft my way op-poses, Christ is my Re-deem-er;
3. When tri-als come I still con-fess, Christ is my Re-deem-er;
4. The vic-to-ry by this I gain, Christ is my Re-deem-er;



His pre-cious blood has made me whole, Christ is my Re-deem-er;  
With this I bold-ly meet my foes, Christ is my Re-deem-er;  
He gives me grace each care to bless, Christ is my Re-deem-er;  
By this I break sin's gall-ing chain, Christ is my Re-deem-er;



My sins were all up-on Him laid, A full a-tonement He hath made,  
'Twas this that gave me life and light, 'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,  
He guides and keeps me day by day, He clos-er comes when dark the way,  
And if He tar-ry and I sleep, My dy-ing hour this hope shall keep.



For me He hath the ran-som paid; Christ is my Re-deem-er.  
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright; Christ is my Re-deem-er.  
He doth with this my fears al-lay; Christ is my Re-deem-er.  
That when He comes the grave to reap, Christ is my Re-deem-er.



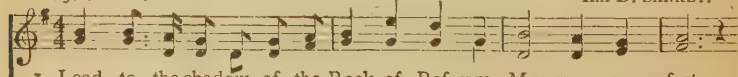
# No. 247.

# The Shadow of the Rock.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

F. J. CROSBY.

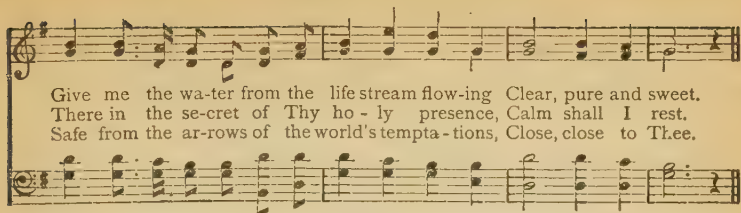
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Lead to the shadow of the Rock of Ref-uge My wea-ry feet;
2. Lead to the shadow of the Rock E-ter-nal My heart op-pressed;
3. Lead to the shadow of the "Rock of A-ges," O keep thou me

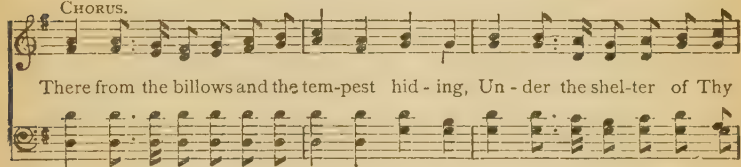


# The Shadow of the Rock.

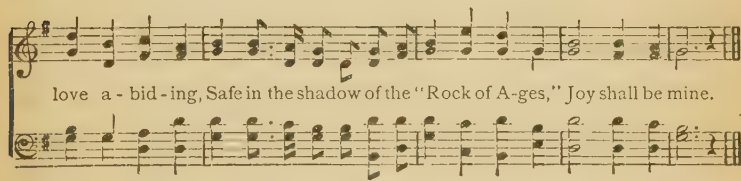


Give me the wa-ter from the life stream flow-ing Clear, pure and sweet.  
There in the se-cret of Thy ho - ly presence, Calm shall I rest.  
Safe from the ar-rows of the world's tempta - tions, Close, close to Thee.

## CHORUS.



There from the billows and the tem-pest hid - ing, Un - der the shel-ter of Thy



love a - bid - ing, Safe in the shadow of the "Rock of A-ges," Joy shall be mine.

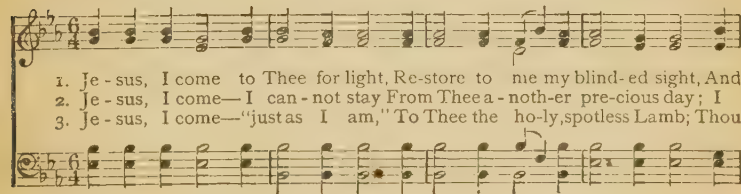
## No. 248.

## To Thee I Come.

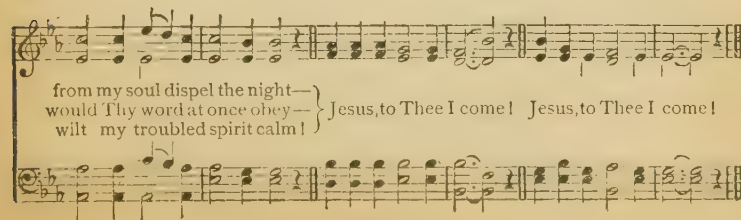
Words arr.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

J. E. GOULD



1. Je - sus, I come to Thee for light, Re-store to me my blind-ed sight, And  
2. Je - sus, I come—I can - not stay From Thee a - noth-er pre-cious day; I  
3. Je - sus, I come—"just as I am," To Thee the ho-ly, spotless Lamb; Thou



from my soul dispel the night—  
would Thy word at once obey— } Jesus, to Thee I come! Jesus, to Thee I come!  
wilt my troubled spirit calm!

# No. 249.

# Ride on in Majesty.

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45: 4.

H. H. MILMAN.

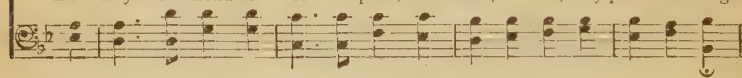
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! The an-gel ar-mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! The last and fierc-est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die;

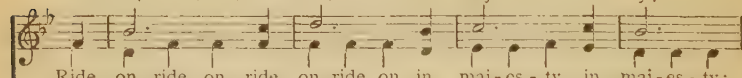


O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.  
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see the approach-ing sac-ri-fice.  
The Fa-ther on His sapphire throne A-waits His own a-noint-ed Son.  
Bow Thy meek head to mor-tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.



## CHORUS.

Ride on, ..... ride on ..... in maj - - es - ty;



Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in maj-es-ty, in maj-es-ty;



In low - - ly pomp, ride on ..... to die.



In low-ly pomp, in low-ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.



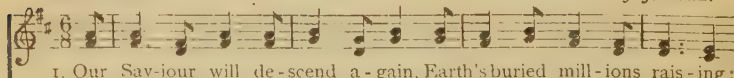
# No. 250.

# Raise high the Song.

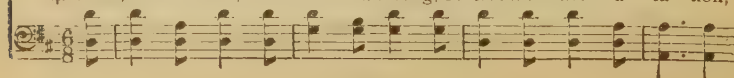
"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 14: 3.

THOS. LAURIE.

J. J. LOWE.



1. Our Sav-iour will de-scend a-gain, Earth's buried mill-ions rais-ing;
2. And tho' these bod-ies lie in dust Be-fore that glad ap-pear-ing?
3. What tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a-ges pass in sad-ness?
4. Then, safe at last, this bless-ed throng, Set free from trib-u-la-tion,





## Raise high the Song.

With Him will come a glo-rious train, A - dor - ing Him and prais-ing.  
 Yet shall they stand a-mong the just, Our Sav-iour's im-age wear-ing.  
 Yet we may see that glo-rious hour, And hail the dawn with glad-ness.  
 Shall ev - er praise in ho - ly song The God of their sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

Raise high the song that loud and long Be - fore Him ceas-eth nev - er,

Till, cast-ing down each gold-en crown, We wor-ship Him for - ev - er.

## No. 251. O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

*"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."*—Jno. 3 : 16.

M. FRASER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis a true and faith-ful say-ing, Je - sus died for sin - ful men;  
 2. He has made a full a - tone-ment, Now His sav-ing work is done;  
 3. Still up - on His hands the nail-prints, And the scars up - on His brow;  
 4. But re-mem-ber this same Je - sus In the clouds will come a - gain,

Tho' we've told the sto - ry oft - en, We must tell it o'er a - gain.  
 He has sat - is - fied the Fa - ther, Who ac - cepts us in His Son.  
 Our Re-deem-er, Lord and Sa - viour In the glo - ry stand-eth now.  
 And with Him, His blood-bought people Ev - er more shall live and reign.

# O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

CHORUS.

O glad and glo-rious Gos-pel! With joy we now pro-claim,  
we now proclaim,

A full and free sal - va - tion, Thro' faith in Je - sus' name.

No. 252.

## Why Not Now?

EL. NATHAN.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

C. C. CASE.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,  
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;  
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;  
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home Will you not, my broth - er, come?  
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac-cept His grace.  
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.  
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? Why not now?

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? Why not now?

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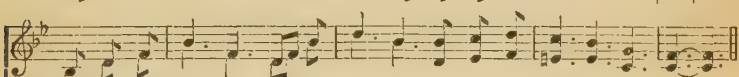
*"He went forth conquering and to conquer."*—Rev. 6: 2.

S. MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



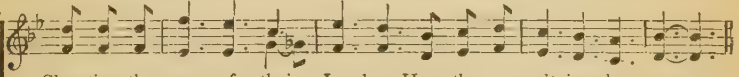
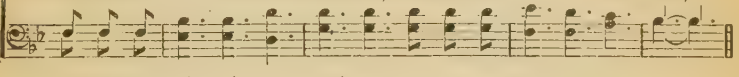
1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Ri-deth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Ru - ler of all,



Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In - to the midst of the fight;  
 Whence all the ar - mies which He leadeth, While of His glo - ry they sing?  
 Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,



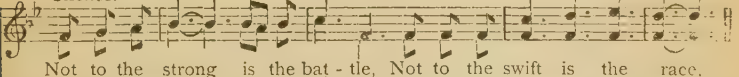
See them with cour-age ad - vanc-ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar - ray,  
 He is our Lord and Re - deem-er, Saviour and Monarch di - vine,  
 Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,



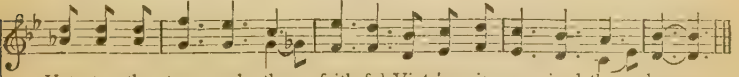
Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say.  
 They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.  
 Find in Thy man-sions e - ter - nal Rest, when their warfare is past.



## CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race.



Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vict'-ry is promised through grace.



# No. 254. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25: 5.

ANDREW REED.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. M.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
 Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine;  
 Cast down every idol - throne,  
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

# No. 255.

## Rejoice! Ye Saints.

C. R. H.

"And again, I say, rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

J. H. BURKE.

1. Re - joice! ye saints, a - gain re - joice, And sing with one ac - cord;  
 2. Re - joice! re - joice! lift up your head, And praise the liv - ing God;  
 3. Re - joice! re - joice! let praise a - bound Be - fore Je - ho - vah's throne,  
 4. Re - joice! re - joice! the Lord will come, Ac - cord - ing to His word;

Re - joice with all your heart and voice, In Christ th'ex - alt - ed Lord.  
 That for your souls the Sav - iour shed His own most pre - cious blood.  
 For dead ones raised, and lost ones found, And prod - i - gals brought home.  
 And gath - er all His ran - som'd home, "For ev - er with the Lord."

CHORUS,  
 Re - joice, Re - joice in the Lord, Re - joice in the Lord al - way;  
 in the Lord,

# Rejoice! Ye Saints.



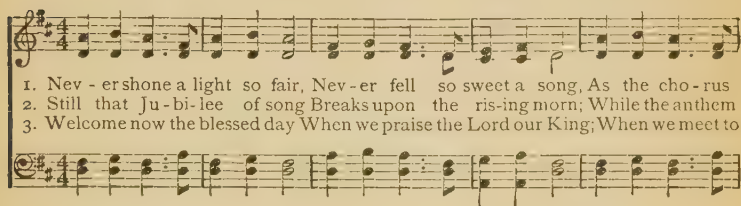
Re-joyce, in the Lord, Re-joyce in the Lord, and a-gain I say, Re-joyce.

## No. 256. Never Shone a Light so Fair.

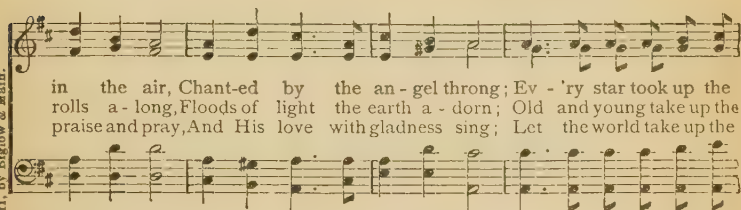
*"I am come a light into the world.—John 12: 46.*

F. J. CROSBY.

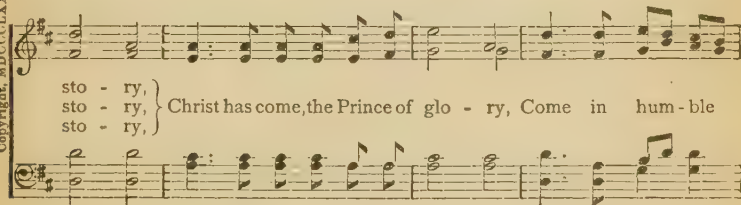
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



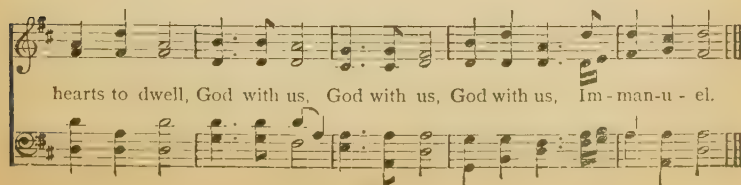
1. Nev - ershone a light so fair, Nev - er fell so sweet a song, As the cho - rus  
2. Still that Ju - bi - lee of song Breaks upon the ris - ing morn; While the anthem  
3. Welcome now the blessed day When we praise the Lord our King; When we meet to



in the air, Chant - ed by the an - gel throng; Ev - 'ry star took up the  
rolls a - long, Floods of light the earth a - dorn; Old and young take up the  
praise and pray, And His love with gladness sing; Let the world take up the



sto - ry, }  
sto - ry, } Christ has come, the Prince of glo - ry, Come in hum - ble  
sto - ry, }



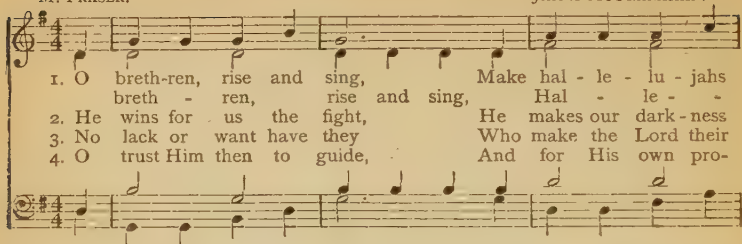
hearts to dwell, God with us, God with us, God with us, Im - man - u - el.



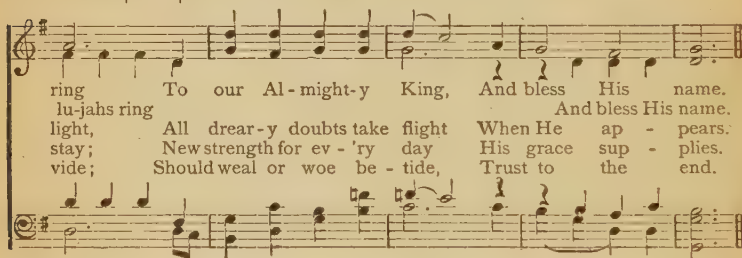
*"And again they said, Alleluia."*—Rev 19: 3.

M. FRASER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. O breth-ren, rise and sing, Make hal - le - lu - jahs  
 breth - ren, rise and sing, Hal - le - -  
 2. He wins for us the fight, He makes our dark-ness  
 3. No lack or want have they Who make the Lord their  
 4. O trust Him then to guide, And for His own pro-

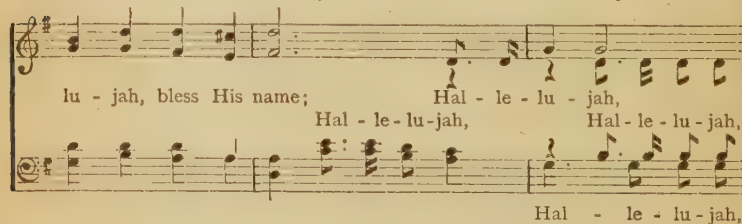


ring To our Al-might-y King, And bless His name.  
 lu-jahs ring And bless His name.  
 light, All drear-y doubts take flight When He ap - pears.  
 stay; New strength for ev - 'ry day His grace sup - plies.  
 vide; Should weal or woe be - tide, Trust to the end.


CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,



lu - jah, bless His name; Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 Hal - le - lu - jah,



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, bless His name!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 Hal - le - lu - jah,

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# No. 258.

# Following Fully.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—Psa. 23: 1.

M. FRASER.

M. A. SEA.

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1. One day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said, Come, fol - low me;  
 2. He led me through green pasture land, By wa - ters still;  
 3. From out no other eye had ever beamed Such love on me;  
 4. Black clouds were gathering on a blacker sky, the World all so drear;  
 5. Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me, I can-not see;  
 6. And soon there came a loving call in answer, "Be not a - fraid;  
 7. None ever perished following Jesus fully, No, nev - er one;

What wonder that in haste I rose, So kind was He!  
 With such a Guide, who would not follow, Go where He will?  
 Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow Hard aft - er Thee.  
 Upon the night wind rose the cry of One in great fear.  
 My feet are stumbling on the mountains; Oh! suc - cor me.  
 Mine eye shall guide the blind ones, and the weary Mine arm shall aid."  
 The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and Brought safe-ly home.

# No. 259. Whosoever Will May Come.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

A. MONTIETH.

IRA D. SANKEY.

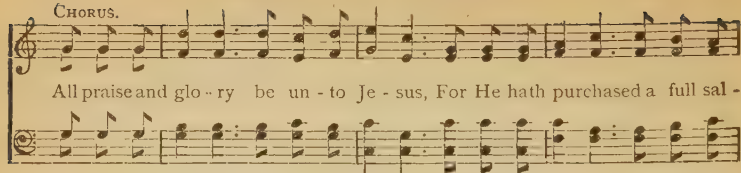
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1. O wand'ring souls, why long - er roam A - way from God, a - way from home?  
 2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night are on His brow;  
 3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bun - dant grace re - ceive;  
 4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet rest and home;

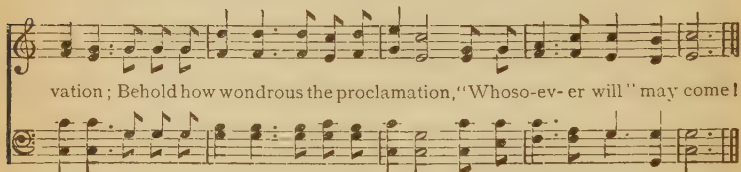
The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say, "Who - ev - er will" may come to - day.  
 He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still; Oh, come to Him, "who - ev - er will."  
 No love like His heart can fill; Oh, come to Him, "who - ev - er will."  
 Let Him that hear - eth ech - o still, The bless - ed "who - so - ev - er will."

# Whosoever Will May Come.

CHORUS.



All praise and glo - ry be un - to Je - sus, For He hath purchased a full sal -



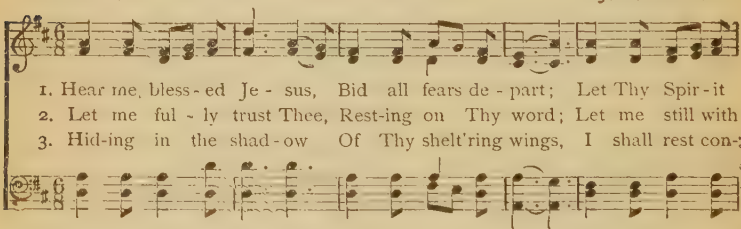
vation; Behold how wondrous the proclamation, "Whoso-ev-er will" may come!

## No. 260. Hear Me, Blessed Jesus.

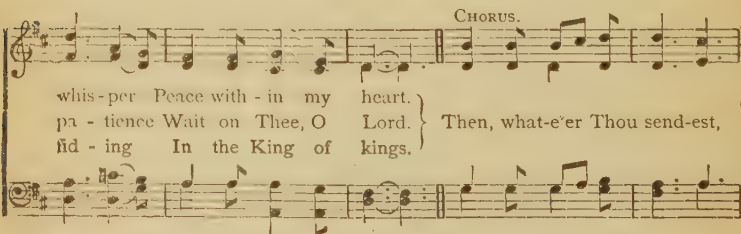
"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

Words arr.

J. H. BURKE.



1. Hear me, bless-ed Je - sus, Bid all fears de - part; Let Thy Spir-it  
2. Let me ful - ly trust Thee, Rest-ing on Thy word; Let me still with  
3. Hid-ing in the shad-ow Of Thy shelt'ring wings, I shall rest con-



CHORUS.  
whis-per Peace with - in my heart.  
pa - tience Wait on Thee, O Lord. } Then, what-e'er Thou send-est,  
fid - ing In the King of kings.



Hap-py shall I be, Je - sus my Re-deem-er, Looking un-to Thee.

# No. 261. Yes, We'll Meet in the Morning.

C. E. B. arr.  
Moderato.

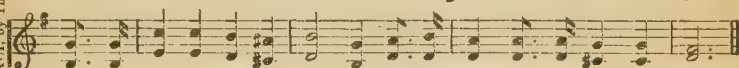
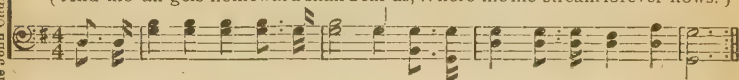
"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

GEO. F. ROOT.

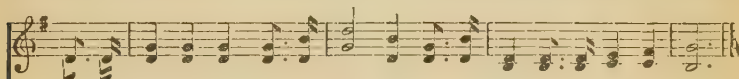
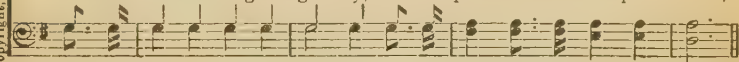
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1. { Yes, we'll meet a-gain in the morning, In the dawn of a fair-er day; }  
 { When the night of watching and waiting, With its darkness has pass'd a-way; }  
 2. { Where our precious ones now are dwelling, Free from toil and from ev'ry care; }  
 { With their garments spotless and shining, Like the robes that the an-gels wear. }  
 3. { O what joy when all shall be o-ver, And the jour-ney on earth we close, }  
 { And the an-gels homeward shall bear us, Where the life-stream forever flows. }



Where no shadows veil the sunshine, O-ver there in the heav'n-ly land,  
 When our pil-grim-age com-ple-ted, And our foot-steps no long-er roam,  
 We shall see the King of glo-ry, We shall praise Him with harp and voice;



And the crys-tal waves of the riv-er, Ev-er flow o'er the gold-en sand.  
 By the pearl-y gates glad-ly wait-ing. They will give us a welcome home.  
 We shall sing the grace that redeemed us, While our hearts in His love re-joice.



# No. 262. Gird on the Sword and Armor.

C. H. MANN.

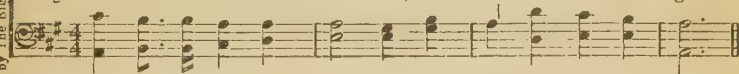
"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 11.

J. H. TENNEY.

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1. Gird on the sword and ar-mor, Go raise the ban-ner high;
2. Gird on the sword and ar-mor, Let faith be thy strong shield;
3. Gird on the sword and ar-mor, Press on the toe to fight.




The Cap-tain of Sal-va-tion To Thee is ev-er nigh.  
 His prom-ise shall sus-tain thee On ev-'ry bat-tle field.  
 No en-e-my can harm thee, For God sus-tains the right.




# Bird on the Sword and Armor.

CHORUS.

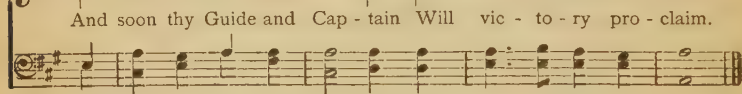


Then wave the glo-rious ban-ner, Press for-ward in His name;

His name;



And soon thy Guide and Cap-tain Will vic-to-ry pro-claim.




## No. 263. My Saviour tells me so.

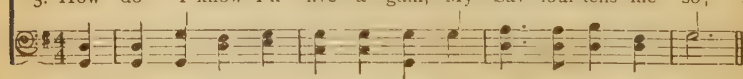

*"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."*—Jno. 6: 37.

EL. NATHAN.


JAMES McGRANAHAN.




1. How do I know my sins for-given? My Sav-iour tells me so;  
 2. By trust-ing Christ the wit-ness came, My Sav-iour tells me so;  
 3. Be-lieve and thou shalt sure-ly live, My Sav-iour tells me so;  
 4. Tho' rough the way, I shall en-dure, My Sav-iour tells me so;  
 5. How do I know I'll live a-gain, My Sav-iour tells me so;

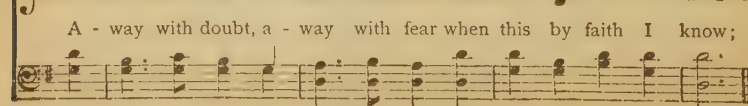
That now I am an heir of heav'n? My Sav-iour tells me so.  
 The par-don's free in Je-sus' name, My Sav-iour tells me so.  
 The spir-it's wit-ness God will give, My Sav-iour tells me so.  
 His sheep are ev-er kept se-cure, My Sav-iour tells me so.  
 With Christ in glo-ry I shall reign, My Sav-iour tells me so.



CHORUS.

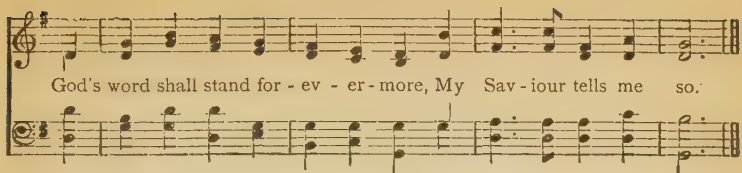


A-way with doubt, a-way with fear when this by faith I know;



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God's word shall stand for - ev - er - more, My Sav - iour tells me so:

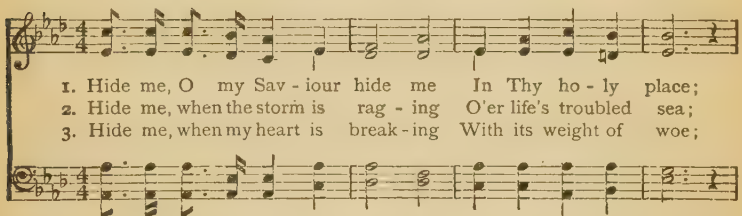
No. 264.

Hide Me.

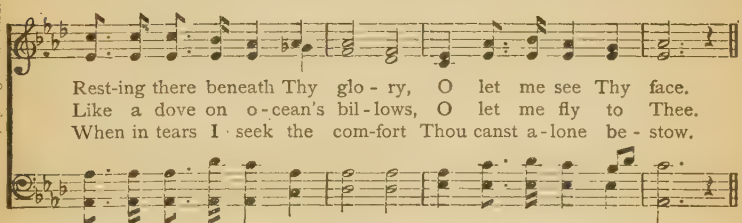
F. J. CROSBY.

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

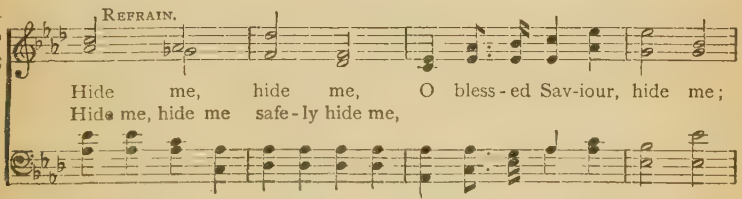
W. H. DOANE.



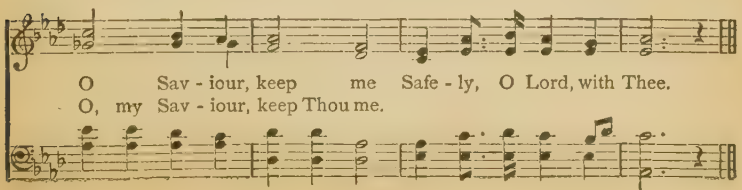
1. Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide me In Thy ho - ly place;  
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea;  
3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;



Rest - ing there beneath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.  
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.  
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.



REFRAIN.  
Hide me, hide me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, hide me;  
Hide me, hide me safe - ly hide me,



O Sav - iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.  
O, my Sav - iour, keep Thou me.

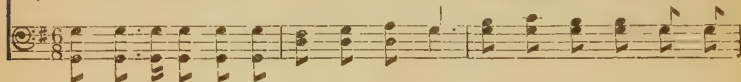
(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

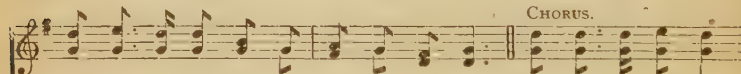
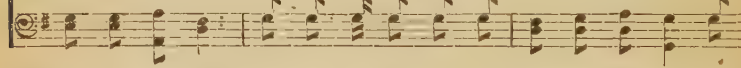
E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To  
lin-ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to-day—And  
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will  
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But



CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?  
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!  
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.  
throw out the Life-Line And save them to-day.

} Throw out the Life-Line!



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the



Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.



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# No. 266.

# O Worship the King.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—Psa. 145: 10.

Sir ROBERT GRANT.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. O wor-ship the King all glorious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly sing
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air,
4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,



His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days,  
 whose can - o - py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder - clouds form,  
 it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de - scends to the plain,  
 nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten - der! How firm to the end,



Pa - vil - ion'd in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
 Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend.



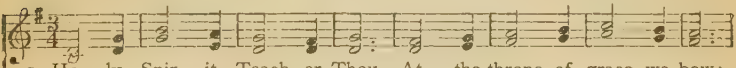
# No. 267.

# Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

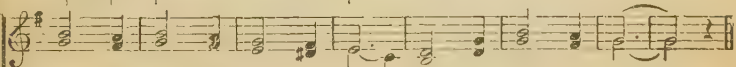
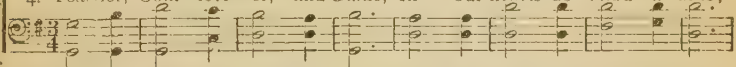
"He shall teach you all things."—John 14: 26.

L. W. MUNHALL.

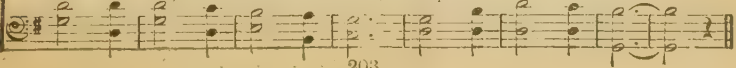
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teach - er Thou, At the throne of grace we bow;
2. Com - fort - er in - deed Thou art, Giv - ing strength to ev - 'ry heart;
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Keep us in the nar - row way;
4. Teacher, Com - fort - er, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou a - bide;



Come, per - form Thine of - fice now, Teach us ev - er - more.  
 Let Thy pres - ence ne'er de - part, Com - fort ev - er - more.  
 Grant that we may nev - er stray, Guide us ev - er - more.  
 And in life, what - e'er be - tide, Help us ev - er - more.



# Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

## REFRAIN.

Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us ev - er, Com - fort, guide, and leave us

nev - er; Dwell with - in us, we im - plore, Now and ev - er - more.

## No. 268.

## Preach the Gospel.

*"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."*—Mark 16: 15.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Preach the gos - pel, sound it forth, Tell of free and full sal - va - tion;
2. Preach the gos - pel full of joy, While on grace and mer - cy dwell - ing;
3. Preach the gos - pel, make it clear, By the blood of Christ re - mis - sion;
4. Preach the gos - pel full of love, Christ's compas - sion ful - ly know - ing;
5. Preach the gos - pel as if God Sin - ners lost through you were seeking;

Spread the ti - dings o'er the earth, Go to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.  
Heart and soul in full em - ploy, As the sto - ry you are tell - ing.  
Give the message, make them hear, This a - lone is our com - mis - sion.  
Seek the pow - er from a - bove, While His great com - pas - sion show - ing.  
His sal - va - tion through the word, Speak as if the Lord were speaking.

## CHORUS.

Spread..... the joy - ful ti - dings in anthem and sto - ry;  
Spread the joy - ful ti - dings, spread the joy - ful tidings in

Je - sus hath redeemed us, O give Him the glo - ry.  
Jesus hath redeemed us, Jesus hath redeemed us, O

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# No. 269. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

"Trusting in the Lord.—Ps. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. BURKE.

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1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trusting on - ly Thee! Trusting Thee for  
 2. I am trusting Thee for pardon, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and  
 3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing, In the crimson flood; Trusting Thee to  
 4. I am trusting Thee for pow-er, Thine can never fail; Words which Thou Thy-  
 5. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Nev-er let me fall; I am trust-ing

CHORUS.  
 full sal - va - tion, Great and free.  
 ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now. I am trust - ing,  
 make me ho - ly By Thy blood. I am trust-ing, I am trusting,  
 self shalt give me, Must pre - vail.  
 Thee for ev - er, And for all.

Trusting on - ly Thee! I am trust - ing, trust - ing, Trusting on - ly Thee.  
 trusting, trusting, I am trusting,

# No. 270. After.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Words arr.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

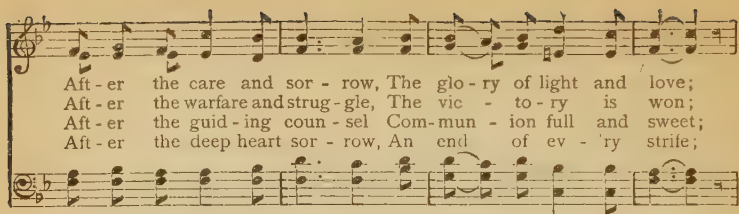
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1. Aft-er the toil and troub - le, There com-eth a day of rest;  
 2. Aft-er the night of dark-ness, The shad-ows all flee a - way;  
 3. Aft-er the hours of chast-ening, The spir - it made pure and bright;  
 4. Aft-er the pain and sick - ness, The tears are all wiped a - way;

Aft - er the wea - ry con - flict, Peace on the Sav - iour's breast;  
 Aft - er the day of sad - ness, Hope sheds her bright - est ray;  
 Aft - er the earth's dark shad - ow, Clear in the light of light;  
 Aft - er the flow'rs are gath - ered, No more of earth's de - cay;



# After.



Aft-er the care and sor - row, The glo - ry of light and love;  
 Aft-er the warfare and strug - gle, The vic - to - ry is won;  
 Aft-er the guid - ing coun - sel Com - mun - ion full and sweet;  
 Aft-er the deep heart sor - row, An end of ev - 'ry strife;



Aft-er the wilderness jour - ney, The Father's bright home a - bove.  
 Aft-er the work is o - ver, The Master's own word, Well done.  
 Aft-er the will - ing serv - ice, All laid at the Sav - iour's feet.  
 Aft-er the dai - ly cross - es, A glo - ri - ous crown of life.

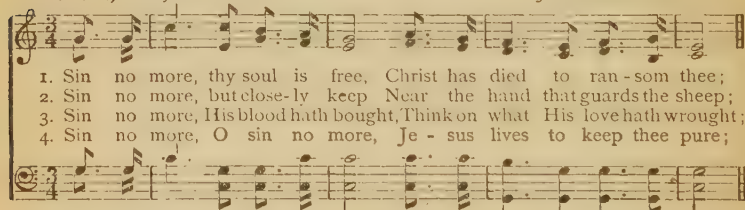
## No. 271.

## Sin no More.

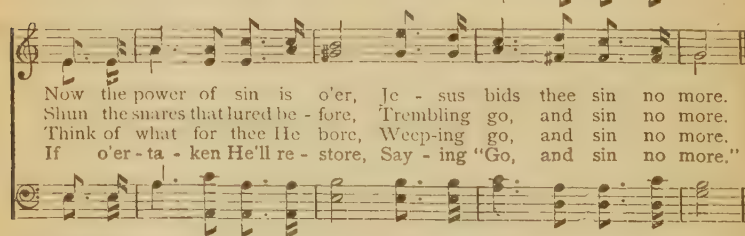
"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—Jno. 8: 11.

M. A. B., arr. by EL. NATHAN.

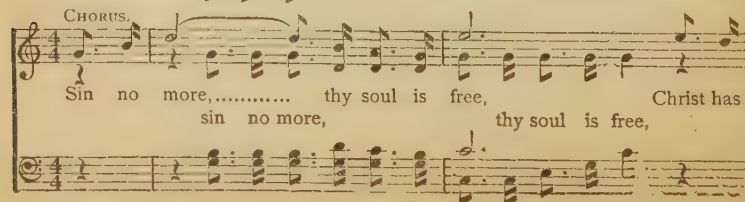
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Sin no more, thy soul is free, Christ has died to ran - som thee;
2. Sin no more, but close - ly keep Near the hand that guards the sheep;
3. Sin no more, His blood hath bought, Think on what His love hath wrought;
4. Sin no more, O sin no more, Je - sus lives to keep thee pure;



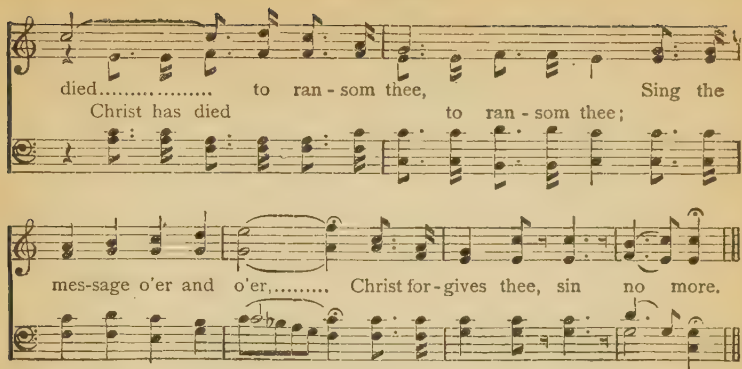
Now the power of sin is o'er, Je - sus bids thee sin no more.  
 Shun the snares that lured be - fore, Trembling go, and sin no more.  
 Think of what for thee He bore, Weep - ing go, and sin no more.  
 If o'er - ta - ken He'll re - store, Say - ing "Go, and sin no more."



CHORUS.  
 Sin no more,..... thy soul is free, Christ has  
 sin no more, thy soul is free,

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Sin no More.



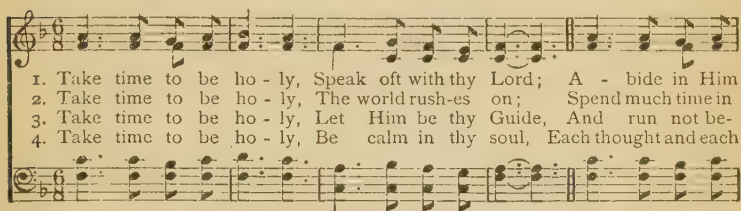
died..... to ran - som thee, Sing the  
Christ has died to ran - som thee;  
mes-sage o'er and o'er..... Christ for-gives thee, sin no more.

No. 272. Take Time to be Holy.

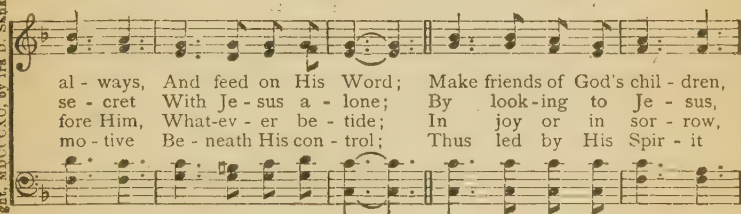
"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—Lev. 20: 7.

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

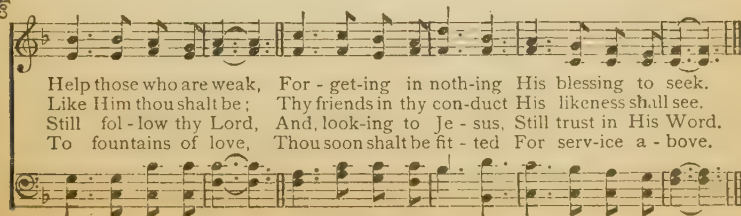
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him  
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in  
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-  
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul, Each thought and each



al - ways, And feed on His Word; Make friends of God's chil - dren,  
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone; By look - ing to Je - sus,  
fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,  
mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it



Help those who are weak, For - get - ing in noth - ing His blessing to seek.  
Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His likeness shall see.  
Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.  
To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

*"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."*—Matt. 25: 6.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN.

1. { The Lord is com - ing by and by, Be read-y when He comes; }  
 { He comes from His fair home on high, Be read-y when He comes; }  
 2. { He soon will come to earth a - gain, Be read-y when He comes; }  
 { Be - gin His u - ni - ver - sal reign, Be read-y when He comes; }  
 3. { Be - hold! He comes to one and all Be read-y when He comes; }  
 { He quick-ly, comes with trumpet call, Be read-y when He comes; }

He is the Lord our Righteousness, And comes His chos-en ones to bless,  
 With Hal-le - lu-jah's heav'n will ring, When Je - sus does re - demption bring;  
 To judgment called at His command, Drawn thither by His might-y hand,

And at His Fa - ther's throne con - fess; Be read-y when He comes.  
 O trim your lamps to meet your King! Be read-y when He comes.  
 Be - fore His throne we all must stand; Be read-y when He comes.

CHORUS.

Will you be read-y when the Bride-groom comes? Will you be  
 when He comes?

read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Will your lamps be trim'd and  
 when He comes?

bright, Be it morning, noon or night? Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?

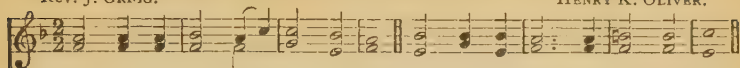
# No. 274.

# Behold a Stranger.

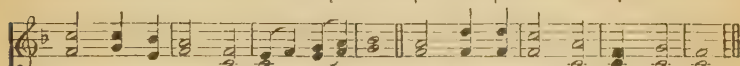
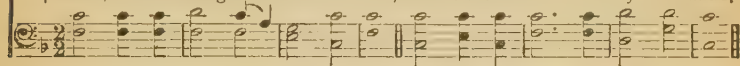
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. GRIGG.

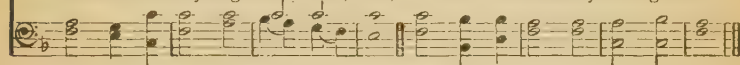
HENRY K. OLIVER.



1. Be - hold a Stran-ger at the door, He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
2. O love-ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and lad - en hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will, the ver - y Friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grati - tude di - vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,



Has wait-ed long,—is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.  
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.  
The Friend of sin - ners, yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.  
That soul-destroy-ing mon - ster, Sin; And let the heavenly Stranger in.



# No. 275. We Praise Thee, we Bless Thee.

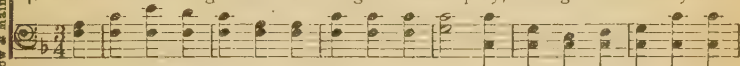
"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29: 13.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

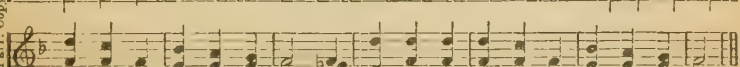
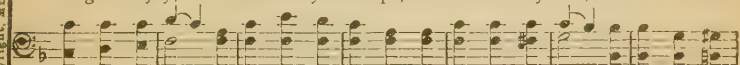
KOSCHAT, arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Our Saviour divine, All pow'r and do-min-ion For-
2. All hon-or and praise to Thine ex-cel-lent name; Thy love is unchanging, For-
3. The strength of the hills, and The depths of the sea, The earth and its fullness, Be-
4. Thine in-fi-nite goodness Our tongues shall employ; Thou givest us rich-ly All



ev - er be Thine; We sing of Thy mer-cy With joy-ful acclaim; For Thou hast re-  
ever the same; We bless and adore Thee, O Saviour and King; With joy and thanks-  
long un-to Thee; And yet to the low-ly Thou bendest Thine ear, So ready their  
things to enjoy; We'll follow Thy footsteps, We'll rest in Thy love, And soon we shall



deem'd us; All praise to Thy name; For Thou hast redeem'd us; All praise to Thy name.  
giv - ing, Thy prais-es we sing; With joy and thanksgiving, Thy prais-es we sing.  
hum - ble Pe - ti-tions to hear; So read-y their humble Pe - ti-tions to hear.  
praise Thee In mansions a-bove; And soon we shall praise Thee In mansions above.



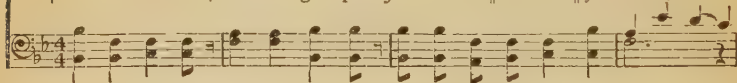
*"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."*—Rom. 1: 16.

M. FRASER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. It is finished; what a gos-pel! Nothing has<sup>\*</sup> been left: || to do,  
 2. It is finished; what a gos-pel! Bringing news of ||: vict'ry: || won,  
 3. It is finished; what a gos-pel! Here each weary ||: la-den: || breast,  
 4. It is finished; what a gos-pel! Je-sus died ||: to save: || your soul;



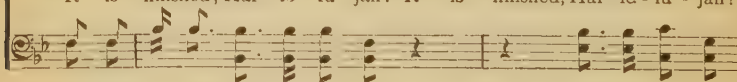
But to take with grate-ful glad-ness What the Saviour did for you.  
 Tell-ing us of peace and par-don Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.  
 That ac-cepts God's gra-cious of-fer, En-ters in-to per-fect rest.  
 Have you tak-en His sal-va-tion? Have you let Him make you whole?



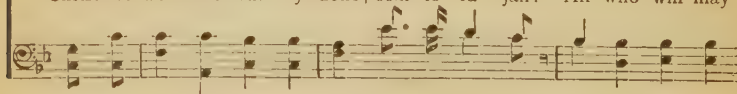
## CHORUS.



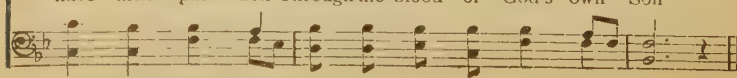
It is finished; Hal-le-lu-jah! It is finished, Hal-le-lu-jah!



Christ the work has ful-ly done; Hal-le-lu-jah! All who will may



have their par-don Through the blood of God's own Son



\* Repeat for Alto and Tenor only.

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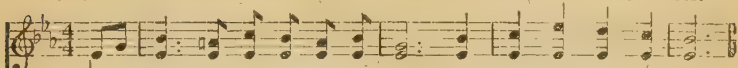


# No. 277. There is a Paradise of Rest.

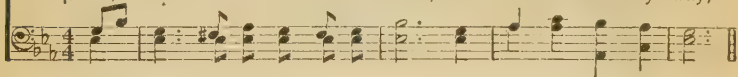

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

W. R. LINDSAY.


IRA D. SANKEY.




1. There is a Par-a-dise of rest On yon-der tran-quiet shore;  
 2. There is a cit-y crown'd with light, Its joys no tongue can tell;  
 3. There is a crown laid up on high That Christ the Lord will give  
 4. Oh, then be faith-ful un-to death, Press on the heavenly way,


Be - yond the shadow and the gloom of night, Where toil and tears are o'er.  
 For they who en - ter shall be-hold the King, And in His presence dwell.  
 To those who pa-tient-ly His com-ing wait, And for His glo - ry live.  
 That we may en - ter thro' the Gates of Life To realms of end - less day.



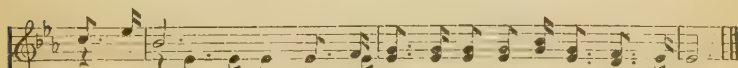
## CHORUS.




Meet me there,..... oh, meet me there, At the  
 meet me there, meet me there,




dawning of that morning bright and fair; Meet me there,..... oh,  
 meet me there,

meet me there, In the land beyond the riv - er, meet me there.  
 meet me there,



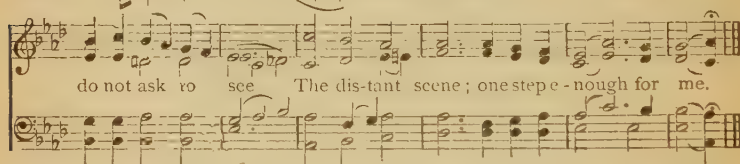
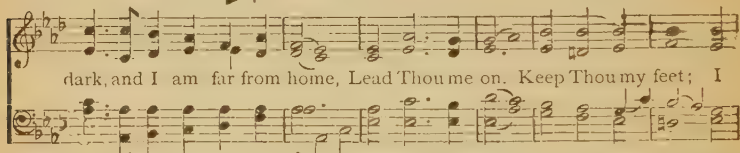
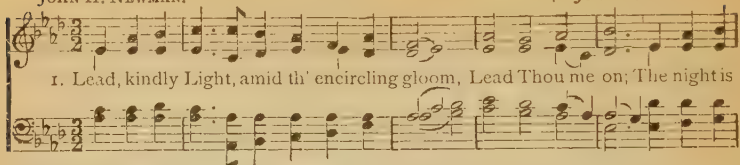
# No. 278.

## Lead, Kindly Light.

"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43:3.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.



- 2 I was not ever thus, nor played that Should lead me on; [Thou I loved to choose and see my path; but Lead Thou me on. [now I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember, not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure Will lead me on [it still, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor- The night is gone, [rent till And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

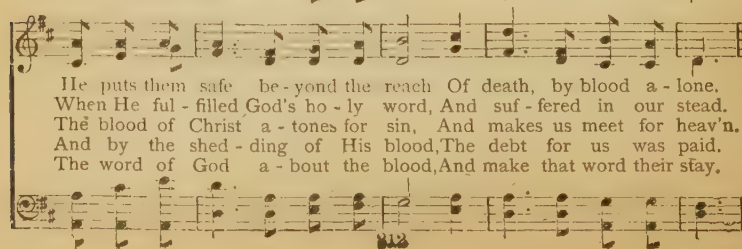
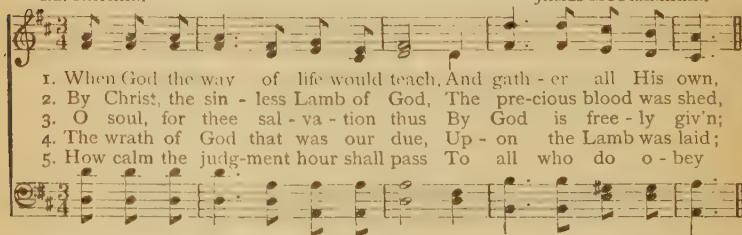
# No. 279.

## I will Pass over You.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12:13.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



# I will Pass over You.

CHORUS.

It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for-ev-er true:  
It is His word, God's precious word,

When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o-ver you.  
When I the Lord shall see the blood,

No. 280.

## Calling to thee.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

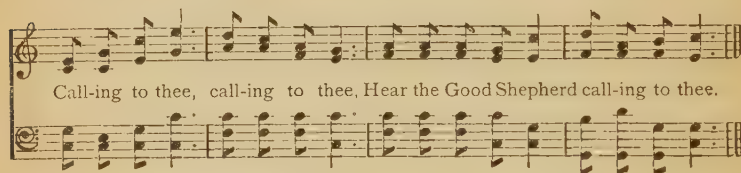
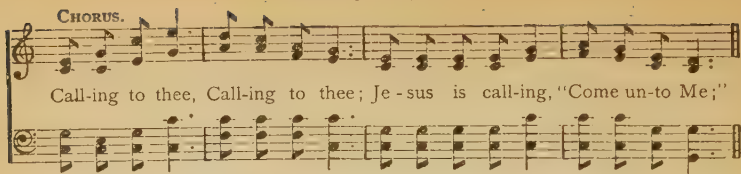
1. Out on the mount-ain, sad and for-sak-en, Lost in its  
2. Far on the mount-ain, why wilt thou wan-der? Deep-er and  
3. Flee from the bond-age, Je-sus will help thee, On-ly be-

ma-zes, no light can'st thou see; Yet in His mer-cy,  
dark-er thy path-way will be; Turn from thy roam-ing,  
lieve Him, and thou shalt be free; Won-der-ful mer-cy,

full of com-pass-ion, Lo! the Good Shepherd is call-ing to thee.  
fly from its dan-gers, While the Good Shepherd is call-ing to thee.  
boundless com-pass-ion, Still the Good Shepherd is call-ing to thee.

# Calling to thee.

CHORUS.



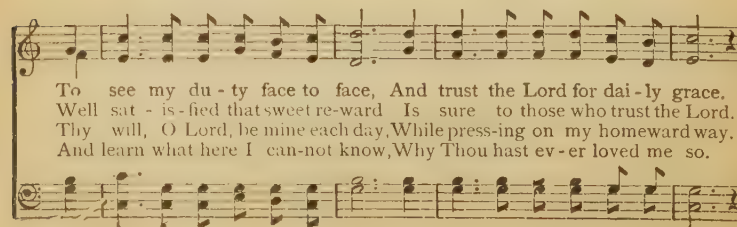
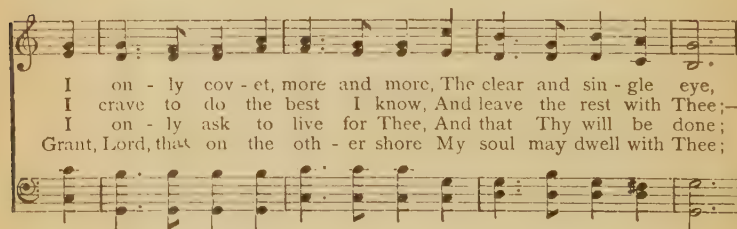
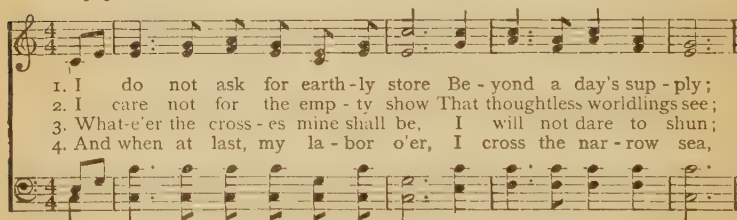
No. 281.

## The Eye of Faith.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—Jer. 45: 5.

REV. J. J. MAXFIELD.

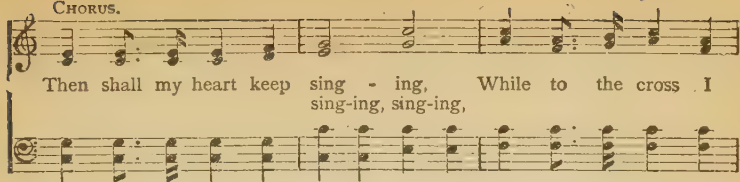
W. A. OGDEN.



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# Eye Eye of Faith.

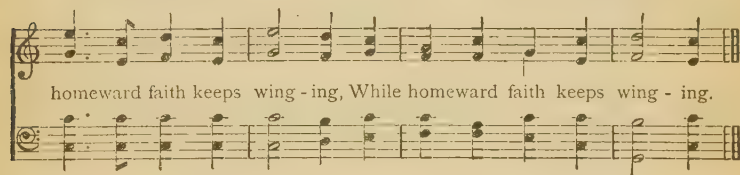
CHORUS.



Then shall my heart keep sing - ing, While to the cross I  
sing-ing, sing-ing,



cling; For rest is sweet at Je - sus' feet, While  
cling, I cling;



homeward faith keeps wing - ing, While homeward faith keeps wing - ing.

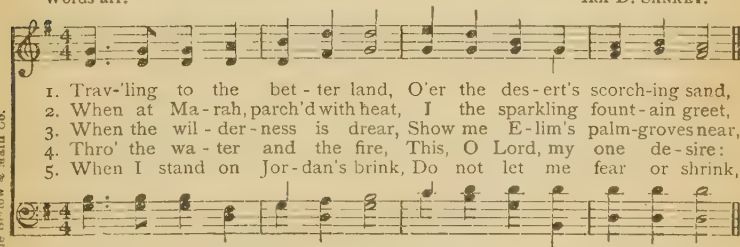
## No. 282.

## Lead Me On.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Words arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Trav'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorch-ing sand,  
2. When at Ma - rah, parch'd with heat, I the sparkling fount-ain greet,  
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-groves near,  
4. Thro' the wa - ter and the fire, This, O Lord, my one de - sire:  
5. When I stand on Jor - dan's brink, Do not let me fear or shrink,



And lead me on

Fa - ther, do Thou hold my hand,  
Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet,  
With its wells, as crys - tal clear,  
With Thy love my heart in - spire,  
Hold me, Fa - ther, lest I sink,

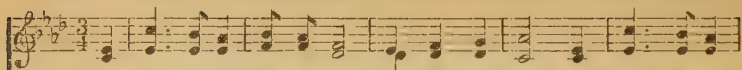
And lead me on.



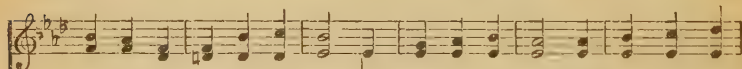
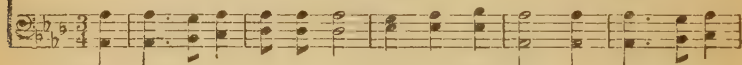
# No. 283.

# Only a Little Way.

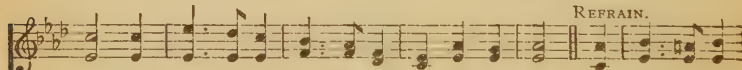
FANNY J. CROSBY. "Make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps. 40: 17. W. H. DOANE.



1. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way on to my home, And there in its
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way far - ther to go, O'er mount-ain and
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way; there I shall see The friends that in

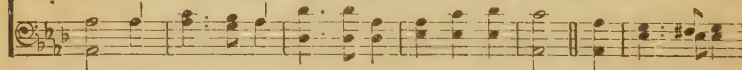


sunshine for - ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I jour - ney with  
val - ley where dark wa - ters flow; My Sav - iour is near with bless - ings to  
glo - ry are wait - ing for me; Their voi - ces from home now float on the

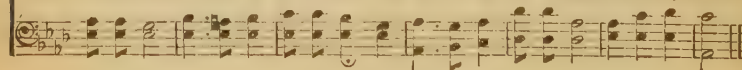


REFRAIN.

song, O beau - ti - ful E - den - land, thou art my home. }  
cheer, His word is my guid - ing - star; why should I fear? } 'Tis on - ly - a  
air, They're call - ing me ten - der - ly, call - ing me there. }



lit - tle way, on - ly a lit - tle way, 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way on to my home.



# No. 284.

# I Will Praise Thee.

EL. NATHAN.  
*Allegretto.*

Praise ye the Lord."—Psalm 148: 1.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. I will praise the Lord my Glo - ry, I will praise the Lord my Light,
2. I will praise the Lord my Proph - et, Ho - ly Priest and Righteous King,
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keep - er, Past - ure, Door and Fold,
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Broth - er, Guide and Friend,
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem - nant of my days,



## I Will Praise Thee.

He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.  
 With the an - gels who a - dore Him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing,  
 O'er the lone - ly hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.  
 He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.  
 And will sing thro' end - less a - ges, On - ly my Re - deemer's praise.

### CHORUS.

I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee, O Lord;

I will be glad and re - joice in Thee, O Thou most high.

## No. 285.

## Not Try, but Trust.

*"I will trust and not be afraid."*—Isa. 12: 2.

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Not saved are we by try - ing, From self can come no aid; 'Tis on the  
 2. 'Twas vain for Is - rael bit - ten By serpents on their way, To look to  
 3. No deeds of ours are need - ed To make Christ's merit more; No frames of

blood re - ly - ing, Once for our ransom paid; 'Tis looking un - to Je - sus,  
 their own do - ing, That aw - ful plague to stay; The remedy for their healing,  
 mind, or feelings, Can add to His great store; 'Tis sim - ply to re - ceive Him,

# Not Try, but Trust.

The ho - ly One and just; 'Tis His great work that saves us, It  
 When humbled in the dust, Was of the Lord's re-veal - ing, It  
 The ho - ly One and just, 'Tis on - ly to be - lieve Him, It

## CHORUS.

is not Try, but Trust.  
 was not Try, but Trust. } It is not Try, but Trust; It is not Try, but  
 is not Try, but Trust.

Trust; 'Tis His great work that saves us; It is not Try, but Trust.

## No. 286.

## Come, Holy Spirit.

*"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—John 1: 32.*

ROBERT BRUCE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Like a dove de - scend - ing, Rest Thou up -  
 2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Ev - 'ry cloud dis - pel - ing, Fill us with  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Sent from God the Fa - ther, — Thou Friend and

on us While we meet to pray; Show us the Sav - iour, All His  
 glad - ness, Thro' the Mas - ter's name; Bring to our mem - 'ry Words that  
 Teach - er, Com - fort - er and Guide—Our thoughts di - rect - ing, Keep us

love re - veal - ing; Lead us to Him, The Life, the Truth, the way.  
 He hath spo - ken, Then shall our tongues His wond'rous grace pro - claim.  
 close to Je - sus, And in our hearts For - ev - er - more a - bide.

*"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you."*—Acts 2: 22.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN



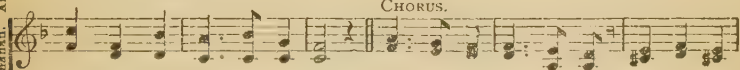
1. "Je-sus of Naz - a-reth!" O what a name! Let us re-joice and His
2. Je-sus of Naz - a-reth, tru - ly a man, Low in His cra-dle His
3. Je-sus of Naz - a-reth, nailed to the tree, Dy - ing that we by His
4. Je-sus of Naz - a-reth, raised from the dead, Spot-less and ho - ly and
5. Je-sus of Naz - a-reth, seat - ed on high, Send-ing the Spir - it of
6. Je-sus of Naz - a-reth, earth's com-ing King, Peace to the war-ring world



glo - ry pro-claim; Sav - iour and Keep-er for ev - er the same;  
 life He be-gan, Lived be-fore God, both in pat-tern and plan,  
 death might be free, Bear - ing the curse all for you and for me,  
 still in our stead, Made for us ev - er our glo - ri - fied head,  
 grace to ap - ply Life through the word un - to men far and nigh,  
 soon He shall bring, Na - tions of saved ones His prais-es shall sing;



CHORUS.

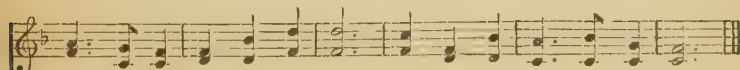


Shep-herd, Re-deem - er and Lord.  
 Righteous, O - be - di-ent One.  
 Dy - ing a ran-som for all.  
 Rais'd from the dead for us all.  
 Off - 'ring sal - va - tion to all.  
 All shall bow down at His name.

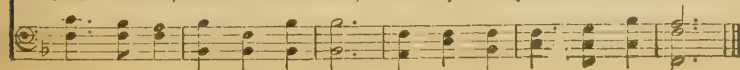
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, once cru - ci -



fied, Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, now glo - ri - fied, Je - sus of



Naz - a-reth, throned at God's side, Glo - ry and praise to His name.



# No. 288.

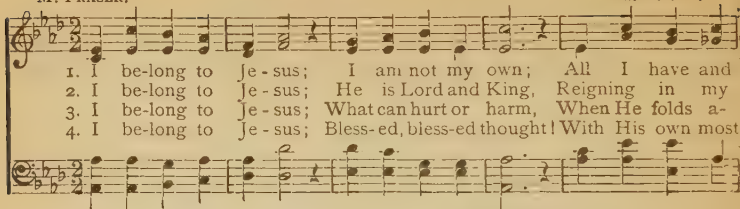
## I Belong to Jesus.

"Whose I am and whom I serve.—Acts 27: 23.

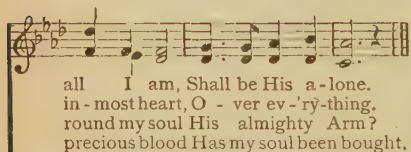
M. FRASER.

M. A. SEA.

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1. I be-long to Je-sus; I am not my own; All I have and  
 2. I be-long to Je-sus; He is Lord and King, Reigning in my  
 3. I be-long to Je-sus; What can hurt or harm, When He folds a-  
 4. I be-long to Je-sus; Bless-ed, bless-ed thought! With His own most



all I am, Shall be His a-lone.  
 in-most heart, O - ver ev-'ry-thing.  
 round my soul His almighty Arm?  
 precious blood Has my soul been bought.

- 5 I belong to Jesus;  
 He has died for me,  
 I am His and He is mine  
 Through eternity.
- 6 I belong to Jesus;  
 He will keep my soul,  
 When the deathly waters dark  
 Round about me roll.
- 7 I belong to Jesus;  
 And ere long I'll stand  
 With my precious Saviour there  
 In the glory land.

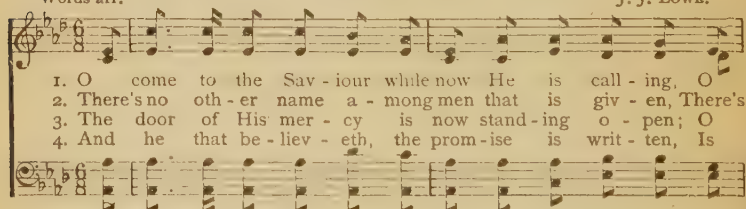
# No. 289.

## O Come to the Saviour.

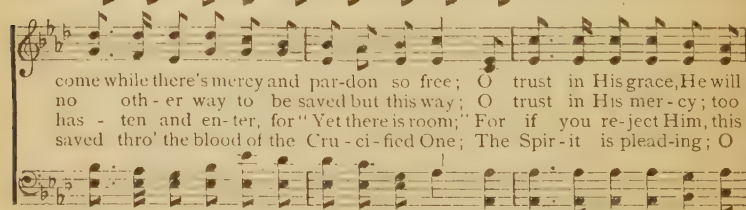
"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

Words arr.

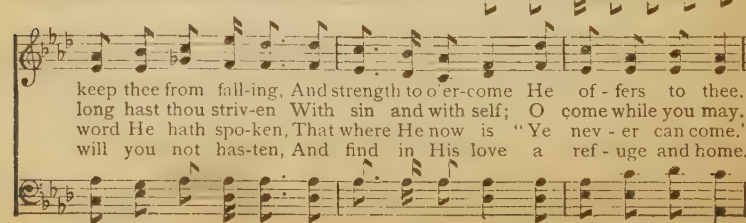
J. J. LOWE.



1. O come to the Sav-iour while now He is call-ing, O  
 2. There's no oth-er name a-mong men that is giv-en, There's  
 3. The door of His mer-cy is now stand-ing o-pen; O  
 4. And he that be-liev-eth, the prom-ise is writ-ten, Is



come while there's mercy and par-don so free; O trust in His grace, He will  
 no oth-er way to be saved but this way; O trust in His mer-cy; too  
 has-ten and en-ter, for "Yet there is room;" For if you re-ject Him, this  
 saved thro' the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One; The Spir-it is plead-ing; O



keep thee from fall-ing, And strength to o-ver-come He of-fers to thee.  
 long hast thou striv-en With sin and with self; O come while you may,  
 word He hath spo-ken, That where He now is "Ye nev-er can come."  
 will you not has-ten, And find in His love a ref-uge and home.

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# ④ Come to the Saviour.

## REFRAIN.

O come, come to the Sav - iour, O come, come while you may;

O come, come to the Sav - iour, He's ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

## No. 290. Quiet, Lord, my froward Heart.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—Isa. 32: 18.

J. NEWTON.

F. KÜCKEN, arr. J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild,  
2. What Thou shalt to - day pro - vide, Let me as a child re - ceive;  
3. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be - yond its own,

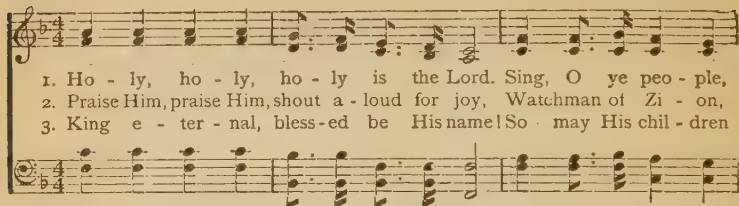
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a lit - tle child—  
What to - mor - row may be - tide, Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave;  
Be - ing nei - ther strong nor wise, Fears to take a step a - lone—

From distrust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.  
'Tis e - nough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the bur - den bear?  
Let me thus with Thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, Friend, and Guide.

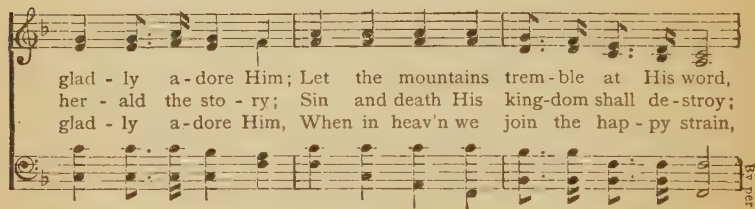
*"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.*

F. J. C.

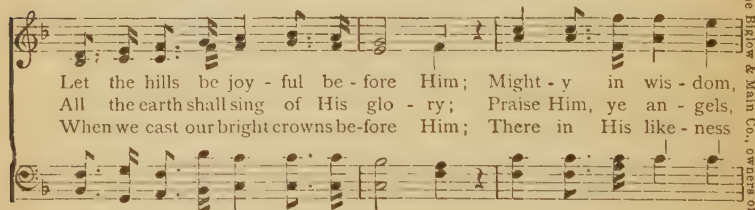
WM. B. BRADBURY.



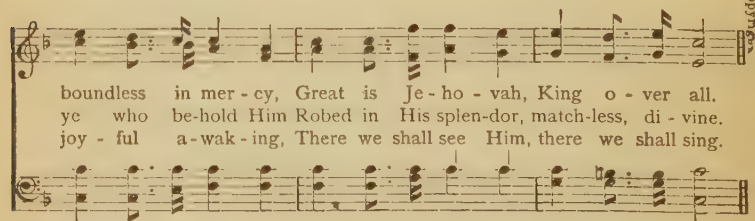
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord. Sing, O ye peo - ple,  
 2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout a - loud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on,  
 3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So - may His chil - dren



glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mountains trem - ble at His word,  
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy;  
 glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

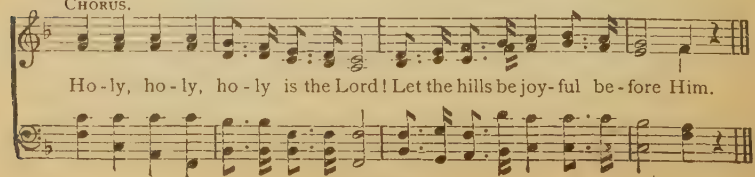


Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,  
 All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,  
 When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him; There in His like - ness



boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.  
 ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.  
 joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

## CHORUS.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

# No. 292. Praise, my Soul, the King of Glory.

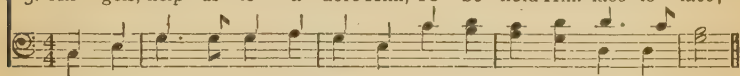
"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

H. F. LYTE.

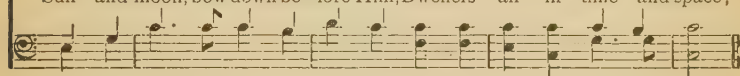
HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.



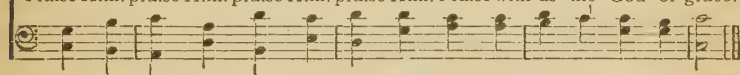
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet Thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;
3. An-gels, help us to a-dore Him, Ye be-hold Him face to face;



Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, for-giv-en, Who like thee His praise shall sing?  
Praise Him still, the same as ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
Sun and moon, bow down be-fore Him, Dwellers all in time and space;



Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King!  
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness!  
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

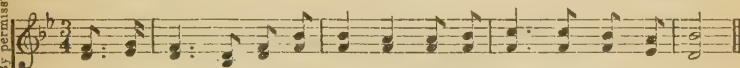


# No. 293. Christ, my All.

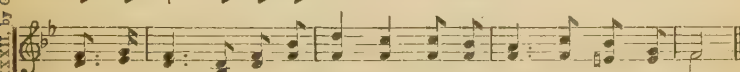
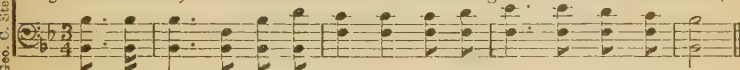
"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR.

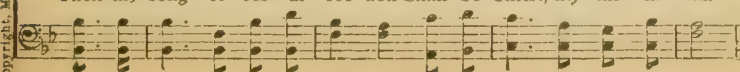
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. In the hour when guilt as-sails me, On His gra-cious name I call,
2. In the night when sorrow clouds me, And the burn-ing teardrops fall,
3. In the day when this im-mor-tal Shall fling off its mor-tal thrall,



Then I find the heavenly fullness, Christ, my right-eous-ness, my all.  
Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my Broth-er and my all.  
Then my song of res-ur-rec-tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.



# Christ, my All.

## CHORUS.

All my song when standing yon - der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,

This shall ev - er be my anthem, "Christ my glo - ry, Christ my all;"

This shall ev - er be my anthem, "Christ my glo - ry, Christ my all."

## No. 294.

## O Wondrous Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

I. WATTS, arr.

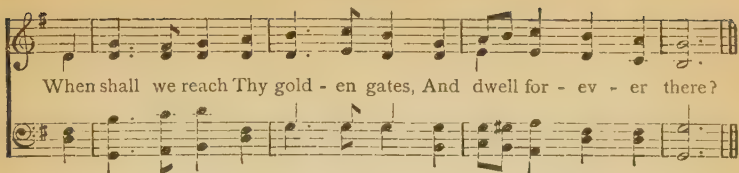
IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,

Et - er - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.  
 Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.  
 So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

## CHORUS.

O wond'-rous land be-yond the sky, O land so bright and fair,



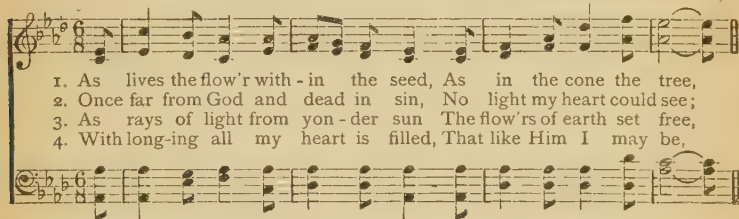
When shall we reach Thy gold - en gates, And dwell for - ev - er there?

# No. 295. Christ Liveth in Me.

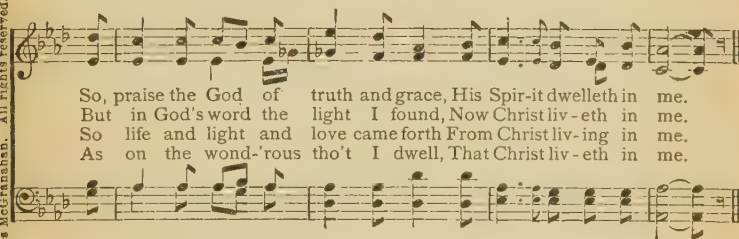
"Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2: 20.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

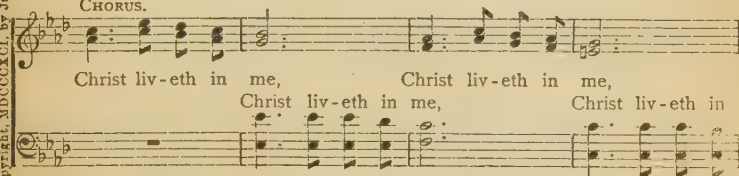


1. As lives the flow'r with - in the seed, As in the cone the tree,  
2. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;  
3. As rays of light from yon - der sun The flow'rs of earth set free,  
4. With long-ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,

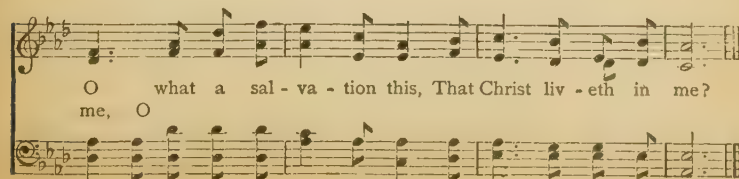


So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.  
But in God's word the light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.  
So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv-ing in me.  
As on the wond'-rous tho't I dwell, That Christ liv - eth in me.

## CHORUS.



Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,  
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,



O what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me?  
me, O



# No. 296. We Have Felt the Love of Jesus.

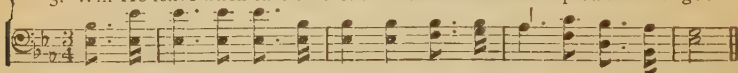
"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31 : 3.

REV. J. P. HUTCHINSON. Arr. by E. N.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.



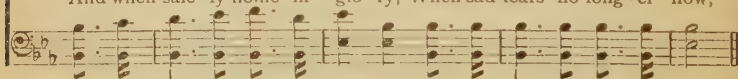
1. We have felt the love of Je - sus In our hearts with rap-ture glow ;
2. Chos-en not for our de - serv-ings, But that God His grace might show ;
3. Will He leave when care en-croach-es ? When we're tempted will He go ?



Will that love for-sake and leave us ? Nev-er, no ! Oh, nev-er, no !  
For our fail-ures will He leave us ? Nev-er, no ! Oh, nev-er, no !  
When the last dread hour ap-proach-es ? Nev-er, no ! Oh, nev-er, no !



If on beds of pain we languish, Earthly friends may light-ly go,  
'Tis in Christ the Fa-ther sees us, To His Son the love doth flow ;  
And when safe-ly home in glo-ry, When sad tears no long-er flow,



Will He leave us in our anguish ? Nev-er, no ! Oh, nev-er, no !  
Will He turn a-way from Je - sus ? Nev-er, no ! Oh, nev-er, no !  
Can we e'er for-get the sto - ry ? Nev-er, no ! Oh, nev-er, no !



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# No. 297. We'll Meet Each Other There.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord"—1 Thess. 4 : 17.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

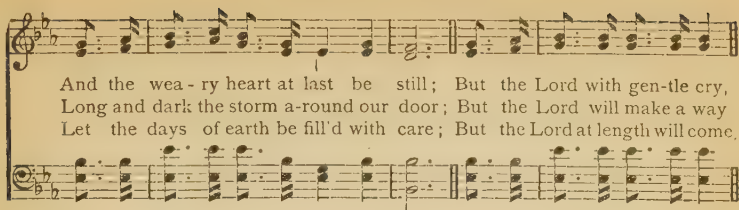


1. Soon will come the set-ting sun, When our work will all be done,
2. Deep the shad-ows in the vale, Fierce the howl-ing of the gale,
3. Flood the heart with part-ing tears, Frost the head with pass-ing years,

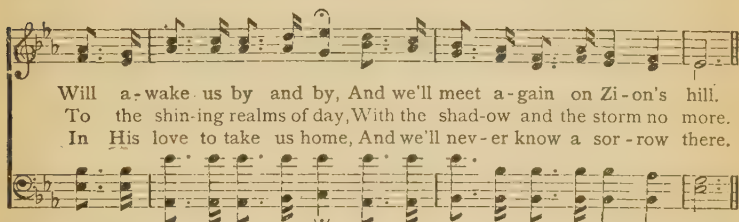


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# We'll Meet Each Other There.

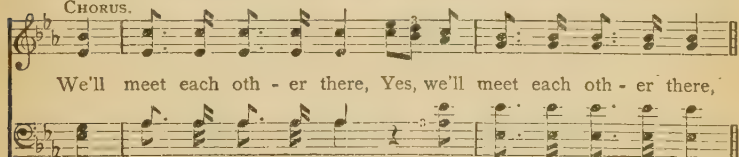


And the wea - ry heart at last be still; But the Lord with gen - tle cry,  
Long and dark the storm a - round our door; But the Lord will make a way  
Let the days of earth be fill'd with care; But the Lord at length will come.

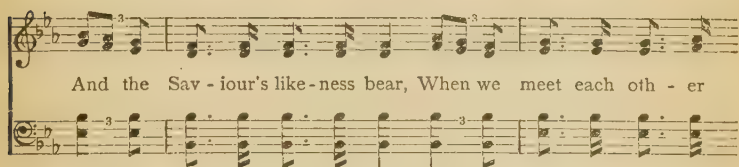


Will a - wake us by and by, And we'll meet a - gain on Zi - on's hill.  
To the shin - ing realms of day, With the shad - ow and the storm no more.  
In His love to take us home, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

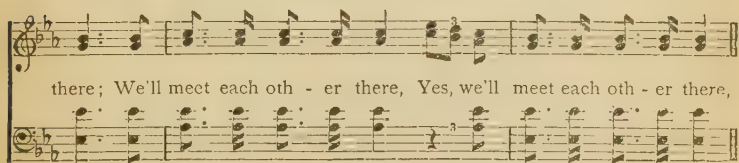
## CHORUS.



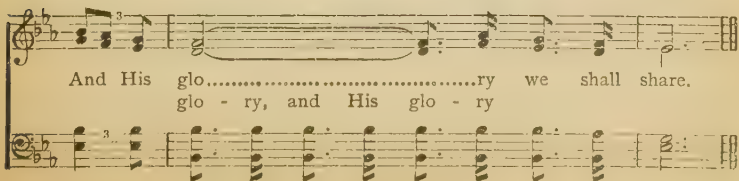
We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there,



And the Sav - iour's like - ness bear, When we meet each oth - er



there; We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there,



And His glo.....ry we shall share.  
glo - ry, and His glo - ry

WM. B. TAPPAN.

*"It is finished."*—John 19: 30.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone,  
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd, The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;  
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt, The Man of sor-row weeps in blood;

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den now The suff'-ring Sav-iour prays a-lone.  
 Ev'n that dis-ci-ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Mas-ter's grief and tears.  
 Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.

## No. 299. Blessed Saviour, Ever Nearer.

*"Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ."*—Eph. 2: 13.

Furnished by MERTON SMITH.

Arr. by EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, ev-er near-er, I am draw-ing to Thy feet;  
 2. Bless-ed Sav-iour, I would nev-er, Nev-er more Thy love re-ject;  
 3. Bless-ed Sav-iour, draw me near-er, Ev-er near-er to Thy heart,  
 4. Bless-ed Sav-iour, let me lin-ger Ev-er near Thy pre-cious feet,

Thou hast borne my ev-ery sor-row, I am made in Thee complete;  
 At Thy feet I learn the les-son How Thine im-age to re-lect;  
 When I'm wea-ry, heav-y la-den, And I feel the temp-ter's dart;  
 Till I hear that welcome summons, Come, thy lov'd ones now to greet;

For Thy love my soul is yearn-ing, More and more its pow'r im-part;  
 There I go when all for-sake me, When by foes I am op-pressed;  
 Oft I stum-ble, oft I fal-ter, Oft I'm toss'd on an-gry seas;  
 Oh, the joy that there a-waits me, While I hope and watch and pray!

# Blessed Saviour, Ever Nearer.

I have heard Thy ten - der plead - ing, Come and dwell with - in my heart.  
Then I hear Thy lov'd voice say - ing, Come to me, I'll give you rest.  
But I know that Thou wilt guide me, Thro' the storm, to end - less peace.  
For the morn - ing light is dawn - ing, Of the fair and end - less day.

## No. 300.

## Behold Him!

F. J. CROSBY.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John 1: 29.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Look up! Look up! ye wea - ry ones, Whose skies are veil'd in night,  
2. The gifts ye bro't with lov - ing hand Your Lord will not dis - own;  
3. Re - joice, the grave is o - ver - come, And lo! the an - gels sing;

For He who knows the path you tread Will yet re - store the light;  
Their o - dors sweet to heav'n shall rise Like in - cense 'round His throne;  
The grand - est tri - umph ev - er known Has come thro' Christ our King;

Look up! and hail the dawn - ing Of hope's tri - um - phant morn - ing.  
Look up! and hail the dawn - ing Of joy's tran - scen - dent morn - ing.  
All heav'n proclaims the dawn - ing Of love's all glo - rious morn - ing.

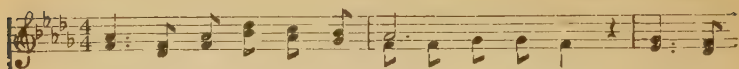
Be - hold Him! be - hold Him! Your Sa - viour lives to - day;

Be - hold Him! be - hold Him! The clouds have roll'd a - way.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray,..... Gen-tly  
 2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul,..... When life's  
 3. Sav-iour, lead me, till at last,..... When the



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen -



lead me all the way;..... I am safe when by Thy  
 storm-y bil-lows roll,..... I am safe when Thou art  
 storm of life is past,..... I shall reach the land of



tly lead me all the way; I am



side,..... I would in Thy love a-bide.....  
 night,..... On Thy mer-cy I re-ly.....  
 day, Where all tears are wip'd a-way.....

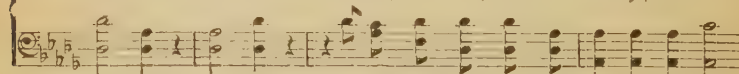


safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

## CHORUS.



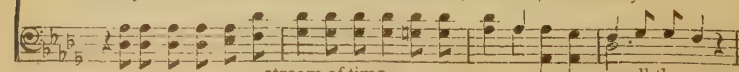
Lead me, lead me, Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray;



Saviour, lead me. lest I stray;



Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.



stream of time, all the way.



# No. 302.

# Return, O Wanderer!

"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—Isa. 55: 7.

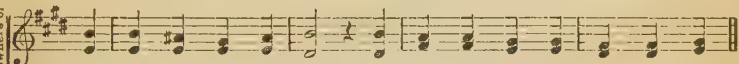
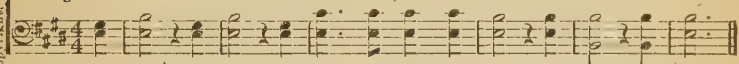
W. B. COLLYER, arr.

GEO. F. ROOT.

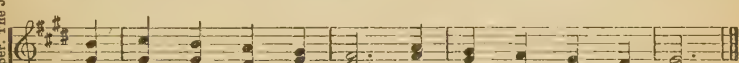
By per. The John Church Co., owners of Copyright.



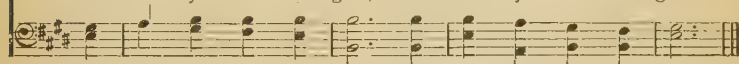
1. Re - turn! re - turn! O wan - d' rer, now re - turn! Re - turn! re - turn!
2. Re - turn! re - turn! O wan - d' rer, now re - turn! Re - turn! re - turn!
3. Re - turn! re - turn! O wan - d' rer, now re - turn! Re - turn! re - turn!



And seek thy Fa - ther's face; Those new de - sires which in thee burn  
He hears thy hum - ble sigh; He sees thy soft - ened spir - it mourn  
Thy Sav - iour bids thee live; Come hum - bly to His feet and learn



Were kin - dled by His grace, Were kin - dled by His grace.  
When no one else is nigh, When no one else is nigh.  
How free - ly He'll for - give, How free - ly He'll for - give.



# No. 303.

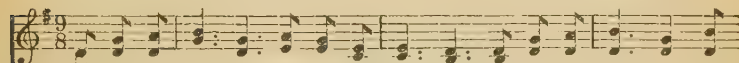
# Tenderly Calling.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—Ezek. 33: 11.

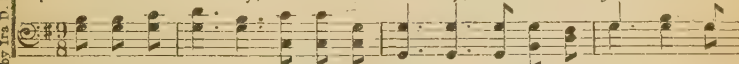
F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Copyright MDCCCXC, by Ira D. Sankey.



1. Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn and wea - ry, Lo! the good Shep - herd is
2. Still He is wait - ing, why wilt thou per - ish, Tho' thou hast wan - d' red so
3. List to His mes - sage, think of His mer - cy! Sin - less, yet bear - ing thy
4. Come in the old way, come in the true way, En - ter thro' Je - sus, for



call - ing to - day; Seek - ing to save thee, wait - ing to cleanse thee,  
far from the fold? Yet, with His life - blood, He has re - deem'd thee,  
sins on the tree; Per - fect re - mis - sion, life ev - er - last - ing,  
He is the Door; He is the Shep - herd, ten - der - ly call - ing,



# Tenderly Calling.

CHORUS.

Haste to re - ceive Him, no long - er de - lay.  
Wondrous compas - sion that can - not be told!  
Thro' His a - tone - ment, He of - fers to thee.  
Come in thy weak - ness, and wan - der no more.

Ten - der - ly call - ing,

pa - tient - ly call - ing, Hear the good Shepherd call - ing to thee; Tender - ly

call - ing, pa - tient - ly call - ing, Lov - ing - ly say - ing, "Come un - to Me!"

## No. 304. Search me, O Lord.

GRACE J. FRANCES. "And know my heart."—Psa. 139: 23.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Search me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine, Search me, and  
2. Search me, O Lord, sub - due each vain de - sire, And in my  
3. Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin, Re - fine as  
4. Search me, O Lord, let faith thro' grace di - vine Thy - self re -

prove if I in - deed am Thine; Test by Thy word, that nev - er  
soul a deep - er love in spire; Hide Thou my life, that I, su -  
gold, and keep me pure with - in; Search Thou my tho'ts whose springs Thine  
flect, in ev - 'ry act of mine, Till at Thy call my wait - ing

changed can be, My strength of hope and liv - ing faith in Thee.  
preme - ly blest, Be - neath Thy wings in per - fect peace may rest.  
eyes can see, From se - cret faults, O Sav - iour, cleanse Thou me.  
soul shall rise, Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the skies.

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*"The spirit and the bride say come."—Rev. 22: 17.*

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Hear the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come, come; To the fount-ain  
 2. 'Tis the voice of Je - sus say - ing, Come, come, come; Now His blest com-  
 3. 'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it call - ing, Come, come, come; Ere the shades of  
 4. Lo! the Spir - it and the Bride say, Come, come, come; And let him that

of sal - va - tion, Come, come, come; Healing streams are flowing still; Welcome,  
 mand o - bey - ing, Come, come, come; He will cleanse from ev - ry ill; Welcome,  
 death be fall - ing, Come, come, come; He the heart with peace will fill; Welcome,  
 hear-eth now say, Come, come, come; And let him that is a - thirst Come, and

"who - so - ev - er will; Let him take the wa - ter of life free - ly."

CHORUS.  
 Let him take,..... let him take,..... Let him  
 Let him take, let him take, let him take,

take the wa - ter of life free - ly; Let him take,.....  
 Let him take,

let him take,..... Let him take the wa - ter of life free - ly.  
 let him take,

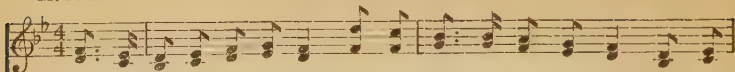
# No. 306.

# Up Yonder.

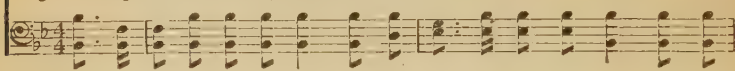
"Where I am, there ye may be also."—Jno. 14: 3.

M. FRASER.

M. A. SEA.



1. Safe up - on the heav'nly shore, Done with pain for - ev - er - more, Wea - ri -
2. Storms shall never reach us there, No more sor - row, pain or care, No more
3. Safe up - on the heav'nly shore, Done with sin for - ev - er - more, Wea - ri -



ness and weakness o'er, Up yon - der; O the calm and qui - et rest  
cross for us to bear, Up yon - der; Gain for them that suf - fered loss,  
ness and weakness o'er, Up yon - der; Nev - er more to know a fear,



On the loving Saviour's breast; It is better than earth's best, Up yon - der.  
Crowns for them that bore the cross, And a calm for hearts that toss, Up yon - der.  
Nev - er - more to shed a tear, Better far than ev - er here, Up yon - der.



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# No. 307.

# In Heavenly Pastures.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23: 2.

Mrs. M. A. WHITAKER.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. In the heav'n - ly past - ures fair, 'Neath the ten - der Shepherd's care,
2. Far from all the noise and strife That dis - turb our dai - ly life,
3. O how good and true and kind, Seek - ing His stray sheep to find,

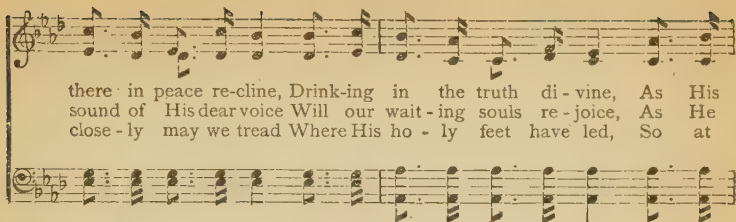


Let us rest be - side the liv - ing stream to - day; Calm ly  
Let us pause a - while in si - lence and a - dore; Then the  
If they wan - der in - to dan - ger from His side; Ev - er

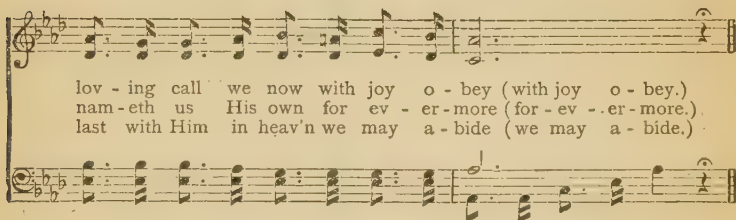


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# In Heavenly Pastures.

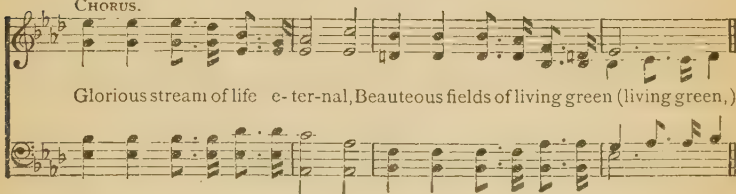


there in peace re-cline, Drink-ing in the truth di-vine, As His  
 sound of His dear voice Will our wait-ing souls re-joice, As He  
 close-ly may we tread Where His ho-ly feet have led, So at

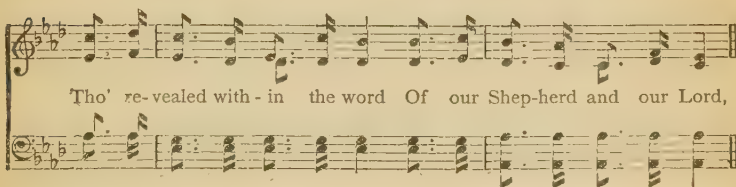


lov-ing call we now with joy o-bey (with joy o-bey.)  
 nam-eth us His own for ev-er-more (for-ev-er-more.)  
 last with Him in heav'n we may a-bide (we may a-bide.)

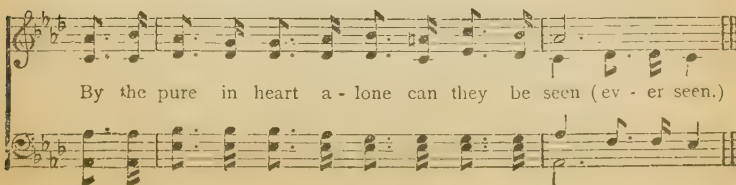
## CHORUS.



Glorious stream of life e-ter-nal, Beauteous fields of living green (living green,)



Tho' re-vealed with-in the word Of our Shep-herd and our Lord,



By the pure in heart a-lone can they be seen (ev-er seen.)



*"In my Father's house are many mansions."—Jno. 14: 2.*

REV. WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there:  
It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!  
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;  
Be mine a happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

## No. 309.

## Satisfied.

*"I shall be satisfied, when I wake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.*

HORATIUS BONAR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn-ing  
2. When I shall see Thy glo-ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou  
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the  
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev - er night re- turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,  
wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy store of grace,  
dear ones long removed, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast prov'd,  
eyes no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,

## REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied,  
I shall be

I shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in  
I shall be When I shall

# Satisfied.

that fair morn of morns; I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be  
I shall be I shall be

sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns.  
When I shall

## No. 310.

## Take Thou My Hand.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41: 13.

JULIA STERLING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Take Thou my hand, and lead me—Choose Thou my way; "Not as I  
2. Take Thou my hand, and lead me—Lord, I am Thine; Fill with Thy  
3. Take Thou my hand, and lead me, Lord, as I go; In - to Thy

will," O Fa-ther, Teach me to say; What though the storms may gath-er?  
Ho - ly Spir-it This heart of mine; Then in the hour of tri - al  
per - fect im-age Help me to grow; Still in Thine own pa - vil - ion

Thou knowest best; Safe in Thy ho - ly keeping, There would I rest.  
Strong shall I be— Read - y to do, or suf - fer, Dear Lord, for Thee.  
Shel - ter Thou me; Keep me, O Father, keep me, Close, close to Thee.

# No. 311.

## Waiting at the Door.

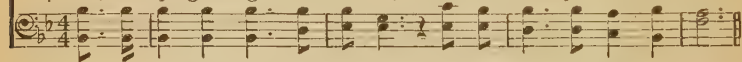
"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 14: 3.

Mrs. K. M. REASONER.

T. C. O'KANE.



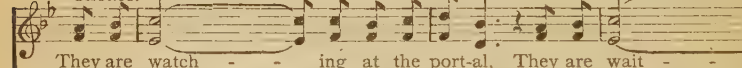
1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will bid me rise and come
2. Many a wea-ry path I've traveled, In the dark-est storm and strife,
3. Ma-ny friends that trav-eled with me Reached that portal long a-go;
4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short-er, And their triumphs soon-er won;



To the glo-ry of His pres-ence, To the glad-ness of His home.  
 Bear-ing many a heav-y bur-den,— Oft-en strug-gling for my life.  
 One by one they left me bat-tling With the dark and craft-y foe.  
 Oh, how lov-ing-ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.



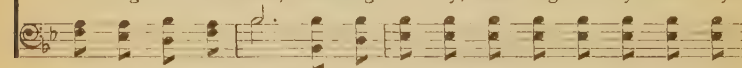
### CHORUS.



They are watch-ing at the port-al, They are wait-  
 They are watching, they are watching at the port-al, They are waiting, they are



-ing at the door; Wait-ing on-ly for my  
 wait-ing at the door; Wait-ing on-ly, wait-ing on-ly for my



com-ing, All the loved..... ones gone be-fore.  
 com-ing, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone be-fore.



# No. 312.

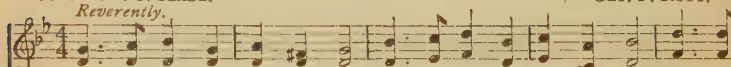
## They Crucified Him.

"—and parted his garments."—Matt. 27: 35.

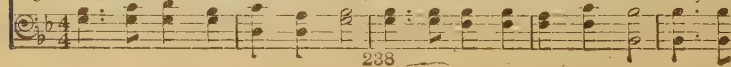
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverently.



1. From the Beth-lehem man-ger-home, Walk-ing His dear form be-side, We to
2. Scorn-ful words the sol-diers fling; Wicked rul-ers Him de-ride, Say-ing,
3. Wondrous love for sin-ful men, Of the sin-less One that died! May we



# They Crucified Him.

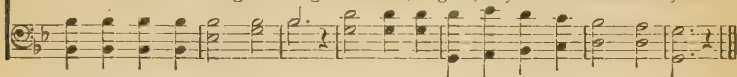
CHORUS.



Calvary's mount have come, Where our Lord was cru - ci - fied. }  
If Thou be the King, Save Thy-self, Thou cru - ci - fied. } Sweet tones of  
wound Thee not a - gain, Thou, O Christ, the cru - ci - fied. }



love come down the a - ges through: Fa - ther, forgive, they know not what they do.



## No. 313.

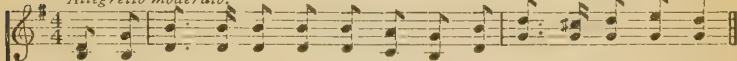
## Pass it On.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. 4: 2.

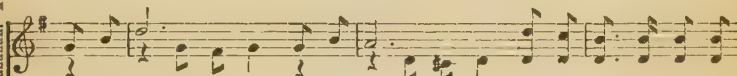
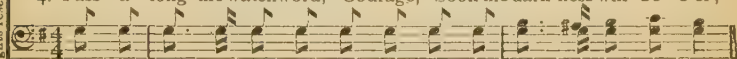
M. FRASER.

*Allegretto moderato.*

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Pass a - long the in - vi - ta - tion, Who - so - ev - er will may come;
2. Pass a - long the cup of com - fort That the Lord has giv - en you;
3. Pass a - long each boon and bless - ing That may come to you through life;
4. Pass a - long the watchword, "Courage;" Soon the dark - ness will be o'er;

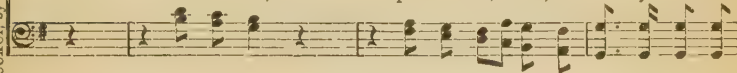


Pass it on, pass it on,

Pass it on,

pass it on,

Pass a - long the lov - ing  
Oth - er wea - ry, troubled  
You may help the wea - ry -  
See, al - read - y dawn is

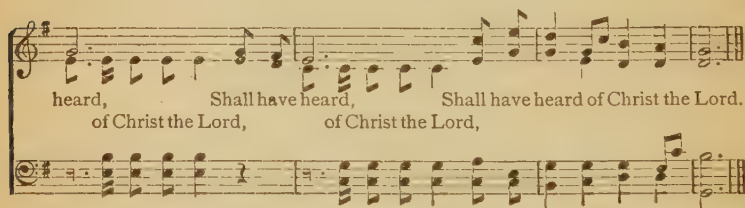
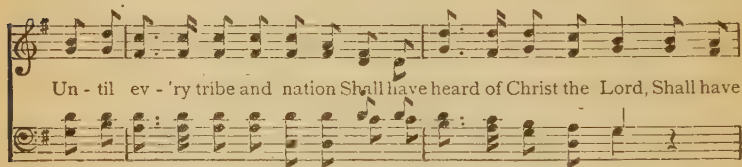
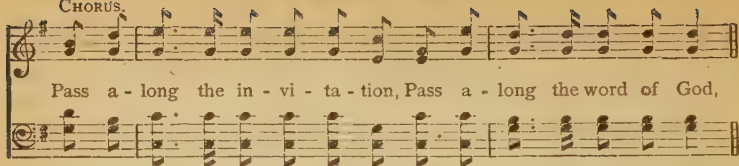


mes - sage Un - to ev - 'ry thirsty one; Pass it on,..... pass it on.  
spir - its Need to taste its sweetness too; Pass it on,..... pass it on.  
heart - ed Who are faint a - mid the strife; Pass it on,..... pass it on.  
breaking On the bright ce - les - tial shore; Pass it on,..... pass it on.



# Pass it On.

CHORUS.



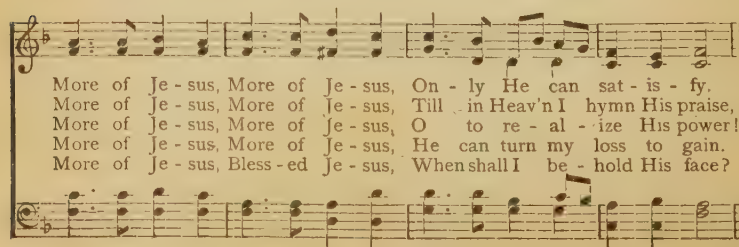
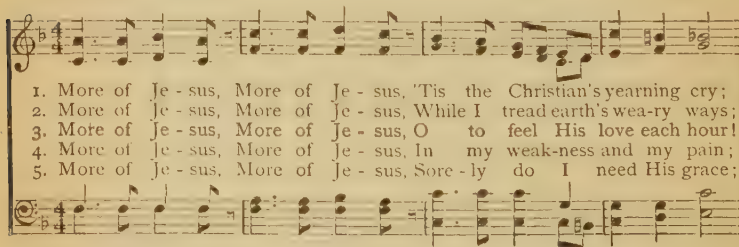
## No. 314.

## More of Jesus.

*"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord,"—2 Peter 1: 2.*

M. FRASER.

M. A. SEA.



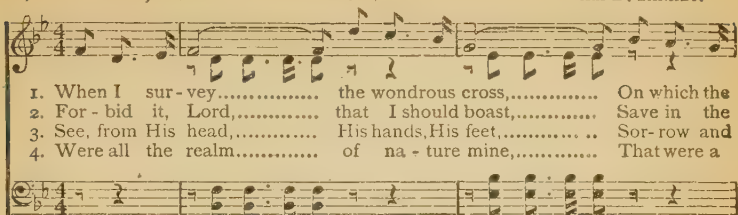
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*"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—Gal. 6: 14.

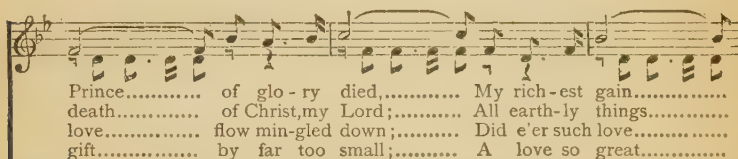
ISAAC WATTS, arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.



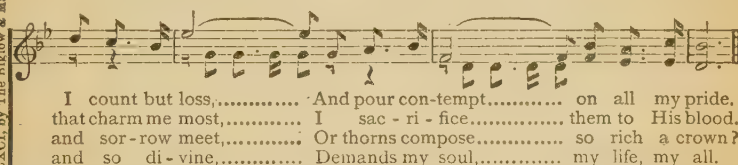
1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross,..... On which the  
 2. For - bid it, Lord,..... that I should boast,..... Save in the  
 3. See, from His head,..... His hands, His feet,..... Sor - row and  
 4. Were all the realm,..... of na - ture mine,..... That were a

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross,



Prince..... of glo - ry died,..... My rich - est gain.....  
 death..... of Christ, my Lord;..... All earth - ly things.....  
 love..... flow min - gled down;..... Did e'er such love.....  
 gift..... by far too small;..... A love so great.....

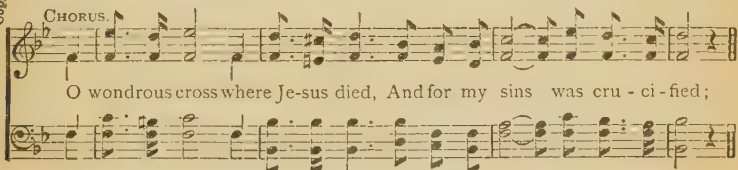
On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My richest gain



I count but loss,..... And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride.  
 that charm me most,..... I sac - ri - fice..... them to His blood.  
 and sor - row meet,..... Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown?  
 and so di - vine,..... Demands my soul,..... my life, my all.

I count but loss, And pour contempt

## CHORUS.



O wondrous cross where Je - sus died, And for my sins was cru - ci - fied;

My longing eyes look up to Thee, Thou blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

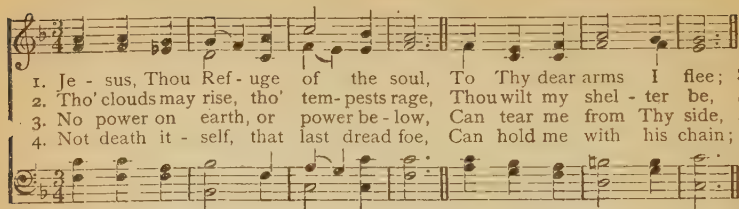
# No. 316.

# Our Refuge.

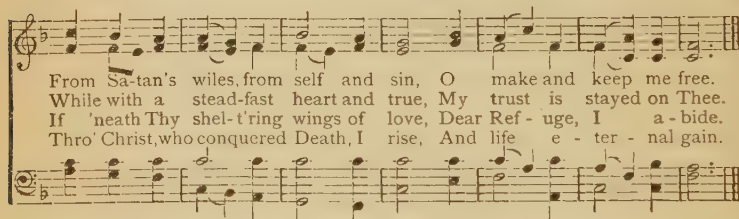
"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

Mrs. C. WARREN.

MURBERT P. MAIN.



1. Je - sus, Thou Ref - uge of the soul, To Thy dear arms I flee;  
 2. Tho' clouds may rise, tho' tem - pests rage, Thou wilt my shel - ter be,  
 3. No power on earth, or power be - low, Can tear me from Thy side,  
 4. Not death it - self, that last dread foe, Can hold me with his chain;



From Sa - tan's wiles, from self and sin, O make and keep me free.  
 While with a stead - fast heart and true, My trust is stayed on Thee.  
 If 'neath Thy shel - t'ring wings of love, Dear Ref - uge, I a - bide.  
 Thro' Christ, who conquered Death, I rise, And life e - ter - nal gain.

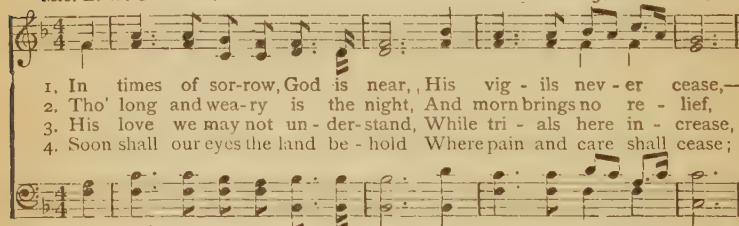
# No. 317.

# In Me ye shall have Peace.

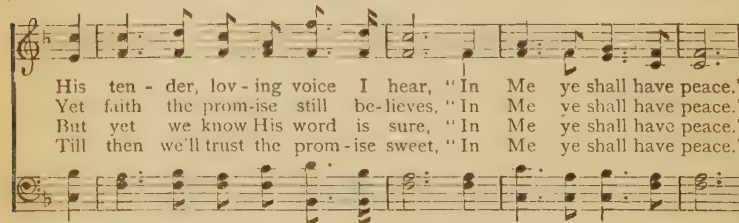
"In me ye might have peace."—John 16: 33.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

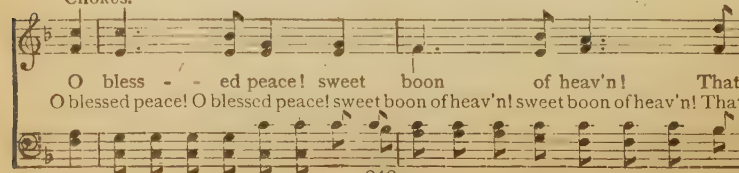


1. In times of sor - row, God is near, His vig - ils nev - er cease,—  
 2. Tho' long and wea - ry is the night, And morn brings no re - lief,  
 3. His love we may not un - der - stand, While tri - als here in - crease,  
 4. Soon shall our eyes the land be - hold Where pain and care shall cease;



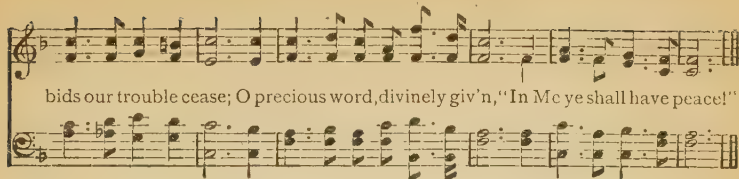
His ten - der, lov - ing voice I hear, "In Me ye shall have peace."  
 Yet faith the prom - ise still be - lieves, "In Me ye shall have peace."  
 But yet we know His word is sure, "In Me ye shall have peace."  
 Till then we'll trust the prom - ise sweet, "In Me ye shall have peace."

CHORUS.



O bless - - ed peace! sweet boon of heav'n! That  
 O blessed peace! O blessed peace! sweet boon of heav'n! sweet boon of heav'n! That

In Me ye shall have Peace.



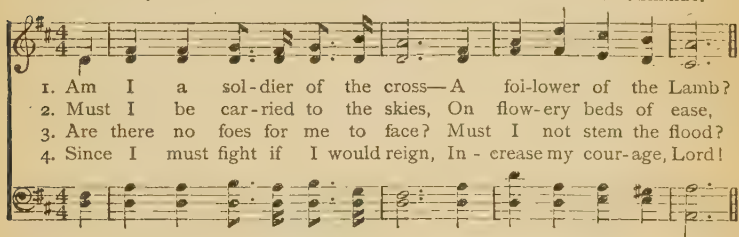
No. 318.

A Soldier of the Cross.

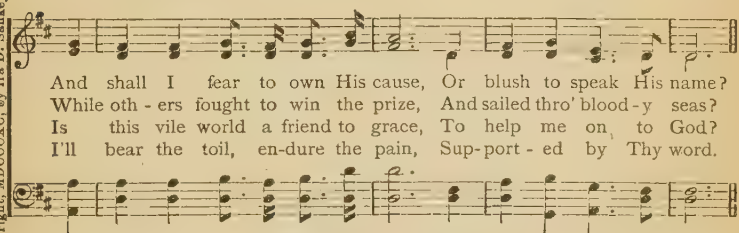
"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

ISAAC WATTS.

IRA D. SANKEY.

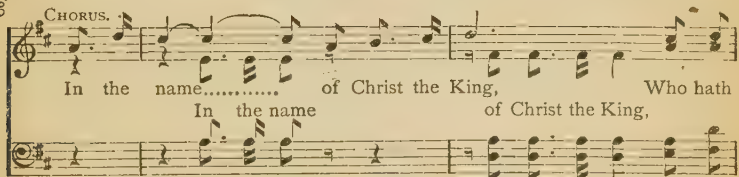


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow-ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour-age, Lord!

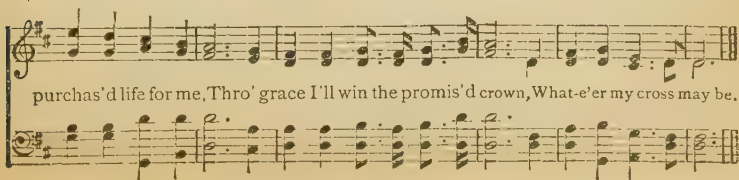


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on, to God?  
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.



In the name..... of Christ the King, Who hath  
In the name of Christ the King,



purchas'd life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promis'd crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

# No. 319.

# My God and my All.

WM. YOUNG.

"Behold, God is mine helper.—Ps. 54: 4.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and de-fend-er, No  
 2. Yes, Thou art my ref-uge in sor-row and dan-ger, My  
 3. And when Thou de-mand-est the life Thou hast giv-en, With

cares can o'er-whelm me, no ter-rors ap-pall; The wiles and the  
 strength when I suf-fer, my hope when I fall; My com-fort and  
 joy will I an-swer Thy mer-ci-ful call, And quit this poor

snares of the world will but ren-der More live-ly my hope in my  
 joy in this land of the stran-ger, My treas-ure, my glo-ry, my  
 earth but to find Thee in heav-en, My por-tion for-ev-er, my

## REFRAIN.

My God and my all, My  
 God and my all. My God, my all,

God and my all,  
 My God, my all, My treas-ure, my glo-ry, My God and my all.

# No. 320. O I Love to Talk with Jesus.

Words arr.

"Let me talk with thee."—Jer. 12: 1. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. { O I love to talk with Je-sus, for it smooths the rug-ged road; }  
 { And it seems to help me on-ward, when I taint be-neath my load; }  
 2. { Oft I tell Him I am wea-ry, and I fain would be at rest; }  
 { That I'm dai-ly, hour-ly, long-ing to re-pose up-on His breast; }

# O I Love to Talk with Jesus.

When my heart is crush'd with sor-row, and my eyes with tears are dim,  
And He an-swers me so kind-ly, in the tend'rest tones of love,

There is nought can yield me com-fort like a lit-tle talk with Him.  
"I am com-ing soon to take thee to My hap-py home a-bove."

- 3 Though the day is long and dreary to that far off distant clime,  
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the time;  
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous grace explore,  
How my longing groweth stronger still to know Him more and more.
- 4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,  
And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall climb;  
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be,  
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with me.

## No. 321.

## Sing unto the Lord.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30: 4

J. H. JOHNSTON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

"Sing un-to the Lord, O ye saints of His, sing, sing,

Sing un-to the Lord, And at the remembrance of His ho-li-ness,

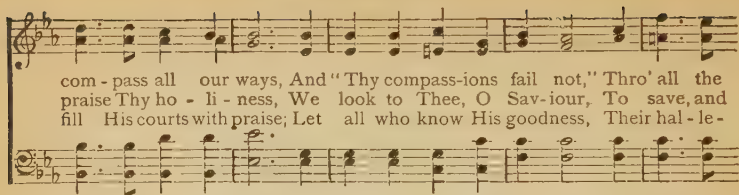
FINE.

O give thanks unto the Lord."

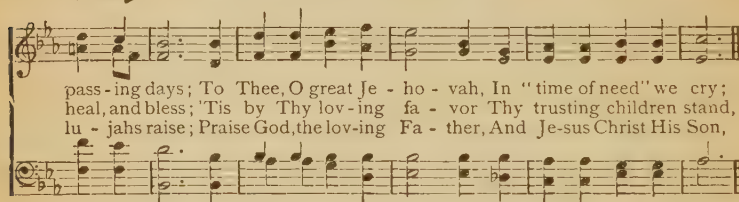
1. O Lord, Thy lov-ing kind-ness Doth
2. Thy goodness we re-mem-ber, We
3. Let saints re-count His mer-cies, And



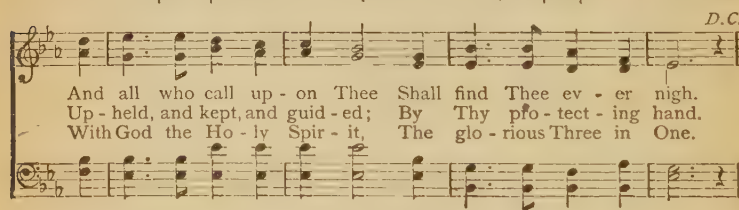
Sing unto the Lord.



com - pass all our ways, And "Thy compass-ions fail not," Thro' all the  
praise Thy ho - li - ness, We look to Thee, O Sav-iour, To save, and  
fill His courts with praise; Let all who know His goodness, Their hal - le -



pass - ing days; To Thee, O great Je - ho - vah, In "time of need" we cry;  
heal, and bless; 'Tis by Thy lov - ing fa - vor Thy trusting children stand,  
lu - jahs raise; Praise God, the lov - ing Fa - ther, And Je - sus Christ His Son,



D. C.

And all who call up - on Thee Shall find Thee ev - er nigh.  
Up - held, and kept, and guid - ed; By Thy pfo - tect - ing hand.  
With God the Ho - ly Spir - it, The glo - rious Three in One.

No. 322.

I wait for Thee, O Lord.

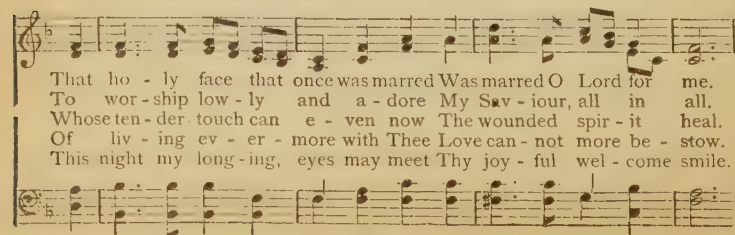
"My soul waiteth for the Lord."—Ps. 130: 8.

E. B.

M. A. SEA.



1. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy glo - rious face to see,  
2. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Be - fore Thy feet to fall,  
3. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy lov - ing hand to feel,  
4. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy rap - ture deep to know,  
5. I wait for Thee, O Lord! But for a lit - tle while;



That ho - ly face that once was marred Was marred O Lord for me.  
To wor - ship low - ly and a - dore My Sav - iour, all in all.  
Whose ten - der touch can e - ven now The wounded spir - it heal.  
Of liv - ing ev - er - more with Thee Love can - not more be - stow.  
This night my long - ing, eyes may meet Thy joy - ful wel - come smile.

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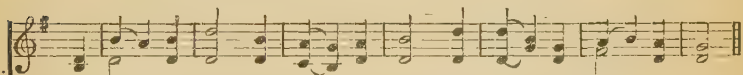
*"Let not your heart be troubled."*—John 14: 1.

CHARLES BRUCE.

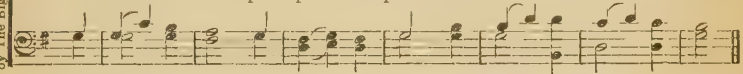
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. How oft our souls are lift - ed up, When clouds are dark and drear,
2. How oft a - mid our dai - ly toil, With anx - ious care oppressed,
3. O may our faith in Him be strong, Who feels our ev - 'ry care,
4. Then let us work, and watch and pray, Re - ly - ing on the love

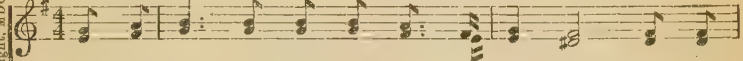


For Je - sus comes, and kind - ly speaks These lov - ing words of cheer.  
 We hear a - gain the pre - cious word That tells of joy and rest.  
 And will for us, as He hath said, A place in heaven pre - pare.  
 Of Him who now pre - pares a place For us in heaven a - bove.



John 14: 2.

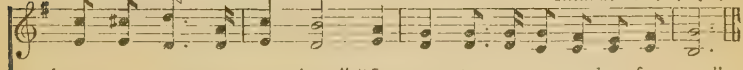
CHORUS.



"In my Fa - ther's house are ma - ny man - sions; If it



were not so I would have told you; In my Fa - ther's

*Ritard.*

house are ma - ny man - sions," "I go to pre - pare a place for you."



# No. 324.

# We would see Jesus.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21.

Anon.

F. MENDELSSOHN, arr.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this  
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where-on our  
 3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long  
 4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need-ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak  
 feet were set with sov - reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their  
 years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-  
 will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.  
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.  
 age are fail - ing: We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.  
 ris - en, plead-ing: Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night!

# No. 325.

# Pray, Brethren Pray!

"Watch and pray."—Mark. 13: 33.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

*Moderato.*

1. Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are falling; Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is calling  
 2. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rending, Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is ending  
 3. Watch, brethren, watch! The years are dying; Watch, brethren, watch! Old time is flying  
 4. Look, brethren, look! The day is breaking; Hark, brethren, hark! The dead are waking

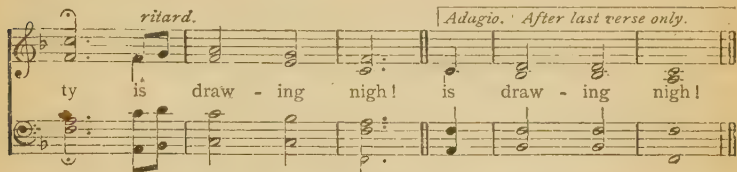
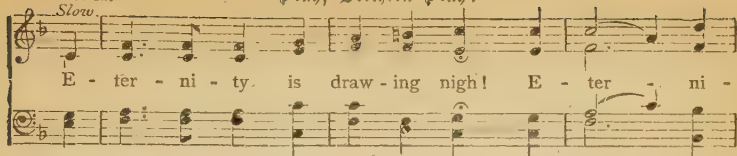
*Allegro.*

Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We kneel up-on the verge of time;  
 Be - hold, the glo - ry draw-eth near, The King Him-self will soon ap - pear;  
 Watch as men watch the parting breath, Watch as men watch for life or death;  
 With gird-ed loins all read - y stand; Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand:

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CHORUS.  
*Slow.*

Pray, Brethren Pray!



## No. 326. Young Men in Christ the Lord.

Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the World.

ROBERT WEIDENSALL.

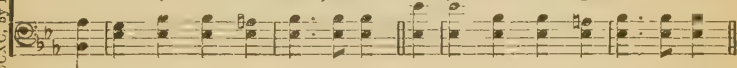
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



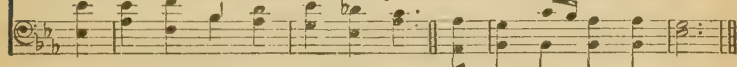
1. Young men in Christ the Lord, Own Him your Saviour God, His name a - dore;
2. Young men in Christ the Lord, Be might-y in His word, Its truths de - clare;
3. Young men in Christ the King, Your grateful tribute bring, Of love and praise;
4. Young men in Christ the Friend, On Him all hopes depend, Of true re - lief;



For by His wond'rous sac - ri - fice, He paid the great re - demption price,  
And seek the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r, By faith and per - se - ver - ing pray'r,  
U - nit - ed in His roy - al name, With loy - al hearts His words proclaim,  
To ev - ry bur - dened soul you meet, His gracious, lov - ing words, so sweet,



That all might have e - ter - nal life, That come to God thro' Him.  
That ye may wit - ness a - ny - where, That sin - ful men are found.  
Throughout the world to all Young Men, "Ye must be born a - gain."  
"Come un - to me," with love re - peat, "And I will give you rest."



- 5 Young men in Christ, arise,  
The world before you lies,  
Enslaved in sin;  
Make haste to swell the mission band,  
Prepared to go at His command,  
To save lost men in every land,  
At any sacrifice,

- 6 Young men in Christ the Son,  
In Him we all are one;  
For this He prayed;  
Then let us join the heavenly throng,  
To sound His praise in endless song,  
For all we have and are belong  
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

## No. 327.

## Coming Home To-night.

*"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."*—John 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. We are com-ing home to Je-sus, We have heard His wel-come voice;  
 2. We are com-ing home to Je-sus, For He died that we might live;  
 3. We are com-ing home to Je-sus, By the cross, our on-ly way;

We are trust-ing in His good-ness, In His mer-cy we re-joice.  
 He is will-ing to re-ceive us, He is wait-ing to for-give.  
 There He fin-ished our re-demp-tion, And we can no more de-lay.

## REFRAIN.

We are com-ing home, we are com-ing home, We are  
 com-ing, com-ing com-ing, com-ing

coming from the darkness to the light; We are com-ing home,  
 light, to the light; coming, coming

We are com-ing home, We are com-ing home to - night.  
 com-ing, com-ing com-ing, com-ing

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## No. 328. At Eben, ere the Sun was Set.

*"He healed them that had need of healing."*—Luke 9: 11.

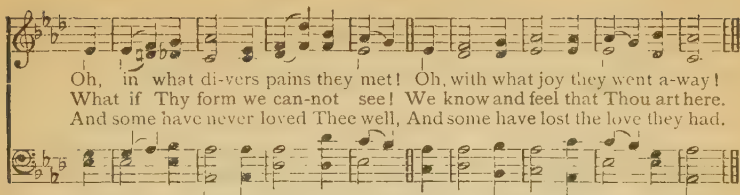
REV. HENRY TWELLS.

TIMOTHY B. MASON.

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
 2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide; and we, Oppress'd with various ills, draw near;  
 3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dis-pel; For some are sick and some are sad,



# At Even, ere the Sun was Set.



4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,  
 And to be wholly free from sin;  
 And they who fain would serve Thee best,  
 Are conscious most of sin within.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
 Here in this solemn evening hour,  
 Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all.

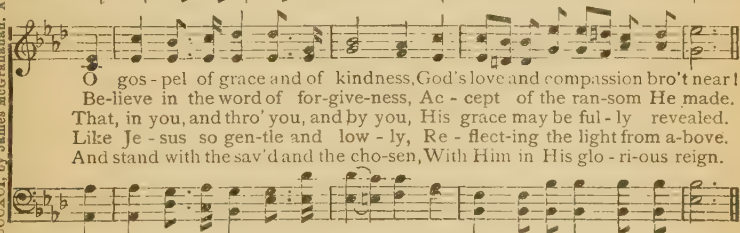
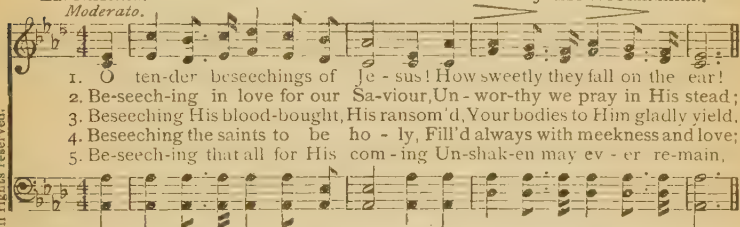
## No. 329.

## Beseechings of Jesus.

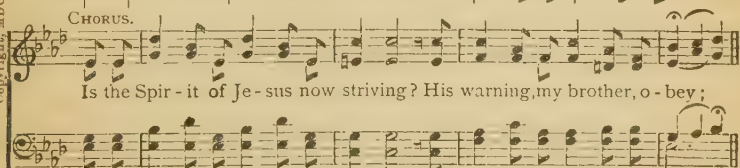
"As though God did beseek you by us."—2 Cor. 5: 20.

EL. NATHAN.  
*Moderato.*

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

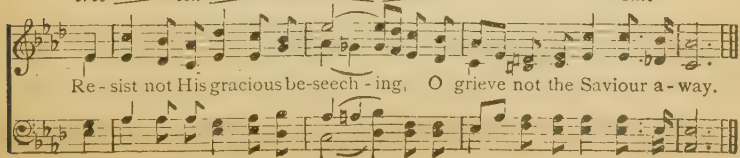


CHORUS.



cres-—cen—do.

Rit.



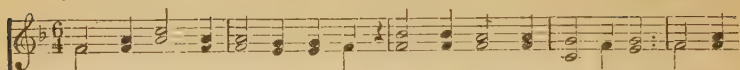
# No. 330.

# He Died for Thee.

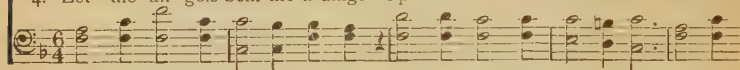
F. J. CROSBY.

"The Son of man is come to save."—Matt. 18: 14.

S. J. VAIL.



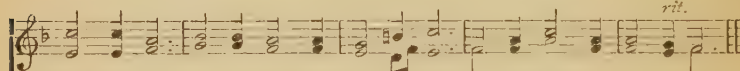
1. Troubled heart, thy God is call-ing! He is draw-ing ver - y near; Do not
2. Come, the Spir - it still is pleading, Come to Him, the meek and mild; He is
3. Art thou wait-ing till the morrow? Thou may'st nev-er see its light; Come at
4. Let the an - gels bear the ti-dings Up-ward to the courts of heav'n! Let them



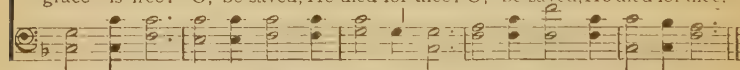
CHORUS.



hide thy deep e - mo-tion, Do not check that fall-ing tear,  
wait-ing now to save you, Wilt thou not be rec-on-ciled? } O, be saved, His  
oncel ac-cept His mer-cy; He is wait-ing—come to-night.  
sing, with ho - ly rap-ture, O'er an - oth - er soul forgiv'n!



grace is free! O, be saved, He died for thee! O, be saved, He died for thee.



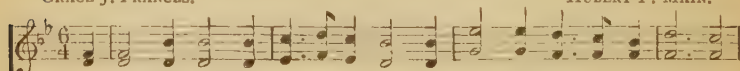
# No. 331.

# Wonderful Love!

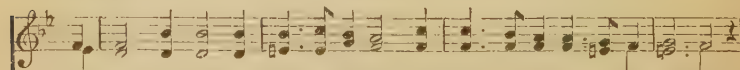
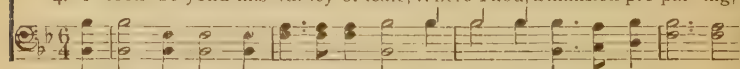
"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—John 15: 9.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. O Lord, my soul re-joic-eth in Thee, My tongue Thy mercy is tell-ing;
2. I came to Thee o'er-burden'd with care, My guilt with sorrow con-fess-ing;
3. To Thee, my hope and ref-uge di-vine, My faith is fer-vent-ly cling-ing;
4. I look be-yond this val-ley of tears, Where Thou, a mansion pre-par-ing,



I've found Thy love so precious to me, My heart with its rapture is swell-ing.  
'Twas love, Thy love, that banish'd my fear And gave me for sadness a bless-ing.  
And ev - 'ry hour some to-ken of love New joy to my spir-it is bring-ing.  
Wilt call me home for - ev - er with Thee, The bliss of the glo-ri-fied shar-ing.



# Wonderful Love!

## REFRAIN.

Won-derful love! O won-derful love! I'll sing of its ful-ness for-ev-er;

I've found the way that lead-eth a-bove, The way to the life giv-ing riv-er.

## No. 332.

## O Blessed Word.

*"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."*—Eph. 6: 17.

L. W. MUNHALL.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. E - ter - nal life God's Word pro-claims To lost and dy-ing men;  
2. God's grace is in His Ho - ly Word; We need it ev - 'ry day;  
3. By this same Word we know our work, And how it should be done;

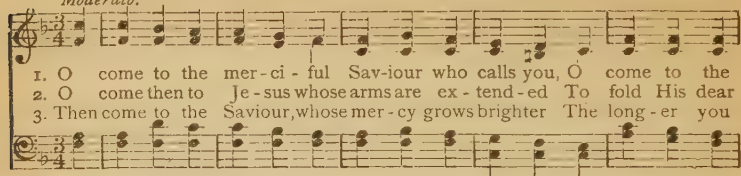
By it a-lone we know the Lord, Un-seen by mor-tal ken.  
In all our con-flicts this the sword Our ev - 'ry foe to slay.  
How we should live, and how thro' grace The prom-ised crown is won.

D.S.—O may it be our Strength and Sword, Till earth - ly strife is o'er.

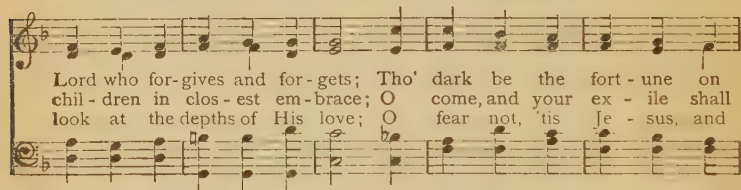
CHORUS.  
O bless - ed Word, O gra-cious Word, We love it more and more;

# No. 333. O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

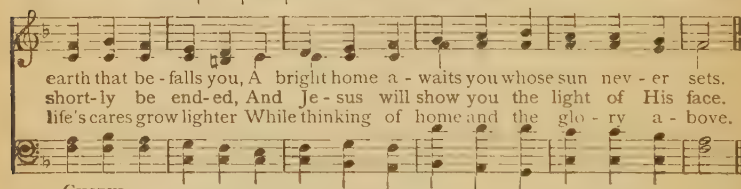
F. W. FABER, arr. "Come unto me all ye that labor."—Matt. 11: 28. IRA D. SANKEY.  
*Moderato.*



1. O come to the mer-ci-ful Sav-iour who calls you, O come to the  
2. O come then to Je-sus whose arms are ex-tend-ed To fold His dear  
3. Then come to the Saviour, whose mer-cy grows brighter The long-er you



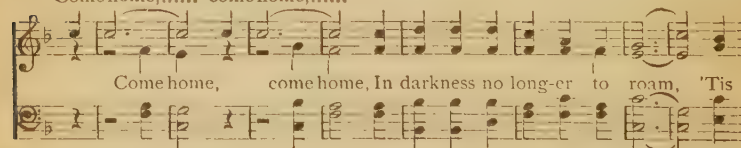
Lord who for-gives and for-gets; Tho' dark be the fort-une on  
chil-dren in clos-est em-brace; O come, and your ex-ile shall  
look at the depths of His love; O fear not, 'tis Je-sus, and



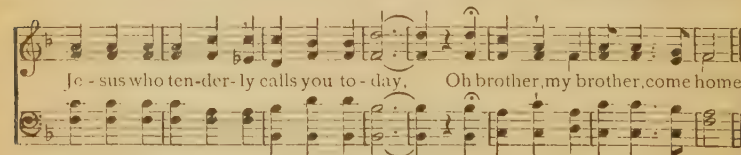
earth that be-falls you, A bright home a-waits you whose sun nev-er sets.  
short-ly be end-ed, And Je-sus will show you the light of His face.  
life's cares grow lighter While thinking of home and the glo-ry a-bove.

CHORUS.

Come home,..... come home,.....



Come home, come home, In darkness no long-er to roam, 'Tis



Je-sus who ten-der-ly calls you to-day, Oh brother, my brother, come home.

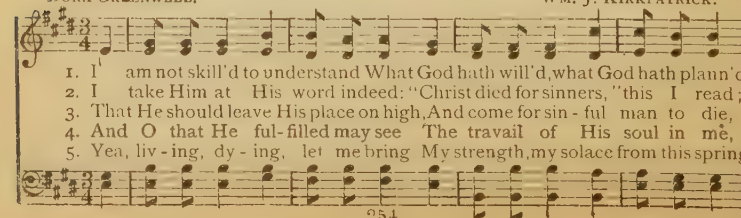
# No. 334.

# My Saviour.

"My Refuge, my Saviour."—2 Sam. 22: 3.

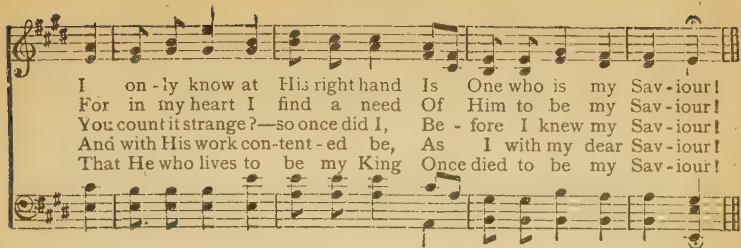
DORA GREENWELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;  
2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;  
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin-ful man to die;  
4. And O that He ful-filled may see The travail of His soul in me,  
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring

# My Saviour.



I on - ly know at His right hand Is One who is my Sav - iour!  
 For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav - iour!  
 You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav - iour!  
 And with His work con - tent - ed be, As I with my dear Sav - iour!  
 That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav - iour!

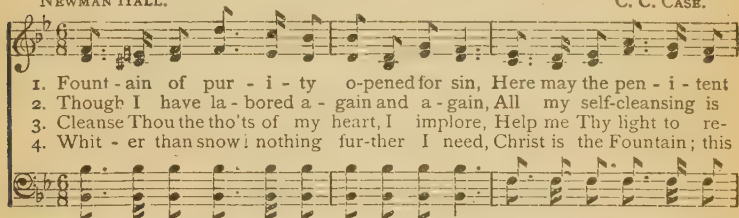
## No. 335.

## Christ the Fountain.

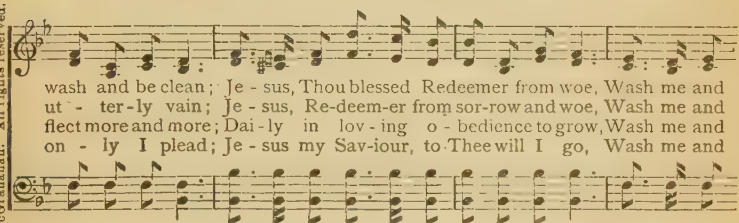
*"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."*—1 Jno. 1: 7.

NEWMAN HALL.

C. C. CASE.

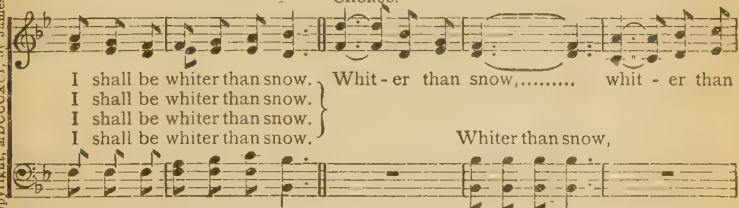


1. Fount - ain of pur - i - ty o - pened for sin, Here may the pen - i - tent  
 2. Though I have la - bored a - gain and a - gain, All my self - cleansing is  
 3. Cleanse Thou the tho'ts of my heart, I implore, Help me Thy light to re -  
 4. Whit - er than snow! nothing fur - ther I need, Christ is the Fountain; this

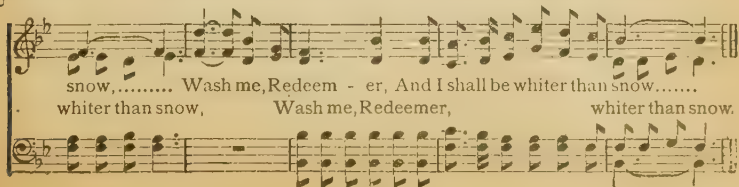


wash and be clean; Je - sus, Thou blessed Redeemer from woe, Wash me and  
 ut - ter - ly vain; Je - sus, Re - deem - er from sor - row and woe, Wash me and  
 flect more and more; Dai - ly in lov - ing o - bedience to grow, Wash me and  
 on - ly I plead; Je - sus my Sav - iour, to Thee will I go, Wash me and

### CHORUS.



I shall be whiter than snow. } Whit - er than snow,..... whit - er than  
 I shall be whiter than snow. }  
 I shall be whiter than snow. }  
 I shall be whiter than snow. } Whiter than snow,



snow,..... Wash me, Redeem - er, And I shall be whiter than snow,.....  
 whiter than snow, Wash me, Redeemer, whiter than snow.



# No. 336.

## My Offering.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51: 10.

J. H. JOHNSTON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

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1. I bring to Thee, O Mas-ter, My bur-den and my grief;  
 2. I bring my guilt-y nat-ure, For cleans-ing and for cure;  
 3. Thy mer-cy reach-es low-er Than all the depths of sin;  
 4. My fal-tering faith I bring Thee, My weak and wavering will;  
 I do be-lieve Thy prom-ise, Help Thou mine un-be-lief.  
 Oh, heal my sore dis-eas-es, Re-store and make me pure.  
 As Thy com-pas-sions fail not, Oh, give me peace with-in.  
 My spir-it fails and fal-ters; Thy prom-ise is ful-fill.

# No. 337.

## Coming To-Day.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

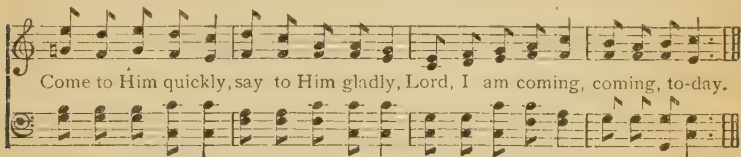
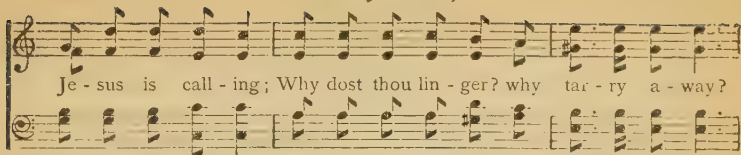
F. J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des-ert, seek-ing, seek-ing, Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus  
 2. Still He is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing; O what com-pas-sion  
 3. Lov-ing-ly plead-ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer-cy, though slighted,  
 seek-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,  
 beams in His eye! Hear Him re-peat-ing, gen-tly, gen-tly,  
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py;  
 REFRAIN.  
 Hith-er, thou lost one, O come un-to Me.  
 Come to thy Sav-iour, O why wilt thou die?  
 Come ere the life-star for-ev-er shall set. Je-sus is call-ing.

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# Coming To-Day.



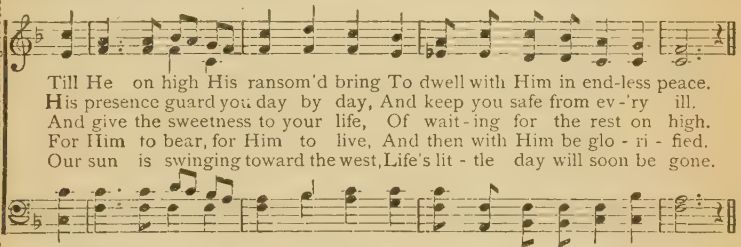
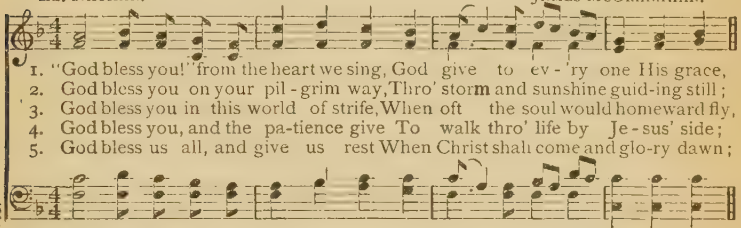
## No. 338.

## God Bless You.

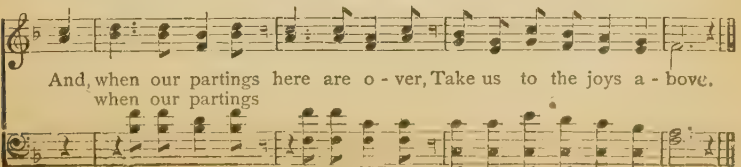
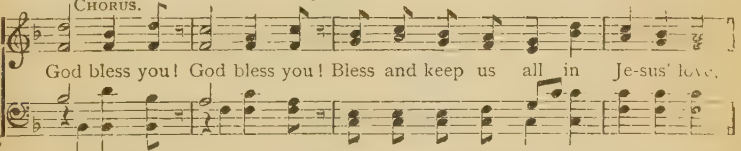
"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts."—2 Thess. 2: 16, 17.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



### CHORUS.

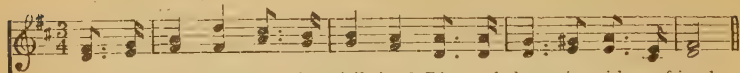


# No. 339. Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 King. 17: 16.

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend.
2. For the heart grows rich in giv-ing; All its wealth is liv-ing grain;
3. Lost and wea-ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
4. Is thy heart a well left emp-ty? None but God its void can fill;



And thro' all the years of fam-ine It shall serve Thee to the end.  
Seeds, which mil-dew in the gar-ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.  
Chafe that fro-zen form be-side thee, And to-geth-er both shall glow.  
Noth-ing but a cease-less fountain Can its cease-less longings still,



Love di-vine will fill thy store-house, Or thy hand-ful still re-new,  
Is thy bur-den hard and heav-y? Do thy steps drag wea-ri-ly?  
Art thou wound-ed in life's bat-tle? Ma-n'y strick-en round thee moan;  
Is thy heart a liv-ing pow-er? Self-entwin'd, its strength sinks low;



Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two;  
Help to lift thy broth-er's bur-den, God will bear both it and thee;  
Give to them thy pre-cious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own;  
It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by serv-ing love will grow;



Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.  
Help to lift thy broth-er's bur-den, God will bear both it and thee.  
Give to them thy pre-cious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.  
It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by serv-ing love will grow.



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# No. 340.

# Jesus, my All.

F. J. CROSBY.

"Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Anon.

*rit.*

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy seat, Hum - bly I fall; Plead - ing Thy  
 2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief, Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my  
 3. Still at Thy mer - cy - seat, Sa - viour, I fall; Trust - ing Thy

*rit.*

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,  
 un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!  
 prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

*rit.*

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev - ery sin, Je - sus, my all.  
 'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.  
 This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

# No. 341. Singing with Grace to the Lord.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. 3: 16.

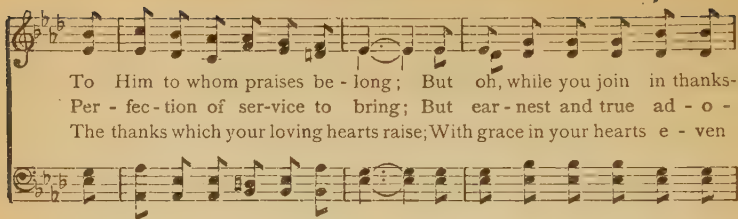
J. H. JOHNSTON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

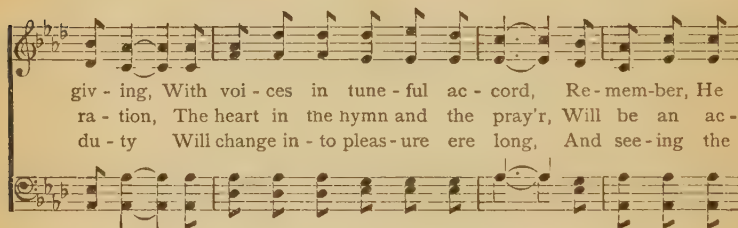
1. Come in - to His pres - ence with sing - ing, O wor - ship the  
 2. Not yet as the an - gels in heav - en, May mor - tals their  
 3. Then come to His courts with re - joic - ing, And join in the

Lord with a song, A trib - ute of grat - i - tude bring - ing,  
 grat - i - tude sing; Not here up - on earth is it giv - en,  
 cho - rus of praise; The pray'r and the an - them but voice - ing

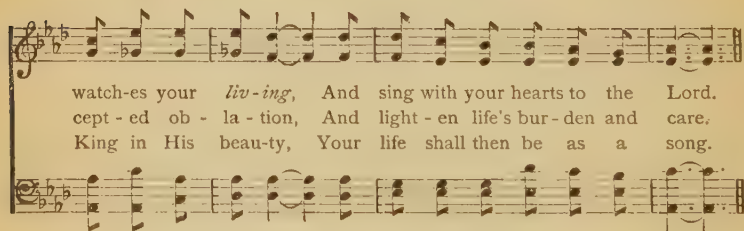
# Singing with Grace to the Lord.



To Him to whom praises be - long; But oh, while you join in thanks-  
Per - fec - tion of ser - vice to bring; But ear - nest and true ad - o -  
The thanks which your loving hearts raise; With grace in your hearts e - ven

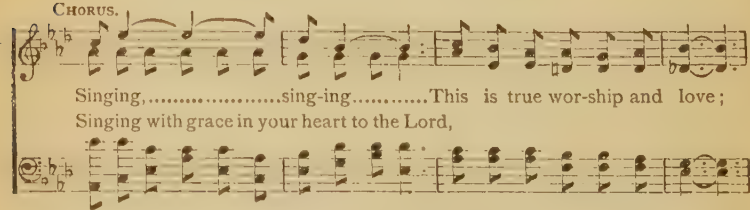


giv - ing, With voi - ces in tune - ful ac - cord, Re - mem - ber, He  
ra - tion, The heart in the hymn and the pray'r, Will be an ac -  
du - ty Will change in - to pleas - ure ere long, And see - ing the

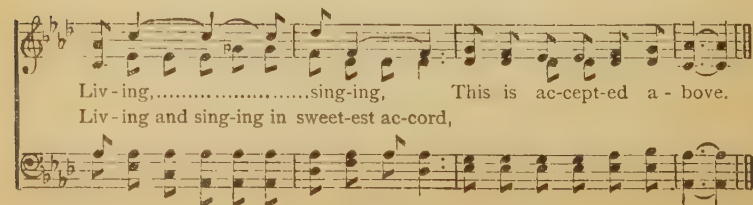


watch - es your *liv - ing*, And sing with your hearts to the Lord.  
cept - ed ob - la - tion, And light - en life's bur - den and care,  
King in His beau - ty, Your life shall then be as a song.

## CHORUS.



Singing,.....sing-ing.....This is true wor - ship and love;  
Singing with grace in your heart to the Lord,



Liv - ing,.....sing-ing, This is ac - cept - ed a - bove.  
Liv - ing and sing - ing in sweet - est ac - cord,

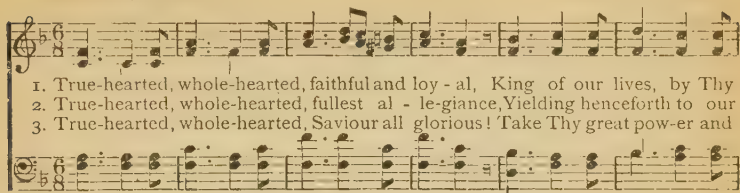


# No. 342. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

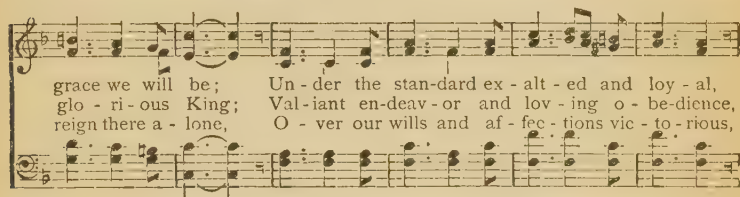
"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9 : 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

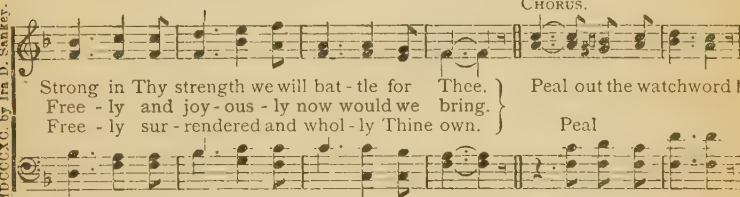


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy  
 2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest al - le-giance, Yielding henceforth to our  
 3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all glorious! Take Thy great pow-er and



grace we will be; Un - der the stan-dard ex - alt - ed and loy - al,  
 glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o - be-dience,  
 reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious,

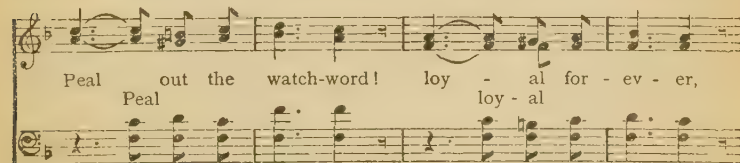
CHORUS.



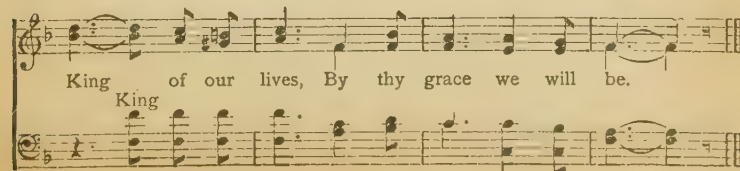
Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee. } Peal out the watchword!  
 Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. }  
 Free - ly sur - rendered and whol - ly Thine own. } Peal



si - lence it nev - er Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free;  
 si - lence Song re-joic-ing



Peal out the watch-word! loy - al for - ev - er,  
 Peal loy - al



King of our lives, By thy grace we will be.  
 King

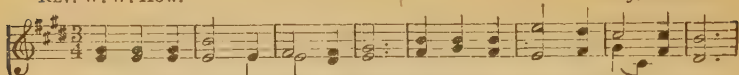
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## No. 343. Blest Jesus, Grant us Strength.

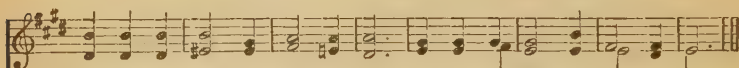
"Give Thy strength unto Thy servant."—Ps. 86: 16.

REV. W. W. HOW.

G. J. ELVEY.



1. Blest Je-sus, grant us strength to take Our dai-ly cross, what-e'er it be,  
2. And day by day, we hum-bly ask That ho-ly mem'ries of Thy cross  
3. Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear, Till at Thy feet we lay it down;



And glad-ly, for Thine own dear sake, In paths of du - ty fol - low Thee.  
May sanc-ti - fy each common task, And turn to gain each earth-ly loss.  
Win thro' Thy blood our par-don there, And thro' the Cross at - tain the Crown.


## No. 344. The Saviour's Face.

"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

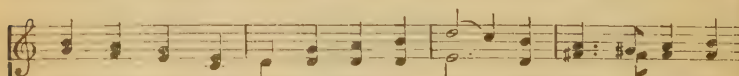
Anon.

GEO. F. ROOT.


*Reverently.*



1. How sweet, O Lord, Thy Word of grace Which bids a sin - ner  
2. Thy visage, marred and crown - ed with thorn, Thou didst not hide from  
3. The heavens de - clare Thy power and love; In all Thy works, be -  
4. The bright - ness of Thy glo - ry, Lord, Fills heaven and earth and



seek Thy face, And nev - er seek in vain, And nev - er seek in  
grief and scorn, Nor from the dews of night, Nor from the dews of  
low, a - bove, Thy maj - es - ty I trace, Thy maj - es - ty I  
writ - ten word With beams of heav-en-ly grace, With beams of heav-en-ly



vain; That face, once set so stead - fast - ly To meet Thy cross of  
night; Yet, in that face a love ap - pears Which scat - ters all my  
trace; But mer - cy shines not in the skies, And hope with - in my  
grace; But all the hosts of Heav - en shine With no such ra - di -

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# The Saviour's Face.

ag - on - y, Can nev - er me dis - dain, Can nev - er me dis - dain.  
gloom - y fears, And fills my soul with light, And fills my soul with light.  
spir - it dies, Un - til I see Thy face, Un - til I see Thy face.  
ance Di - vine As Thy most bless - ed face, As Thy most bless - ed face.

## No. 345. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. 'Tis the hal - lowed hour of pray'r, And we trust - ing - ly bring All our  
2. 'Tis the prec - ious hour of pray'r, And we hum - bly en - treat: Fa - ther,  
3. 'Tis the sa - cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav - en a - bove; Soul to

doubt - ings and our fears, To our Sav - iour and King; For we know that He de -  
breathe the Spir - it now As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of  
soul is breathing here The com - mun - ion of love; Ev - 'ry heart is sweet - ly

lights A glad wel - come to give, And the bless - ings that we ask for  
song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be - stow the ben - e - dic - tion  
filled With a peace most profound; Oh, the place is like to heav - en

CHORUS.  
We shall ful - ly re - ceive.  
Of Thy peace from a - bove. } Precious hour of pray'r! hallowed hour of pray'r!  
Where such true joys abound.

Sa - cred sea - son of com - mun - ion, It is sweet to be there!

# No. 346.

# Thou shalt be Saved.

"If thou shalt confess.....the Lord Jesus."—Rom. 10: 9.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold how plain the truth is made Since Christ the ran-som price has paid,  
 2. The death of Christ up - on the tree Was for the judg-ment due to thee,  
 3. By rais - ing Je - sus from the dead Our bless-ed God has sure - ly said,  
 4. And now to God as sons brought nigh We come and "Ab - ba Fath - er" cry,

And all our sins on Him were laid We must in Him be saved.  
 He died that thou mightst ransom'd be And live by faith in Him.  
 That He ac-cepts the blood He shed As cleans-ing us from sin.  
 And seek the Spir-it's full sup-ply That we as sons may live.

CHORUS.

If thou shalt con-fess with thy mouth, Con-fess with thy mouth the Lord

Je - sus And be-lieve in thine heart That God hath raised

Him from the dead, Thou shalt be saved, Thou shalt be saved.

# No. 347. The Lord Keep Watch Between Us.

"Mizpah; \* \* \* The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—Gen. 31: 49.

J. H. JOHNSTON.

*Allegro.*

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The Lord keep watch between us, The ev - er present Friend; No love like His so  
 2. Tho' absent from each oth-er, We are not far from Him; Let not our courage  
 3. Tho' time and space may sever The Master's servants here, 'Tis on - ly for a  
 4. The Lord Him-self is watching, In ten-der-ness and love; Let praises meet and

# The Lord Keep Watch Between Us.

CHORUS.

mighty, To keep and to de-fend. Miz-pah, Miz-pah, Keep  
fal-ter, Let not our faith grow dim.  
sea-son, The meet-ing-time draws near.  
min-gle A-round the throne a-bove. The Lord keep watch between us,

watch in tend'rest love, Un-til our praises min-gle Around the throne above.

## No. 348.

## Faith is the Victory.

*"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."*—1 John 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,  
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;  
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;  
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;

And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;  
We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod;  
Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray;  
Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name confessed in heaven;

A-against the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;  
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;  
Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,  
Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;



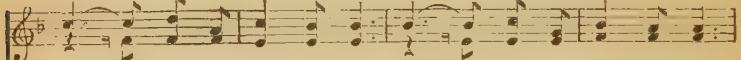
# Faith is the Victory.



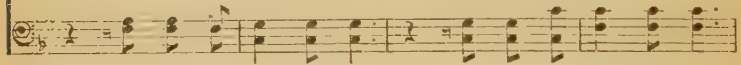
Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - vercomes the world.  
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.  
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout,  
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.



## CHORUS.



Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!  
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!



Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.



## No. 349.

## The Mission Field.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Great Je - ho - vah, mighty Lord, Vast and boundless is Thy word;
2. Jew and Gen - tile, bond and free, All shall yet be one in Thee;
3. From her night shall Chi - na wake, Af - ric's sons their chains shall break;
4. In - dia's groves of palm so fair, Shall re - sound with praise and prayer;
5. North and South shall own Thy sway, East and West Thy voice o - bey;



King of kings, from shore to shore Thou shalt reign for - ev - er - more.  
All con - fess Mes - si - ah's name, All His wondrous love pro - claim.  
E - gypt, where Thy peo - ple trod, Shall a - dore and praise our God.  
Cey - lon's isle with joy shall sing Glo - ry be to Christ our King.  
Crowns and thrones before Thee fall, King of kings and Lord of all.



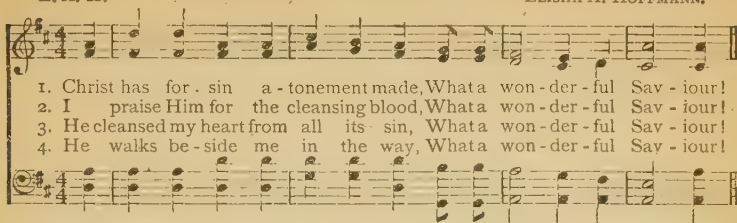
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# No. 350. What a Wonderful Saviour.

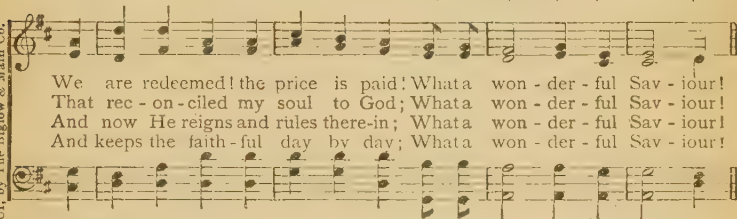
"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9: 6.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMANN.



1. Christ has for sin a-tonement made, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!  
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!  
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!  
 4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!

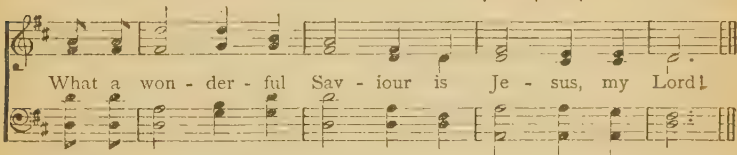


We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!  
 That rec-on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!  
 And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!  
 And keeps the faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!

## CHORUS.



What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Je-sus!



What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,  
 What a wonderful Saviour!  
 And triumph in each trying hour;  
 What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,  
 What a wonderful Saviour!  
 The world shall never share a part;  
 What a wonderful Saviour!

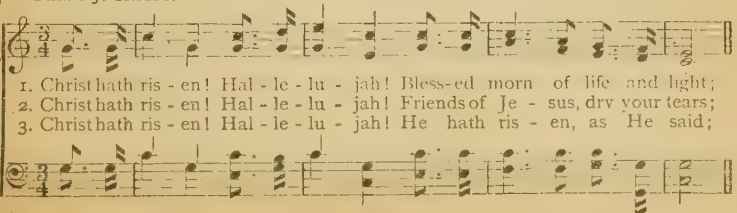
# No. 351.

## Christ is Risen.

"For he is risen, as he said."—Matt. 28: 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Bless-ed morn of life and light;  
 2. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Friends of Je-sus, dry your tears;  
 3. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! He hath ris-en, as He said;

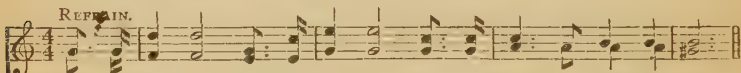
# Christ is Risen.



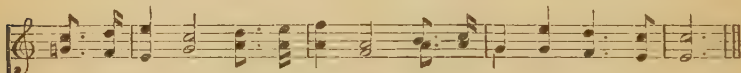
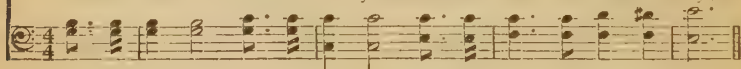
Lo, the grave is rent a - sun - der, Death is conquered thro' His might.  
Thro' the veil of gloom and dark-ness, Lo, the Son of God ap - pears.  
He is now the King of glo - ry, And our great ex - alt - ed Head.



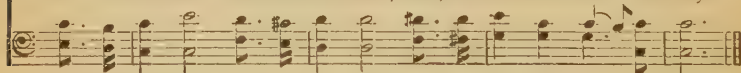
## REFRAIN.



Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glad-ness fills the world to-day;



From the tomb that could not hold Him, See, the stone is rolled a - way.



## No. 352.

## In Jesus' Face.

*"The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face  
of Jesus Christ."*—2 Cor. 4: 6.

EL. NATHAN.

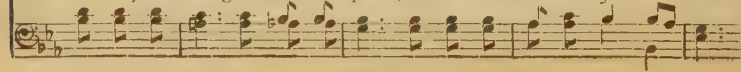
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. The liv - ing God, who by His might Spake out the word and there was light,
2. This mighty Christ, so strong and true, He came from God, His work to do;
3. In Je - sus' face our God we know, And trust in Him to bear us through;
4. When darkness gives the soul dis - tress, When sorrows on our pathway press,
5. Then come, ye wea - ry ones, and rest; Come, sin - ful souls, and here be blessed;



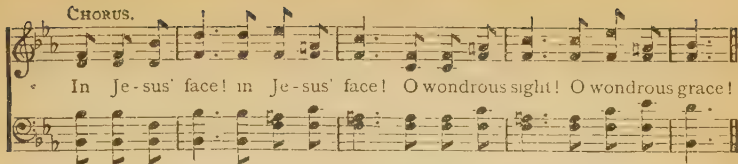
Hath promised now to show His grace To sin - ful men, in Je - sus' face.  
He comes with power the soul to save, To give the vic - t'ry o'er the grave.  
He will not leave us to de - feat, But make our vic - to - ry complete.  
One look at Him will clouds displace, While comfort beams from Jesus' face.  
With-in your heart give Christ His place, And see God's love in Je - sus' face.



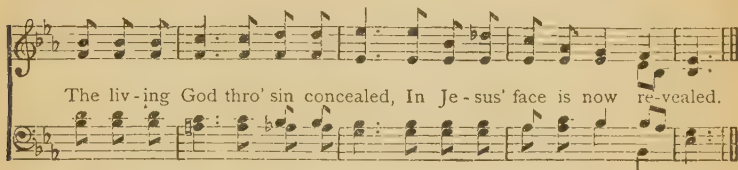
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# In Jesus' face.

## CHORUS.



In Je-sus' face! in Je-sus' face! O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace!



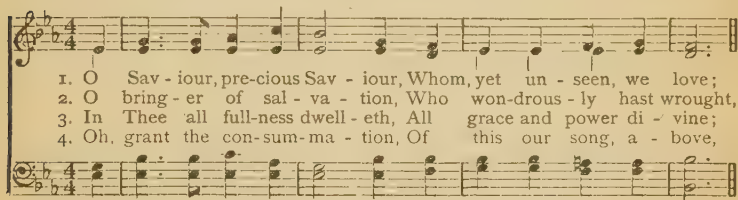
The liv-ing God thro' sin con-cealed, In Je-sus' face is now re-vealed.

## No. 353. O Sabiour, Precious Sabiour.

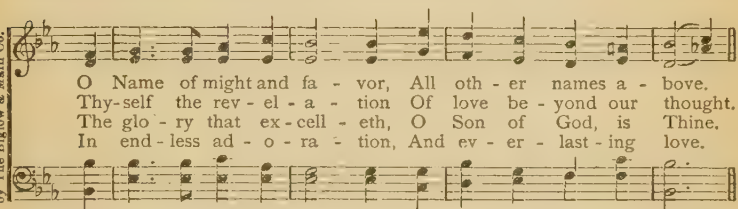
*"He shall save his people from their sins."*—Matt. 1: 21.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. BURKE.

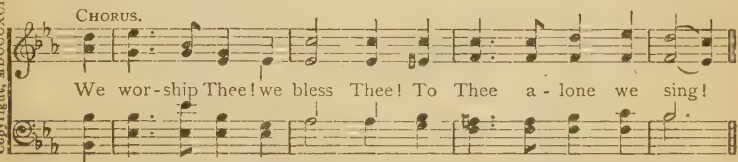


1. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom, yet un-seen, we love;
2. O bring-er of sal-va-tion, Who won-drous-ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full-ness dwell-eth, All grace and power di-vine;
4. Oh, grant the con-sum-ma-tion, Of this our song, a-bove,



O Name of might and fa-vor, All oth-er names a-bove.  
Thy-self the rev-el-a-tion Of love be-yond our thought.  
The glo-ry that ex-cell-eth, O Son of God, is Thine.  
In end-less ad-o-ra-tion, And ev-er-last-ing love.

## CHORUS.



We wor-ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a-lone we sing!



We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our Sav-iour, Lord and King.

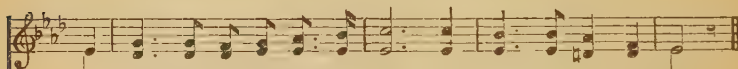
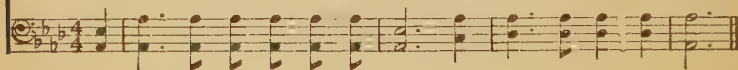
"That where I am, there ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

L. W. MANSFIELD.

GEO. C. STEDBINS.



1. Be - yond the light of set-ting suns, Be - yond the cloud-ed sky,  
 2. Be - yond all pain, be-yond all care, Be - yond life's mys-ter - y,  
 3. Swift - fly - ing worlds, their nights that roll Far out on seas of light,  
 4. My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears, I bid them all fare-well,



Be - yond where starlight fades in night, — I have a home on high.  
 Be - yond the range of time and change, — My home's reserved for me.  
 Will bring no darkness to my soul; My home's be-yond the night.  
 High up a - mid th'e-ter - nal years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.



## CHORUS.



A man-sion there, ..... not made with hands, ..... A  
 a man-sion there, not made with hands,



place..... prepared for me; ..... And while God lives, and an-gels  
 a place prepared for me;



sing, ..... That home ..... my home shall be.....  
 an - gels sing, that home my home shall be.



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# No. 355. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

"The rest of the holy Sabbath.—Ex. 16: 23.

C. WORDSWORTH.

German Melody.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light; }  
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; }

On thee, the high and low-ly, Thro' a-ges joined in tune,

Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation  
 The light first had its birth;  
 On thee, for our salvation,  
 Christ rose from depths of earth;  
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,  
 The Spirit sent from heaven;  
 And thus on thee, most glorious,  
 A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We reach the rest remaining  
 To spirits of the blest;  
 To Holy Ghost be praises,  
 To Father, and to Son;  
 The Church her voice upraises  
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

# No. 356. Stretch Forth Thy Hand.

"And it was restored whole, like as the other."—Matt. 12: 13.

EL. NATHAN

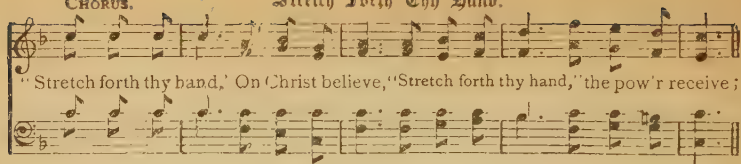
H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy palsied hand, Fear not, it is thy Lord's command;  
 2. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy empty hand, No gift of thine will God commend;  
 3. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy helpless hand, Upheld by God, thy soul shall stand;  
 4. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy dy-ing hand, When thou shalt come to Jordan strand;

Seek not from Him to hide thy sin, Confess, and ask to be made clean.  
 The emp-ty hand that shows thy need, Of this a-lone will He take heed.  
 Fight not in thine own strength the foe, But trusting Je-sus, on-ward go.  
 Thro' all the bil-lows Christ shall guide, And bring thee safe to Canaan's side.

CHORUS.

Stretch forth Thy Hand.



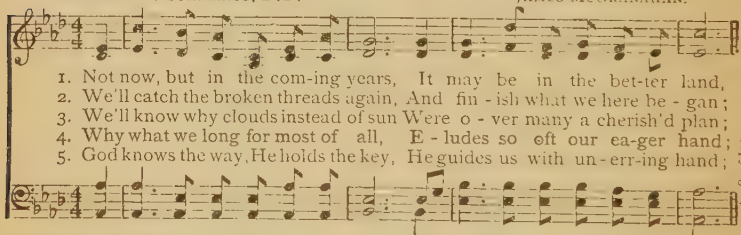
"Stretch forth thy hand," On Christ believe, "Stretch forth thy hand," the pow'r receive;



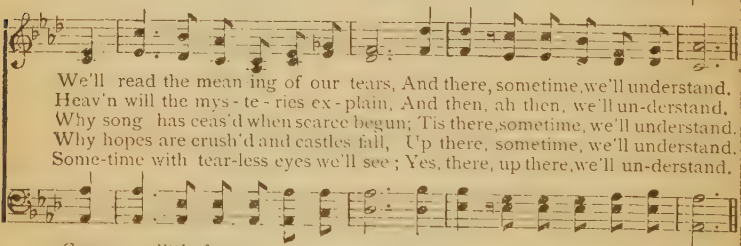
He of-fers grace so full and free, "Stretch forth thy hand," He speaks to thee.

No. 357. Sometime we'll Understand.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13: 7.  
MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

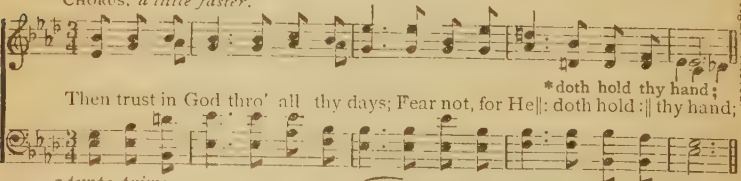


1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherish'd plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;



We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-derstand.  
Heav'n will the mys-te-ries ex-plain, And then, ah then, we'll un-derstand.  
Why song has ceas'd when scarce begun; Tis there, sometime, we'll un-derstand.  
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-derstand.  
Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-derstand.

CHORUS, a little faster.

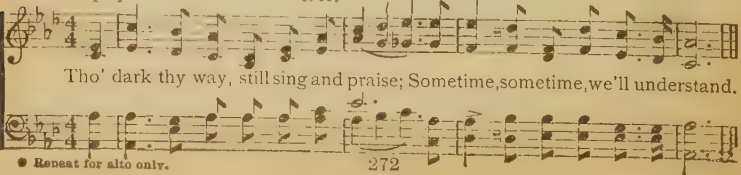


Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He||: doth hold ||: thy hand;

\*doth hold thy hand;

a tempo primo.

cres.



Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

• Repeat for alto only.

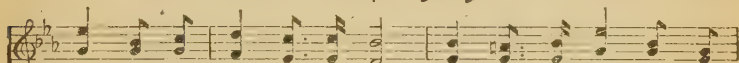
*"I will make thy name remembered."*—Ps. 45: 17.

HORATIUS BONAR, (alt.)

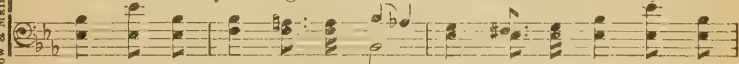
IRA D. SANKEY.



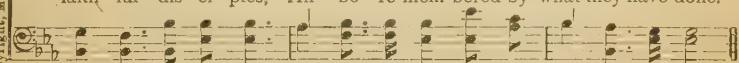
1. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morn - ing, Los - ing their
2. Shall we be miss'd tho' by oth - ers suc - ceed - ed Reap - ing the
3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spo - ken, On - ly the
4. Oh, when the Sav - iour shall make up His jew - els, When the bright



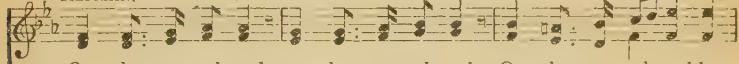
light in the glo - ri - ous sun— Thus would we pass from the  
fields we in spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - ers may  
seed that on earth we have sown; These shall pass on - ward when  
crowns of re - joic - ing are won, Then shall His wea - ry and



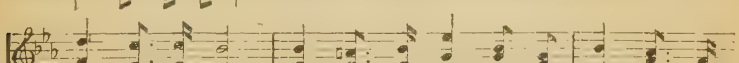
earth and its toil - ing, On - ly re - mem - bered by what we have done.  
pass from their la - bors, On - ly re - mem - bered by what they have done.  
we are for - got - ten, Fruits of the har - vest and what we have done.  
faith - ful dis - ci - ples, All be re - mem - bered by what they have done.



## REFRAIN.



On - ly - remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by



what we have done; Thus would we pass from the earth and its



toil - ing, On - ly re - mem - bered by what we have done.



# No. 359. Work for Time is Flying.

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

HORATIUS BONAR.

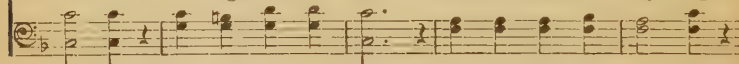
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



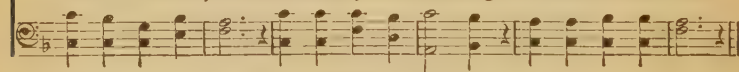
1. Work, for time is fly - ing, Work with hearts sin - cere; Work, for souls are
2. In this glo - rious call - ing, Work till day is o'er; Work, till eve - ning
3. There where saints a - dore Him, Where the ransom'd meet, Joy they show be



dy - ing, Work, for night is near; In the Mas - ter's vine - yard,  
fall - ing, You can work no more; Then your la - bor bring - ing,  
fore Him, Bow - ing at His feet; Hear the Mas - ter say - ing,



Go and work to - day; Be no use - less slug - gard Stand - ing in the way.  
To the King of Kings, Borne with joy and sing - ing Home on an - gels' wings.  
From His heav'nly throne, When thy toil re - warding, "La - bor - er, well done!"

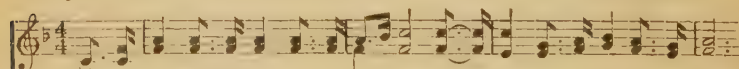


# No. 360. Have You Sought?

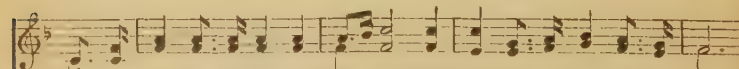
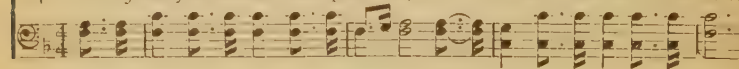
"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—Eze. 34: 6.

F. J. C.

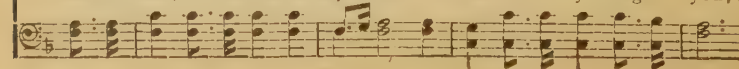
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Have you sought for the sheep that have wander'd, Far away on the dark mountains cold?
2. Have you been to the sad and the lone - ly Whose burdens are heavy to bear?
3. Have you knelt by the sick and the dy - ing, The mes - sage of mer - cy to tell?
4. If to Jesus you answer these questions, And to Him have been faithful and true.



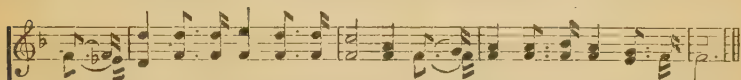
Have you gone, like the ten - der Shepherd, To bring them a - gain to the fold?  
Have you car - ried the name of Je - sus, And ten - der - ly breath'd it in pray'r?  
Have you stood by the trem'bling cap - tive A - lone in His dark pris - on cell?  
Then be - hold, in the mansions yon - der Are crowns of re - joic - ing for you;



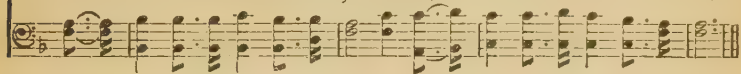
## Have You Sought?



Have you followed their weary footsteps? And the wild desert waste have you crossed,  
Have you told of the great sal - va - tion He died on the cross to se - cure?  
Have you point - ed the lost to Je - sus? And urged them on Him to be - lieve?  
And there from the King e - ter - nal Your wel - come and greeting shall be,



Nor lingered till safe home returning, You have gathered the sheep that were lost!  
Have you ask'd them to trust in the Saviour Whose love shall for - ev - er en - dure?  
Have you told of the life ev - er - last - ing That all, if they will, may receive?  
"In - as - much" as 'twas done for "my brethren," even so it was done "unto me."



## No. 361. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

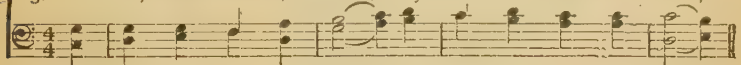
*"I will praise Thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 54:6.*

REV. E. CASWALL.

J. BARNBY.



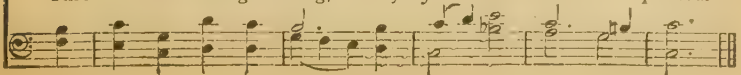
1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,  
2. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find,  
3. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,



May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; A - like at work and prayer,  
May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; Or fades my earth - ly bliss?  
May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; Be this th'e - ter - nal song,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
Thro' all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised.





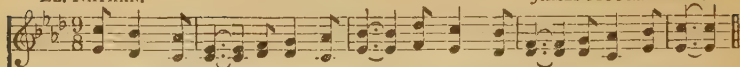
# No. 362.

## Let us go forth.

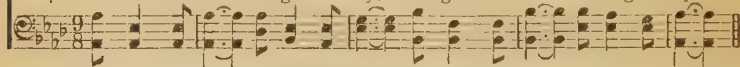
"Let us go forth unto him."—Heb. 13: 13.

EL. NATHAN.

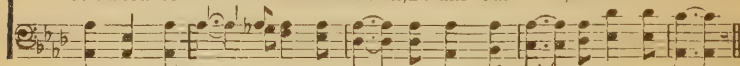
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "The" call of God is sounding clear O "Christian," le. it reach thine ear;
2. Let us go forth, as call'd of God, Redeem'd by Je - sus' precious blood;
3. Let "Christ-a-lone" our watchword be—The Son of God who made us free;
4. The Christ of God to glo - ri - fy, His grace in us to mag - ni - fy,—



"En-deav - or" now of souls to bring A "Band" to love and serve the King.  
His love to show, His life to live, His mes - sage speak, His mercy give.  
He bore our sins, He makes us pure, For His name's sake we all en - dure,  
His word of life to all make known, Be this our work, and this a - lone.



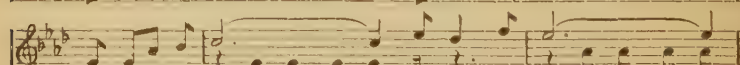
### CHORUS.



Let us go forth,..... the call is clear,.....  
Let us go forth, the call is clear,



Let us go forth,..... no tar - ry - ing here;.....  
Let us go forth, no tar - ry - ing here;



For Him to live,..... the Christ, the Lord,.....  
For Him to live, the Christ, the Lord,



A crown from Him,..... our high, re - ward.  
A crown from Him,



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# No. 363. I Will Lift up Mine Eyes

Psalm 121.

G. F. ROOT.

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1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help;  
 2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber;  
 3. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand;  
 4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre-serve thy soul.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.  
 Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.  
 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.  
 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for ever - more. A-men.

# No. 364. Press On.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Isa. 27: 12.

F. J. C.

IRA D. SANKEY.

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1. Press on, press on, O pil-grim, Re-joic-ing in the Lord,  
 2. Press on, press on, O pil-grim, A-long the heav'nly way;  
 3. Press on, press on, O pil-grim, Tho' clouds and storms may rise;

Be-liev-ing in His prom-ise, And trust-ing in His word;  
 Re-mem-ber God com-mands us To watch and work and pray;  
 The Light that nev-er fail-eth Shines bright-ly in the skies;

Fear not, for He is with us, What-e'er the cross we bear;  
 He bids us all be faith-ful, And cast on Him our care;  
 Press on where crowns a-wait us, In yon-der man-sions fair;

Press On.

And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.  
 And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.  
 And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

Gath-er o - ver there, Gath-er o - ver there; And

soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.

No. 365. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Ps. 136: 1-26.

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;  
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;  
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word.

Used by permission.

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der-ful - ly kind.  
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

1. { O daugh-ter, take good heed, In - cline, and give good ear;  
Thy beau - ty to the King, Shall then de - light - ful be;  
2. { The daugh-ter then of Tyre There with a gift shall be,  
The daugh-ter of the King All glo - rious is with - in;

Thou must for - get thy kin-dred all, And fa-ther's house most dear. }  
And do thou hum-bly wor-ship Him, Be - cause thy Lord is He. }  
And all the wealth-y of the land Shall make their suit to thee. }  
And with em - broi-der - ies of gold Her garments wrought have been. }

CHORUS.

With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shalt bring, All they togeth-er

en - ter shall The pal-ace of the King, The pal-ace of the King, The

palace of the King; And they togeth-er en - ter shall The palace of the King.

3 She cometh to the King  
In robes with needle wrought;  
The virgins that do follow her  
Shall unto Thee be brought.  
With gladness and with joy,  
Thou all of them shalt bring,  
And they together enter shall  
The palace of the King.

4 And in Thy fathers' stead,  
Thy children thou shalt take.  
And in all places of the earth  
Them noble princes make.  
I will show forth thy name  
To generations all:  
The people therefore evermore  
To Thee give praises shall.

CHO.—With gladness etc.

CHO.—With gladness, etc.

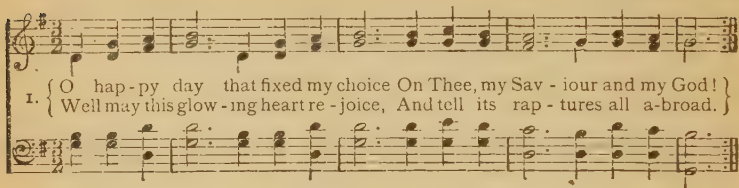
# No. 367.

# Happy Day.

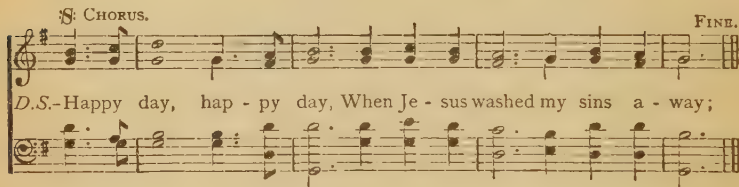
"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord"—Psa. 144: 15.

P. DODDRIDGE.

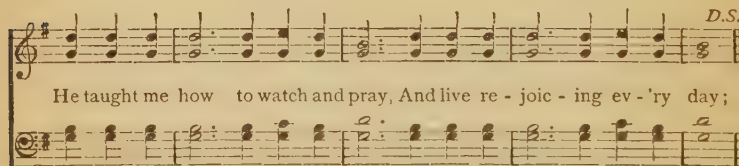
FROM E. F. RIMBAULT.



I. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }  
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }



CHORUS. FINE.  
 D.S. - Happy day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;



D.S.  
 He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 O happy bond that seals my vows<br>To Him who merits all my love;<br>Let cheerful anthems fill His house,<br>While to that sacred shrine I move.     | 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,<br>Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;<br>Nor ever from thy Lord depart,<br>With Him of every good possess'd.          |
| 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;<br>I am my Lord's and He is mine;<br>He drew me, and I follow'd on,<br>Charm'd to confess the voice divine. | 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,<br>That vow renew'd shall daily hear,<br>Till in life's latest hour I bow,<br>And bless in death a bond so dear. |

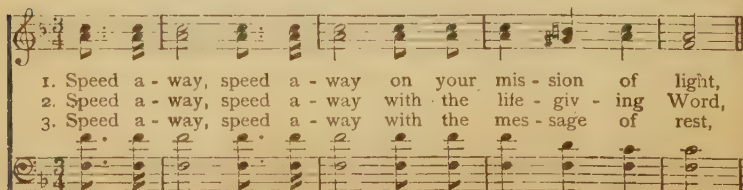
# No. 368.

# Speed Away.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—Mark 16: 15.

F. J. CROSBY.

I. B. WOODBURY, arr.



1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,  
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,  
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,



## Speed Away.

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark-ness and night; 'Tis the  
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the  
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - press'd; For the

Mas - ter's com - mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful  
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your  
Sav - iour has purchas'd their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the  
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a  
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day,  
mo - ment's de - lay, } Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.  
time for de - lay, }

## No. 369. Hallelujah! Christ is Risen.

*"Who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again."—1 Pet. 1: 3.*

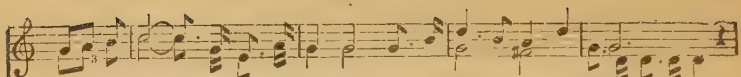
BISHOP WORDSWORTH, alt.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;  
2. Christ is ris - en, Christ the first fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest - field,  
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God a - bove!

Hearts to heav'n and voi - ces raise;

# Hallelujah! Christ is Risen.



Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
Which will all its full abundance, At His glorious advent, yield;  
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Saviour, Fount of life and source of love;

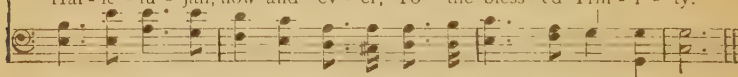
Sing to God a hymn of praise;



He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,  
Then the gold - en ears of har-vest Will be - fore His pres-ence wave,  
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Spir - it; Let our high as - crip - tion be,



Je - sus Christ the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.  
Ris - ing in His sun-shine joy-ous, From the fur - rows of the grave.  
Hal - le - lu - jah, now and ev - er, To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.



## No. 370. Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl. 11: 1.

Anon.

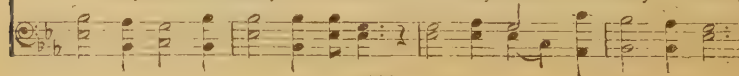
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. "Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters," You who have but scant sup-ply;
2. "Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters," Sad and wea-ry, worn with care;
3. "Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters," You who have a - bun - dant store;



An - gel eyes will watch a-bove it; You shall find it by and by;  
Oft - en sit - ting in the shadow,—Have you not a crumb to spare?  
It may float on many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;

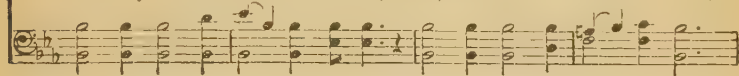


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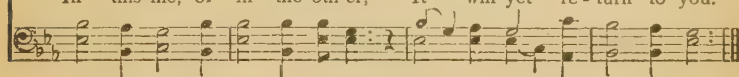
# Cast thy Dread upon the Waters.



He who in His right-eous balance, Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh,  
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,  
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,



Will your sac-ri-fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay,  
As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel-es-cope?  
In this life, or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.



## No. 371.

## Come, Come Aways.

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

F. J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Oh, list to the watch-man cry-ing, Come, come a-way; The
2. The Spir-it of God is plead-ing, Come, come a-way; The
3. The mer-cy of God is call-ing, Come, come a-way; How
4. The an-gels of God en-treat you, Come, come a-way; The



### CHORUS.



ar-rows of death are fly-ing, Come, come to-day.  
Saviour is in-ter-ced-ing, Come, come to-day.  
sweetly the words are fall-ing, Come, come to-day.  
Fa-ther Himself will meet you, Come, come to-day.

Come, come a-way,



Come, come a-way; Je-sus is gen-tly call-ing, Come, come to-day.



## Let Us Crown Him.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name."—Ps. 8: 9.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

*Allegretto moderato.*

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,  
 3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Let us crown Him, let us crown Him, Let us  
 Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

Let us crown Him,  
 crown the Great Redeem-er Lord of all; Let us crown Him Lord of all,


Let us crown Him, Let us crown..... Him Lord of all.  
 Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the Great Redeemer Lord of all.

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*"A better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. xi: 16.*

Words arr.

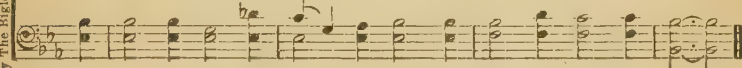
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



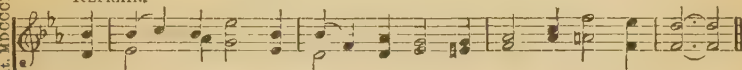
1. There is a land which lies a - far, Where grief is all un - known;  
 2. We are but pil - grims on the earth, And brief our so - journ here;  
 3. There is a realm of boundless love, A goal for hearts dis - trest,


A land wherein the an - gels sing A - round the heav'nly throne.  
 But well we know when hence we go There is a bright - er sphere.  
 Where all may find for end - less years A home a - mong the blest.




## REFRAIN.



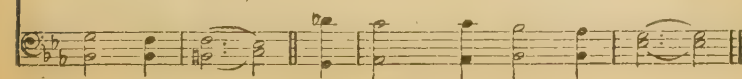
O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet Up - on that dis - tant shore,




Where - on the glo - rious sun ne'er sets, But shines for -

ev - er - more, But shines for - ev - er - more,





"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing near; suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us; no lights had been sighted; the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore.

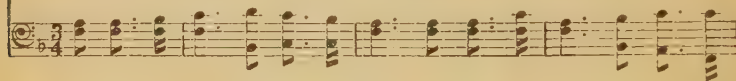
The whistle was blown loud and long, but no response was heard; the Captain ordered the engines to be stopped and for some time we drifted about on the waves; Suddenly the pilot cried,—Hark! and far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the Harbor bell, which seemed to say, This way,—this way,— Again the engines were started, and guided by the welcome sound we entered the port in safety."

JOHN H. YATES.

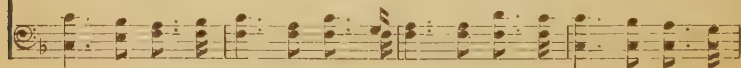
IRA D. SANKEY.



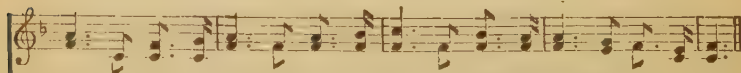
1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the gales of sin and
2. O let us now the cail o - bey, And steer our bark for yon - der
3. O tempt-ed one, look up, be strong; The prom-ise of the Lord is
4. Comé, gracious Lord, and in thy love Con-duct us o'er life's storm-y



grief, While on the wind-ward and the lee Hang heavy clouds of un-be-  
shore, Where still that voice di-rects the way, In pleading tones for ev-er-  
sure, That they shall sing the vic-tor's song, Who faithful to the end en-  
wave; O guide us to the home a-bove, The bliss-ful home be-yond the



lied; But o'er the deep a call we hear, Like har-bor bells' in-vit-ing  
more; A thousand life wrecks strew the sea; They're going down at ev-'ry  
dure; God's Ho-ly Spir-it comes to thee, Of His a-bid-ing love to  
grave; There safe from rock, and storm, and flood, Our song of praise shall nev-er

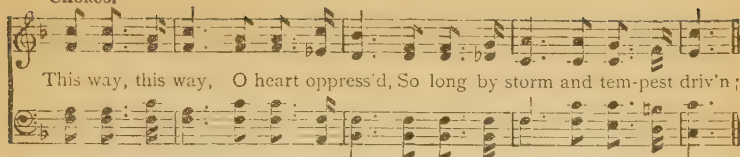


voice; It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the trembling soul re-joice.  
swell; "Come un-to me." "Come un-to me," Rings out th' assur-ing har-bor bell.  
tell; To bliss-ful port, o'er storm-y sea, Calls heav'n's invit-ing har-bor bell.  
cease, To Him who bought us with His blood, And brought us to the port of peace.

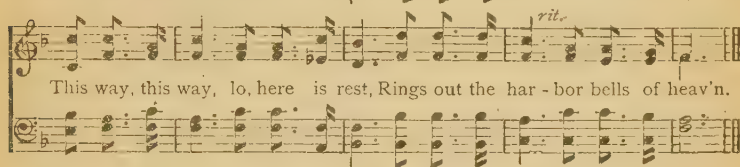


# The Harbor Bell.

## CHORUS.



This way, this way, O heart oppress'd, So long by storm and tem-pest driv'n;



This way, this way, lo, here is rest, Rings out the har - bor bells of heav'n.

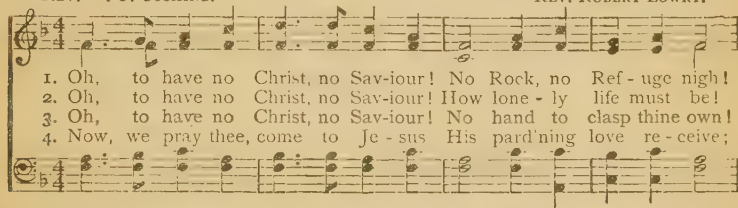
## No. 375.

## No Hope in Jesus.

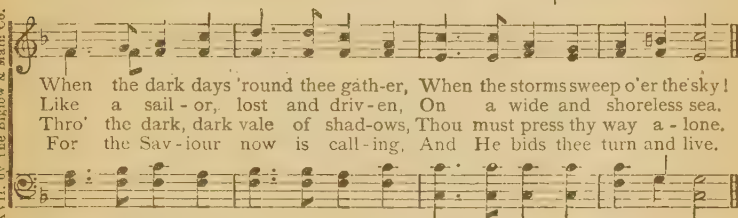
*"Having no hope, and without God in the world."*—Eph. 2 : 12.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

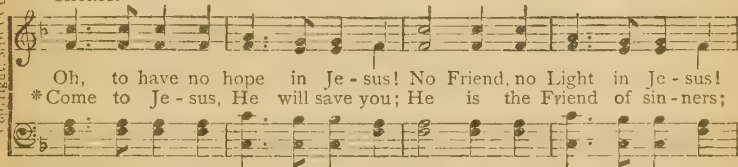


1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No Rock, no Ref-uge nigh!  
 2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! How lone-ly life must be!  
 3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No hand to clasp thine own!  
 4. Now, we pray thee, come to Je-sus His pard'ning love re-ceive;

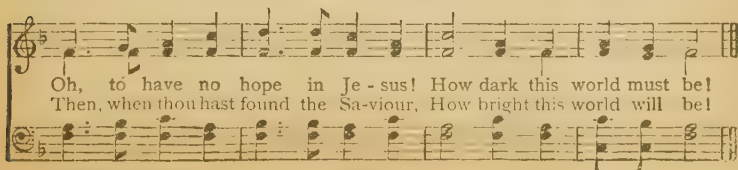


When the dark days 'round thee gath-er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!  
 Like a sail-or, lost and driv-en, On a wide and shoreless sea.  
 Thro' the dark, dark vale of shad-ows, Thou must press thy way a-lone.  
 For the Sav-iour now is call-ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

## CHORUS.



Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! No Friend, no Light in Je-sus!  
 \* Come to Je-sus, He will save you; He is the Friend of sin-ners;



Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! How dark this world must be!  
 Then, when thou hast found the Sa-viour, How bright this world will be!

\* For last verse only.

## No. 376. The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay  
2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep; But  
3. Un - til the shad - ows from this earth are cast; Un -

down thy head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We loved thee well, but  
thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect  
til He gath - ers in His sheaves at last; Un - til the twi - light

Je - sus loves thee best—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!  
rest, se - cure, and deep—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!  
gloom be o - ver - past—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

- 4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,  
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—  
Good-night!
- 5 Until made beautiful by Love Divine,  
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,  
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—  
Good-night!
- 6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"  
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union indivisible—  
Good-night!
- 7 Until we meet again before His throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,  
Until we know even as we are known—  
Good-night!

## No. 377.

## I am He that Liveth.

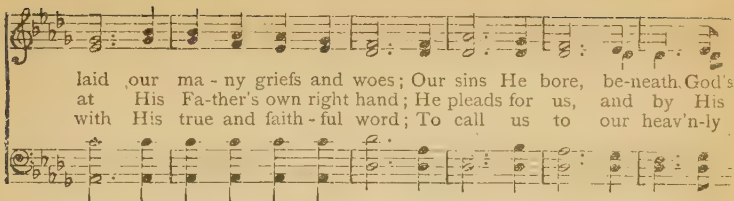
"And was dead; and behold I am alive forever more."—Rev. 1: 18.

C. R. H.

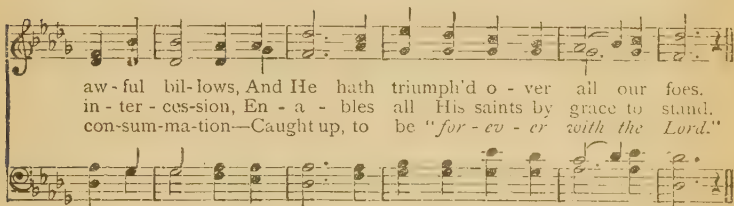
J. H. BURKE.

1. He dies! He dies! the low - ly Man of sor - rows, On whom were  
2. He lives! He lives! what glorious con - so - la - tion! Ex - alt - ed  
3. He comes! He comes! O blest an - tic - i - pa - tion! In keep - ing

"I am He that Liveth."

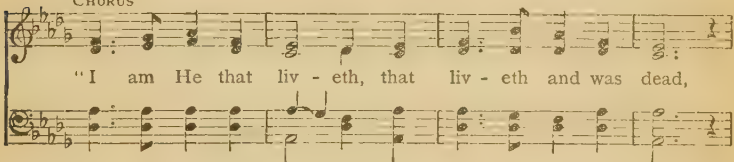


laid our ma - ny griefs and woes; Our sins He bore, be - neath God's  
at His Fa - ther's own right hand; He pleads for us, and by His  
with His true and faith - ful word; To call us to our heav'n - ly

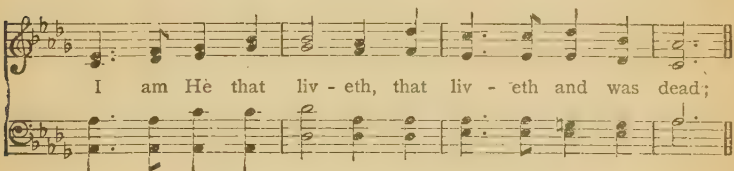


aw - ful bil - lows, And He hath triumph'd o - ver all our foes.  
in - ter - ces - sion, En - a - bles all His saints by grace to stand.  
con - sum - ma - tion—Caught up, to be "for - ev - er with the Lord."

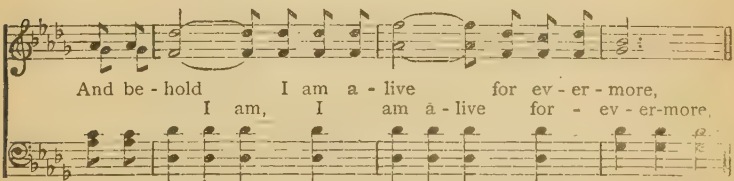
CHORUS



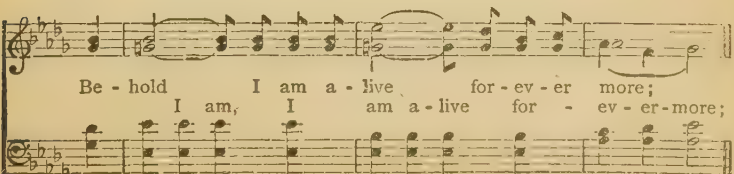
"I am He that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead,



I am He that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead;

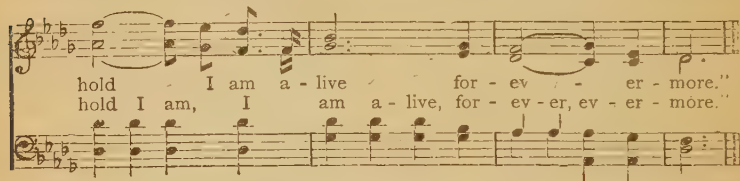
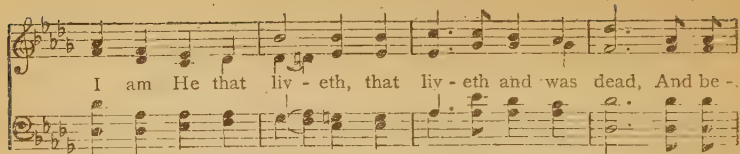


And be - hold I am a - live for ev - er - more,  
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er - more,



Be - hold I am a - live for - ev - er more;  
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er - more;

"I am He that Liveth."



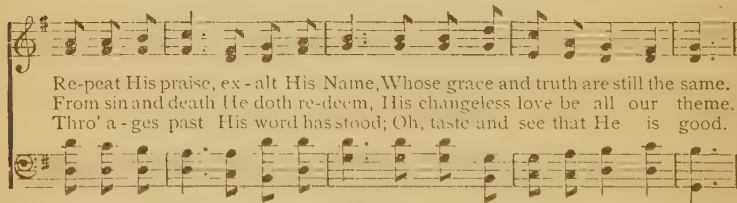
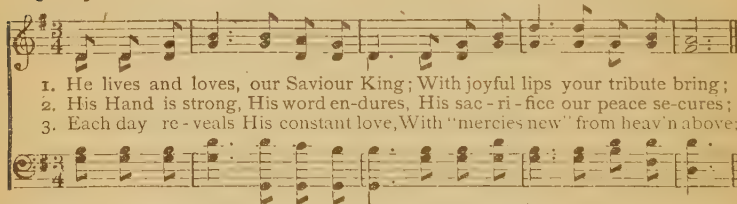
No. 378.

# Our Saviour King.

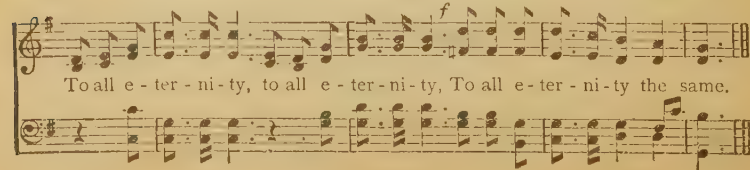
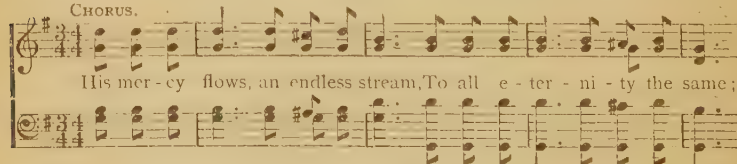
"His mercy endureth forever."—Ps. 136: 1.

J. H. JOHNSTON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



CHORUS.



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# No. 379. HIS MERCY FLOWS.

- 1 O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,  
O thank the God all gods above;  
O thank the mighty King of kings,  
Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.
- 2 Whose wisdom gave the heav'ns their birth,  
And on the waters spread the earth  
Who taught yon glorious lights their  
The radiant sun to rule the day. [way,  
By permission.
- 3 The moon and stars to rule the night,  
With radiance of a milder light;  
Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn  
pride,  
When in His wrath their first-born died.
- 4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,  
And rescued us from all our foes;  
Who daily feeds each living thing;  
O thank the heaven's Almighty King.


# No. 380.

## Morning Lights.


(Metrical Version.)

Psalm 143:

WILL H. YOUNG.




1. When morning lights the east - ern skies, Thy mer - cy, Lord, dis - close;  
2. Teach me the way where I should go; I lift my soul to Thee;  
3. Be - cause Thou art my God, I pray, Teach me to do Thy will;  
4. Re - vive me, Lord, for Thy great name, And, for Thy judgment's sake,





And let Thy lov - ing - kind - ness rise; On Thee my hopes re - pose.  
Re - deem me from the rag - ing foe; To Thee, O Lord, I flee.  
O lead me in the per - fect way By thy good Spir - it still.  
From all my woes, O Lord, re - claim, My soul from trou - ble take.



### REFRAIN.



On Thee..... my hopes re- pose, On Thee..... my hopes re- pose;  
On Thee, on Thee my On Thee, on Thee




And let Thy lov - ing - kind - ness rise; On Thee my hopes re - pose.



# No. 381.

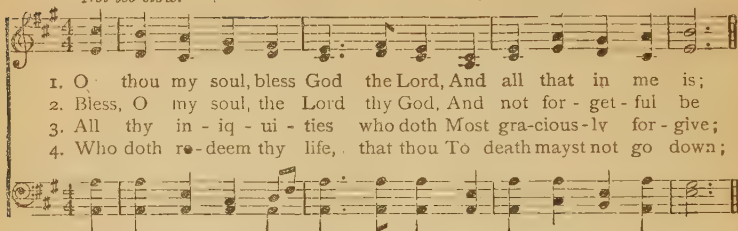
# Bless the Lord.

(Metrical Version.)

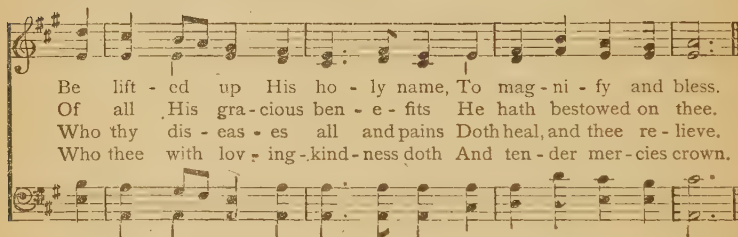
Psalin 103.

*Not too slow.*

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

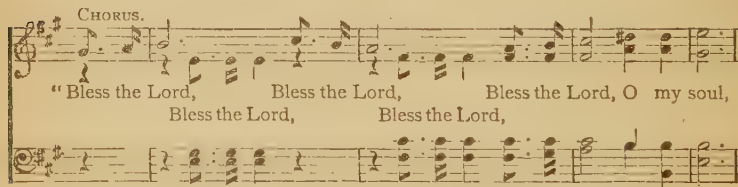


1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;  
 2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be  
 3. All thy in-iq-ui-ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give;  
 4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down;

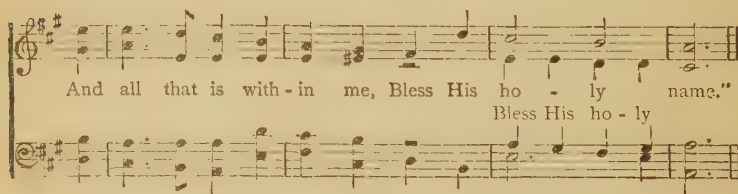


Be lift-ed up His ho-ly name, To mag-ni-fy and bless.  
 Of all His gra-cious ben-e-fits He hath bestowed on thee.  
 Who thy dis-eas-es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re-lieve.  
 Who thee with lov-ing-kind-ness doth And ten-der mer-cies crown.

CHORUS.



"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,  
 Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,



And all that is with-in me, Bless His ho-ly name."  
 Bless His ho-ly

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# No. 382.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King,<br/>             Thy name I will adore;<br/>             I'll bless Thee every day, and praise<br/>             Thy name forevermore.</p>   | <p>3 I of Thy glorious majesty<br/>             The honor will record;<br/>             I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,<br/>             Which wondrous are, O Lord.</p>               |
| <p>2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,<br/>             His greatness search exceeds;<br/>             Race unto race shall praise Thy works,<br/>             And show Thy mighty deeds;<br/> <i>By permission.</i></p> | <p>4 Men of Thine acts the might shall show,<br/>             Thine acts that dreadful are;<br/>             And I, Thy glory to advance,<br/>             Thy greatness will declare.</p> |

(Metrical Version.)

Psalm 77.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. I cried to God, I cried, He heard; In day of grief I sought the Lord;  
 2. I tho't of God, and was distressed; Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;  
 3. The days of old I called to mind, The ancient years when God was kind;  
 4. Will God cast off for ev - er more? His fa - vor will He ne'er re-store?

Used by permission.

All night with hands stretch'd out I wept, My soul no com-fort would ac-cept.  
 Thou holdest, Lord, my eyes a-wake; So great my grief I can-not speak.  
 I called to mind my song by night; My mus-ing spir-it sought for light.  
 Has grace for ev - er passed a-way? Or, doth His promise fail for aye?

## CHORUS.

Hath God for-got-ten to be kind? His ten - der love in wrath confined?

My weakness this, yet faith doth stand Re - call-ing years of God's right hand.

## No. 384.

## Whiter than Snow.

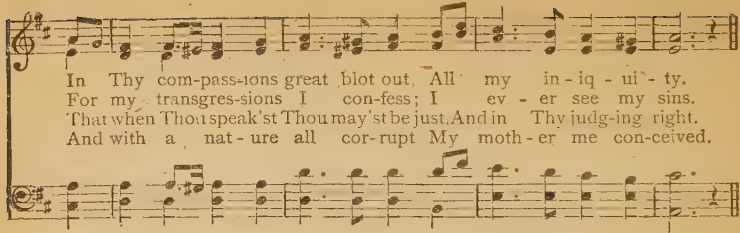
(Metrical Version.)

Psalm 51.

J. B. HERBERT.

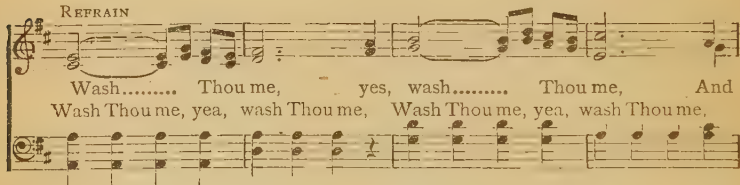
1. In Thy great lov - ing-kind-ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;  
 2. O wash me thor-ough - ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;  
 3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on - ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight;  
 4. Be - hold, I in in - iq - ui - ty My be - ing first re - ceived;

# Whiter than Snow.

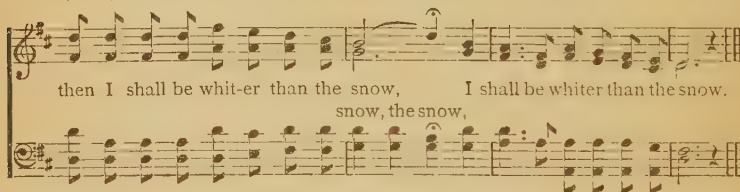


In Thy com-pass-ions great blot out, All my in-iq-ui-ty.  
For my trans-gres-sions I con-fess; I ev-er see my sins.  
That when Thou speak'st Thou may'st be just, And in Thy judg-ing right.  
And with a nat-ure all cor-rupt My moth-er me con-ceived.

## REFRAIN



Wash..... Thou me, yes, wash..... Thou me, And  
Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me.



then I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whiter than the snow.  
snow, the snow,

## No. 385.

## Thee will I Love.

Psalm 18.  
*Allegretto.*

(Metrical Version.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My fort-ress is, the Lord,
2. The Lord is wor-thy to be prais'd, Up-on His name I'll call;
3. In my dis-tress I call'd on God, Cry to my God did I;
4. I there-fore will to Thee, O Lord, In songs my thanks pro-claim;



My rock, and He that doth to me De-liv-er-ance af-ford.  
And He from all my en-e-mies Pre-serve me safe-ly shall.  
He from His tem-ple heard my voice, To His ears came my cry.  
And I a-mong the hea-then will Sing prais-es to Thy name.

Thou wilt I Love.

CHORUS.

My God whom I will trust, A buck-ler un-to me,  
My God, my strength,  
The horn of my sal-va-tion, too, And my high tow'r is He.

No. 386.

As Pants the Hart.

Psalm 42.

(Metrical Version.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

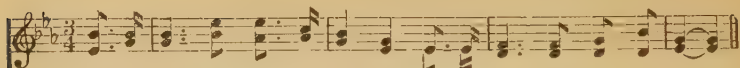
1. Far from Thy sa-cred courts my tears Have been my food by night and day,  
2. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the sa-cred way  
3. O why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so dis-qui-et thee?

While constant-ly, with bit-ter sneers, "Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.  
To Zi-on, prais-ing God on high, With throngs who keep the ho-ly day.  
Still hope in God, and Him ex-tol, Whose face brings saving health to me.

CHORUS.

As pants the hart for water brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for  
As pants the hart for water brooks, So pants my soul, O  
*a tempo.*  
Thee; For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the living God to see.  
God, for Thee;





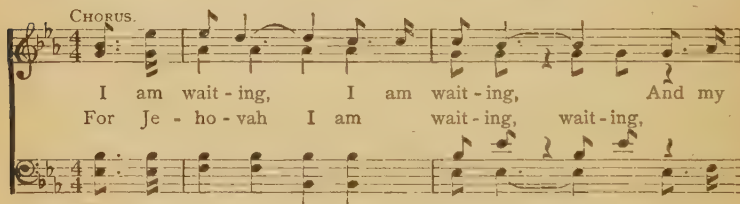
1. From the depths do I in-voke Thee, O Je-ho - vah, give an ear;
2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who before Thee, Lord, shall stand?
3. Is - rael, hope thou in Je - ho - vah, Mercies great are found with Him;



To my voice be Thou at-ten-tive, And my sup - pli - ca - tions hear.  
 But with Thee there is for-giveness, That Thy name may fear com-mand.  
 He, a-bound - ing in re-demption, Is - rael will from sin re-deem.



## CHORUS.



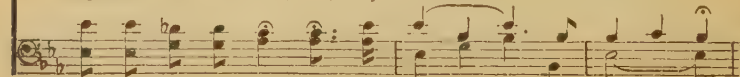
I am wait - ing, I am wait - ing, And my  
 For Je - ho - vah I am wait - ing, wait - ing,



hope is in His word; I am wait - ing, ev - er  
 My hope is in His word; In His word of prom - ise, my



wait - ing, Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.  
 hope is in His word, Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.



Psalm 150.

(Metrical Version.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*Allegretto.*

1. O praise our Lord, where rich in grace His presence fills His ho - ly place;
2. O praise Him for His deeds of fame, O praise the greatness of His name;
3. O praise Him with the notes of joy, And ev - ery harp in praise employ;

Praise Him in von - ce - les - tial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march,  
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round,  
On cymbals loud, Je - ho - vah praise, On cym - bals high His glo - ry raise,

## CHORUS.

Where holds His pow'r its glo - rious march. }  
With harp and psal - tery answering round. } O praise Him, O  
On cym - bals high His glo - ry raise. }

praise Him for all His deeds of fame; O praise Him, O praise Him, O

praise His might - y name; Let all that breathe with glad ac -  
Let all that breathe

Lift up their voice,

cord Lift up their voice, their voice, and praise, and praise the Lord.

# No. 389.

# Remember Me.

Psalms 25.

(Metrical Version.)

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. { To Thee I lift my soul, O Lord; My God, I trust in Thee;  
 O let me nev-er be ashamed, Nor foes ex-ult o'er me.  
 2. { O Lord, let none be put to shame, Up-on Thee who at-tend;  
 But make all those to be ashamed, Who cause-less-ly of-fend.  
 3. { Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me Thy paths; Lead me in truth, teach me;  
 For of my safe-ty Thou art God; All day I wait on Thee.  
 4. { Let not the er-rors of my youth, Nor sins re-mem-bered be;  
 In mer-cy, for Thy good-ness' sake, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

CHORUS.

Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me, O Lord, re-mem-ber me;  
 In mer-cy, for Thy good-ness' sake, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

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# No. 390.

# "Who-so-ever Will."

P. P. B.

*Joyfully.*

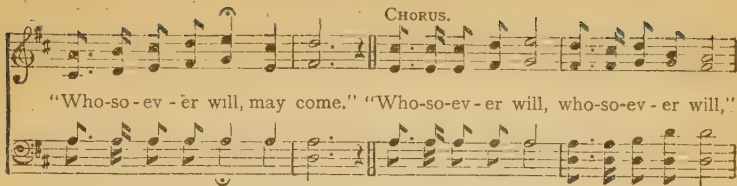
P. P. BLISS.

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti-dings  
 2. "Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen  
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise se-secure, "Who-so-ev-er will," for  
 all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found;  
 en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way;  
 ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for ev-er-more;

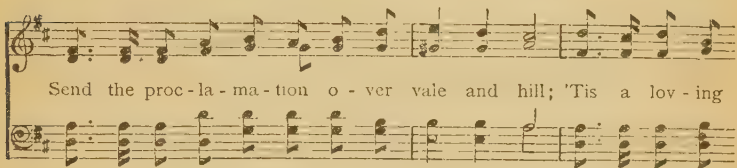
By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

# "Who-so-ever Will."

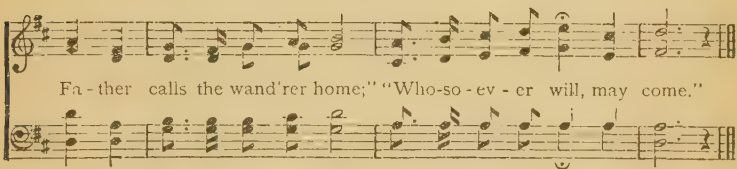
CHORUS.



"Who-so-ev-er will, may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will,"



Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing



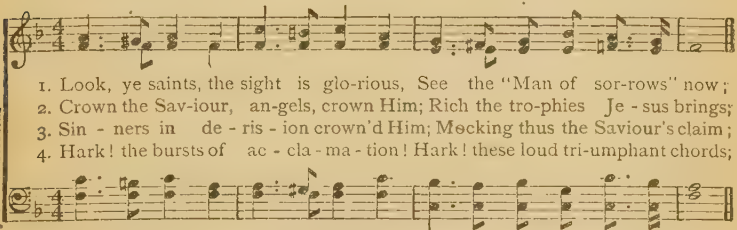
Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home;" "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."

## No. 391.

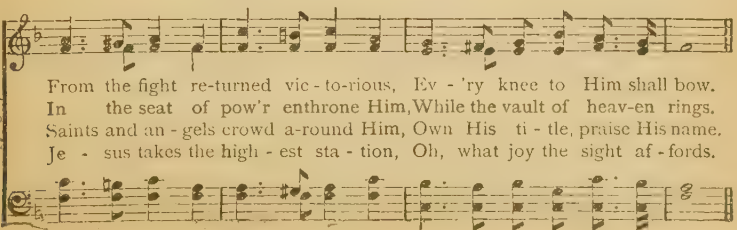
## Crown Him.

REV. THOS. KELLY.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



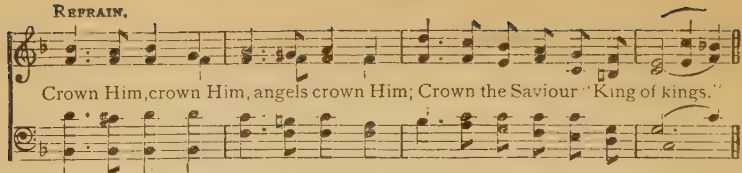
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the "Man of sor-rows" now;
2. Crown the Sav-iour, an-gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings;
3. Sin-ners in de-ris-ion crown'd Him; Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark! the bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark! these loud tri-umphant chords;



From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow.  
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav-en rings.  
Saints and an-gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti-tle, praise His name.  
Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion, Oh, what joy the sight af-fords.

# Crown Him.

## REFRAIN.



Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him; Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



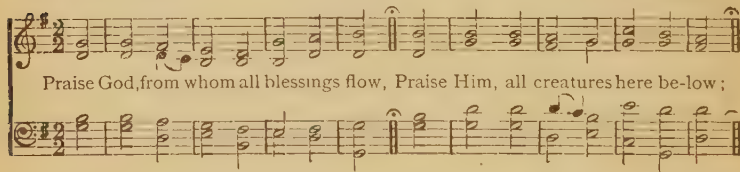
Crown Him, crown Him, an - gels crown Him; Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

## No. 392. Old Hundred. L. M.

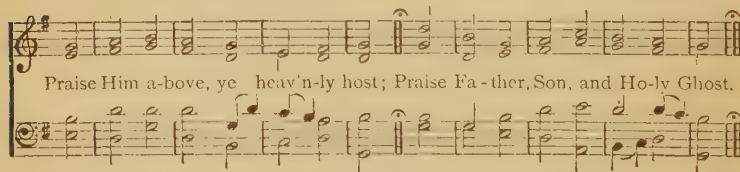
REV. THOMAS KEN.

(DOXOLOGY.)

L. BOURGEOIS.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

## GRACE.

*To be sung before and after meat.*

### BLESSINGS INVOKED.

### THANKS RETURNED.

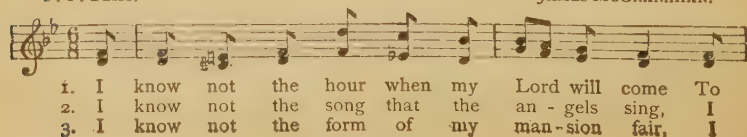
Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and every where adored;  
These mercies bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
For life, and health, and every good:  
Let manna to our souls be given,—  
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

## No. 393. That will be Heaven for Me.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1.	I	know	not	the	hour	when	my	Lord	will	come	To
2.	I	know	not	the	song	that	the	an - gels	sing,	I	
3.	I	know	not	the	form	of	my	man - sion	fair,	I	



# That will be Heaven for Me.



take me a-way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will  
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of  
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will



light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.  
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.  
wel - come me there, And that will be heav - en for me.

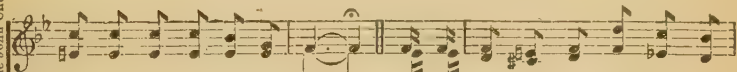
## CHORUS.



And that will be glo - ry for me,..... Oh,  
And that will be mu - sic for me,..... Oh,  
And that will be heav - en for me,..... Oh,



Yes, that will be glo - ry, oh,  
Yes, that will be mu - sic, oh,  
Yes, that will be heav - en, oh,



that will be glo - ry for me; But I know that His pres-ence will  
that will be mu - sic for me; But I know there'll be men-tion of  
that will be heaven for me; But I know that my Sav-iour will



that will be glo - ry for me.  
that will be mu - sic for me.  
that will be heav-en for me.

## Ritard.



light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.  
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.  
wel - come me there, And that will be heav - en for me.



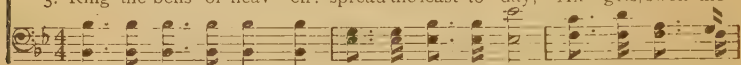
# No. 394. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.

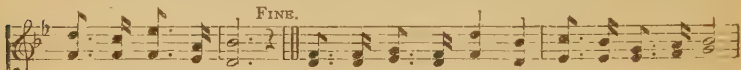
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re -
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wanderer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels, swell the



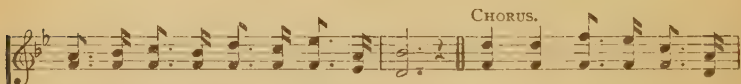
D.C.—'Tis the ran-somed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the



turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,  
now is rec - on-ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,  
glad tri-umphant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way!

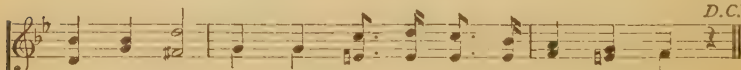
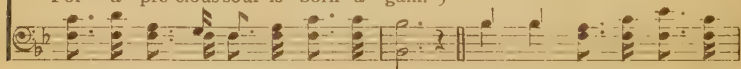


an - them of the free.

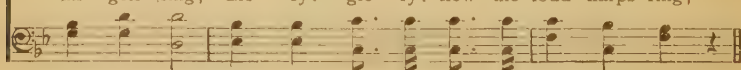


CHORUS.

Wel - com - ing His wea - ry, wand'ring child. }  
And is born a - new a ransomed child. } Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the  
For a pre - ci - ous soul is born a - gain. }



an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;



# No. 395. Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

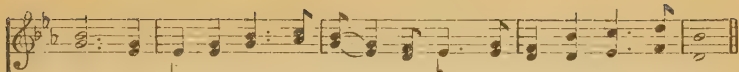
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes




# Wondrous Love.



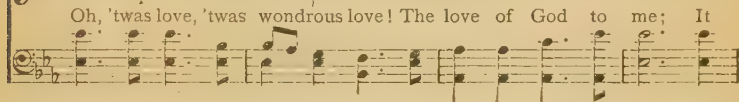

fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
God; Re - demption by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.  
known The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.



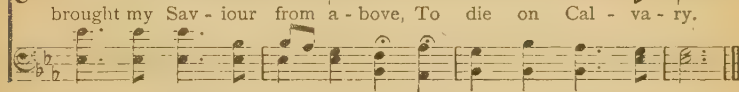
## CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.



4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;  
There shall to you be given  
A glorious foretaste, here below,  
Of endless life in heaven.


5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power  
Let all the ransomed sing,  
And triumph in the dying hour  
Through Christ the Lord our King.

## No. 396.



## Revive us Again.

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY.

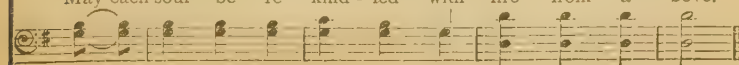
JOHN J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,  
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,  
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.  
Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.  
Who has borne all our sins, and cleans - ed ev - 'ry stain;  
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
May each soul be re - kind - led with fire from a - bove.



# Revive us Again.

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a -

men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

## No. 397. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark - ness of sin; The  
 2. No dark - ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The  
 3. Ye dwell - ers in dark - ness with sin - blind - ed eyes, The  
 4. No need of the sun - light in heav - en, we're told, The

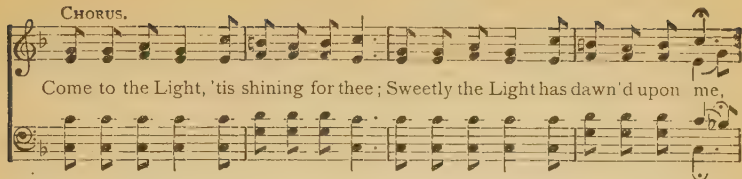
Light of the world is Je - sus, Like sun-shine at noon-day His  
 Light of the world is Je - sus, We walk in the Light when we  
 Light of the world is Je - sus, Go, wash, at His bid - ding, and  
 Light of that world is Je - sus, The Lamb is the light in the

glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

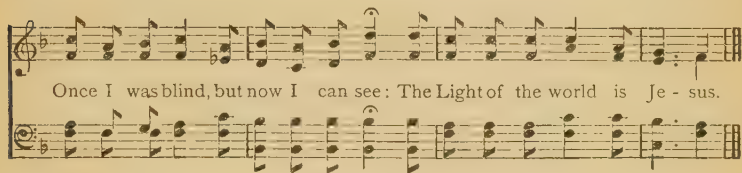
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# The Light of the World.

CHORUS.



Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,



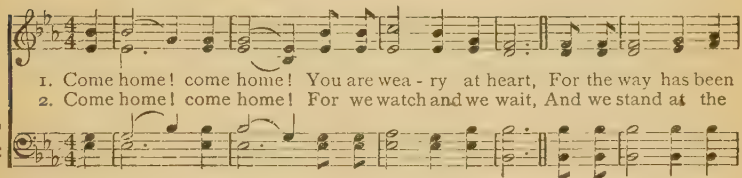
Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

## No. 398.

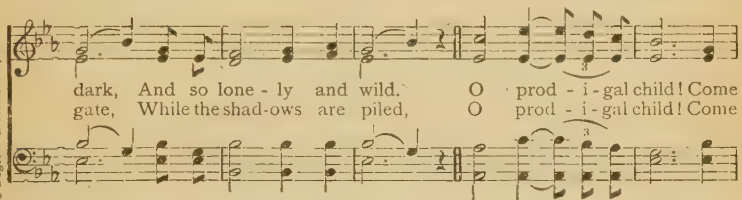
## The Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

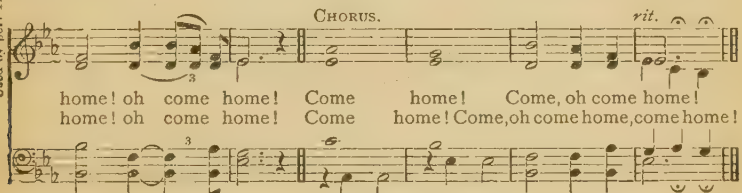
W. H. DOANE.



1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been  
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the



dark, And so lone - ly and wild, O prod - i - gal child! Come  
gate, While the shad - ows are piled, O prod - i - gal child! Come



home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!  
home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

3 Come home! come home!  
From the sorrow and blame,  
From the sin and the shame,  
And the tempter that smiled,  
O prodigal child!  
Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!  
There is bread and to spare,  
And a warm welcome there,  
Then, to friends reconciled,  
O prodigal child!  
Come home, oh, come home!



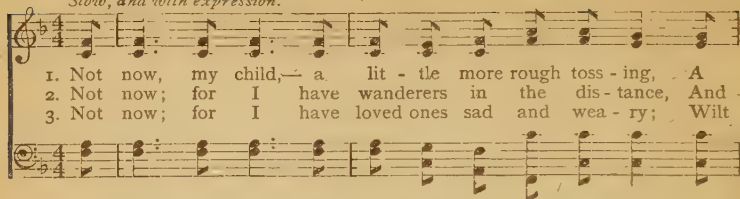
# No. 399.

# Not Now, My Child.

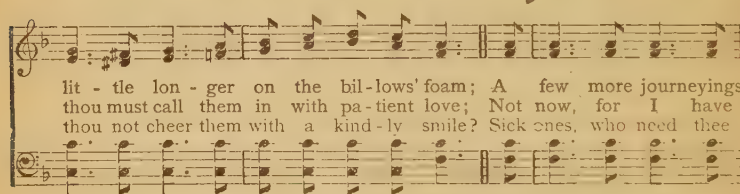
Mrs. PENNEFATHER.

*Slow, and with expression.*

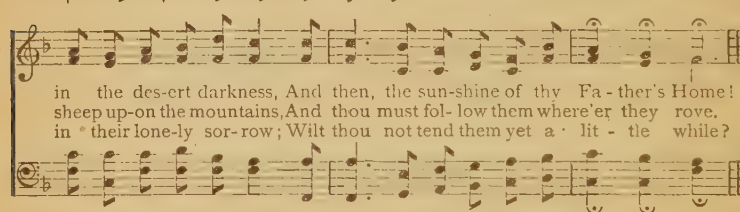
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A  
2. Not now; for I have wanderers in the dis - tance, And  
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt



lit - tle lon - ger on the bil - lows' foam; A few more journeyings  
thou must call them in with pa - tient love; Not now, for I have  
thou not cheer them with a kind - ly smile? Sick ones, who need thee



in the des - ert darkness, And then, the sun - shine of thy Fa - ther's Home!  
sheep up - on the mountains, And thou must fol - low them where'er they rove.  
in their lone - ly sor - row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?

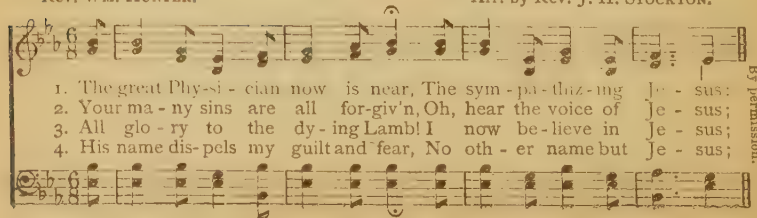
- 4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,  
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:  
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,  
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.
- 5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,  
And speak that Name in all its living power;  
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?  
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?
- 6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,  
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;  
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!  
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

# No. 400.

# The Great Physician.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;  
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;  
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;  
4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

# The Great Physician.

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.  
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je - sus.  
I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.  
Oh, how my soul de - lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

"Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

*Rit.*

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

## No. 401. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sav-iour calls; Ye wand'ers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls,
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls; O hear Him now; With-in these sa-cred walls
3. To - day the Sav-iour calls; For ref-uge fly; The storm of jus-tice falls,
4. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r O grieve Him not a - way,

CODA.

Why longer roam? Come home, come home, The Saviour calls, come home,  
To Je - sus bow.  
And death is nigh.  
'Tis mercy's hour. Come home, come home,

*Rit.*

Come home, come home, The Sav-iour calls, come home,  
Come home, come home, come home,

R. L.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

*With tenderness.*

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But



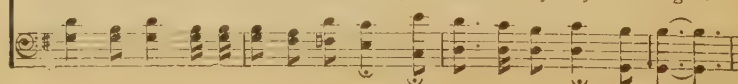
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?  
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.  
 prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!  
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My



heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?



MARY SHEKLETON.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. It pass-eth knowledge; that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav-iour!  
 2. It pass-eth *tell-ing*! that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav-iour!  
 3. It pass-eth *prais-es*! that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav-iour!



Yet this soul of mine Would of that love, in all its depth and length, Its  
 Yet these lips of mine Would fain proclaim to sin-ners far and near A  
 Yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free, Which



height, and breadth, and ev - er - lasting strength, Know more and more.  
 love which can re - move all guilt - y fear, And love be - get.  
 brought an un - done sin - ner, such as me, Right home to God.



- 4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,  
 The fullness of that love whilst here below;  
 Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,  
 O Thou who art of love the living spring,  
 My vessel fill.
- 5 I am an empty vessel! scarce one thought  
 Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;  
 Yet, I may come, and come again to Thee  
 With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—  
*"Thou lovest me!"*
- 6 Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!  
 May woes but drive me to the fount above;  
 Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,  
 And never to another fountain fly  
 But unto Thee!
- 7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,  
 When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,  
 Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,  
 Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—  
 My soul shall sing.

# No. 404.

# Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

FIN.



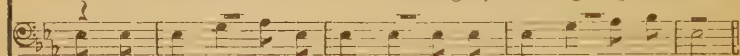
I. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }



D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

# No. 405.

# Sweet Hour of Prayer.

REV. W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.



I. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,  
D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By Thy re-turn sweet hour of pray'r,



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known:  
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r!



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief;





## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

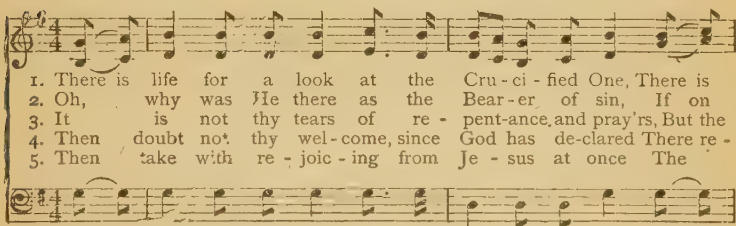
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :

May I Thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :

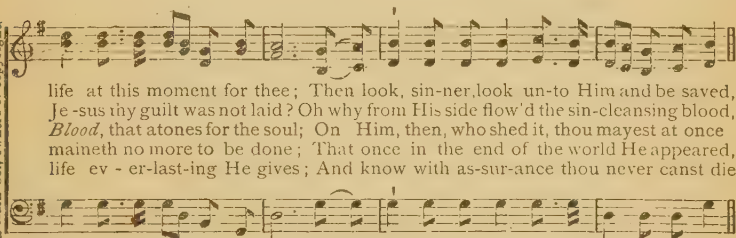
## No. 406. There is Life for a Look.

AMELIA M. HULL.

REV. E. G. TAYLOR.

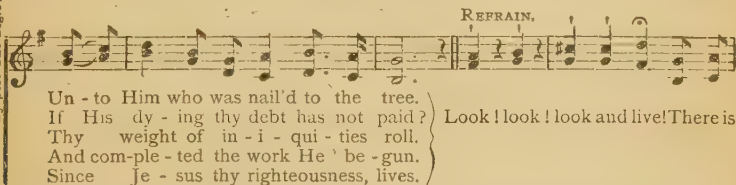


1. There is life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is  
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear-er of sin, If on  
3. It is not thy tears of re-pent-ance, and pray'rs, But the  
4. Then doubt not thy wel-come, since God has de-clared There re-  
5. Then take with re-joic-ing from Je-sus at once The

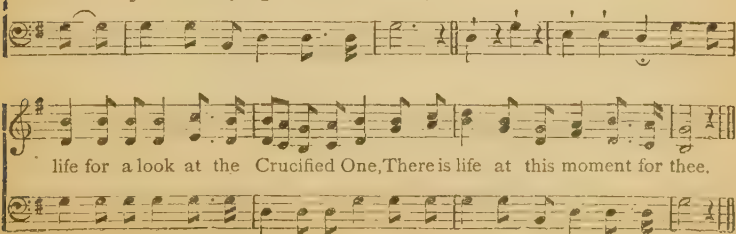


life at this moment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un-to Him and be saved,  
Je-sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh why from His side flow'd the sin-cleansing blood,  
*Blood*, that atones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once  
maineth no more to be done; That once in the end of the world He appeared,  
life ev-er-last-ing He gives; And know with as-sur-ance thou never canst die

REFRAIN,



Un-to Him who was nail'd to the tree.  
If His dy-ing thy debt has not paid? Look! look! look and live! There is  
Thy weight of in-i-qui-ties roll.  
And com-ple-ted the work He' be-gun.  
Since Je-sus thy righteousness, lives.



life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee.

# No. 407.

# Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's  
2. "Suf-fer the chil-dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap  
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com-

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shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"  
forth and rejoice, And let us free-ly make Him our choice; Do not delay, but come.  
mands, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"

D.S.—And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

CHORUS.

Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

# No. 408.

# He Leadeth Me.

JOS. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead-eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine—  
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,

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What-e'er I do, wher-'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor-dan lead-eth me.

# He Leadeth Me.

REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!




His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 409.


Jewels.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.  
*Moderato.*

GEO. F. ROOT.




1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His  
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His  
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren Who love their Re-




jew-els, All His jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own.  
kingdom: All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.  
deem-er, Are the jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.



Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a -



dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

# No. 410.

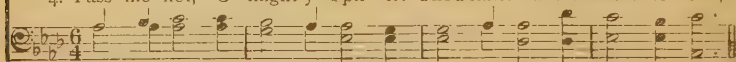
# Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER.

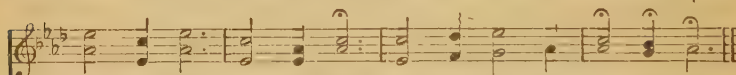
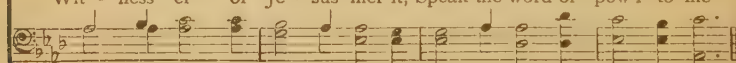
WM. B. BRADBURY.



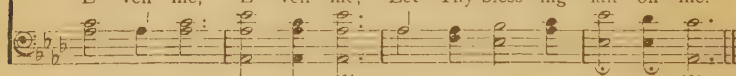
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free—  
 2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther; Sin-ful thro' my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sa-viour! Let me love and cling to Thee;  
 4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it! Thou canst make the blind to see;



Show'rs the thirst-y land re-freshing; Let some droopings fall on me—  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me—  
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—  
 Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—



E-ven me, E-ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.



- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless; 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless;— While the streams of life are springing,  
 Magnify them all in me. Blessing others, oh, bless me,

# No. 411.

# Here am I; Send Me.

DANL. MARCH.

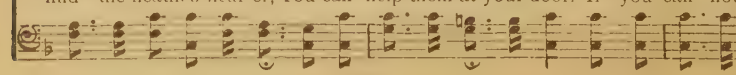
S. M. GRANNIS.



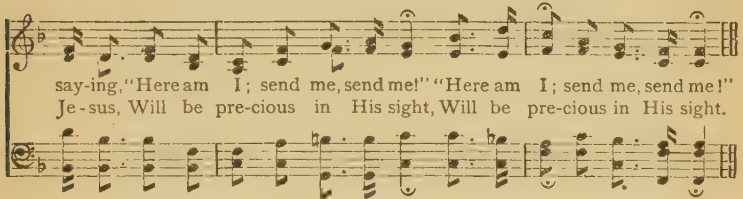
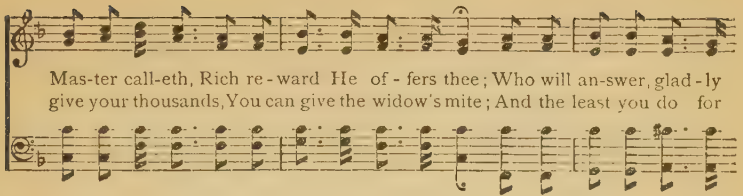
1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus cry-ing,—“Who will go and work to-day? Fields are  
 2. If you can-not cross the o-cean, And the heath-en lands explore, You can



white, and harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?” Loud and strong the  
 find the heathen near-er, You can help them at your door. If you can-not



# Here am I; Send Me.



3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

5 If among the older people,  
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,  
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-  
"Place the food within their reach."  
And it may be that the children  
You have led with trembling hand,  
Will be found among your jewels,  
When you reach the better land.

4 If you cannot be the watchman,  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all;— [ies  
With your pray'rs and with your bount-  
You can do what heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet's hands.

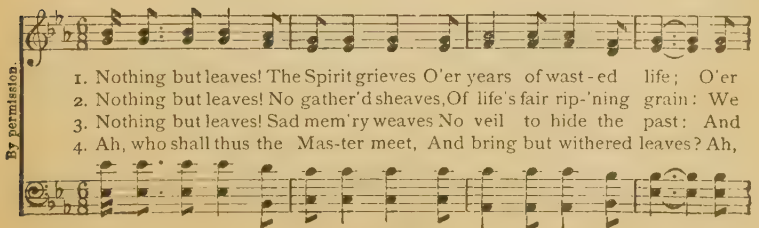
6 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do."  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you,  
Take the task He gives you gladly,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

## No. 412.

## Nothing but Leaves.

L. E. A.

SILAS J. VAIL.



By permission.



# Nothing but Leaves.

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom- is - es unkept, And  
sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, — Words, *i-dle* words, for earnest deeds—Then  
as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and misspent day We  
who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judgment-seat Lay

reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
sad - ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
down for gold-en sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

## No. 413. Yet There is Room.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR.  
*Slow, with expression.*

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,  
2. Day is de- clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shadows length-en,  
3. The brid-al hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in! pass in! and  
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis

REFRAIN. *p* *mf*  
beck - ons thee a - long;  
light makes haste to go:  
be the Bridegroom's guest:  
not too full for thee:

Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!

By per. The Biglow & Main Co.

- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;  
That cup of everlasting love is free:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;  
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:  
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"  
No room, no room:—oh woful cry, "No room!"

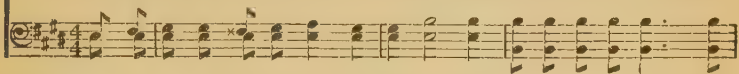
# No. 414. Windows opened toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Do you see the Hebrew cap-tive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to
2. Do not fear to tread the fie-ry fur-nace, Nor shrink the li-on's den to
3. Children of the liv-ing God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweet-ly



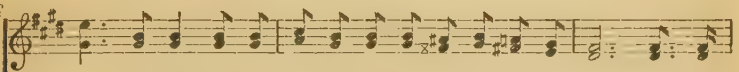
pray? In his cham-ber he re-mem-bers Zi-on, Tho' in  
share; For the God of Dan-i-el will de-liv-er, He will  
sing: Set your fac-es toward the hill of Zi-on, Thence to



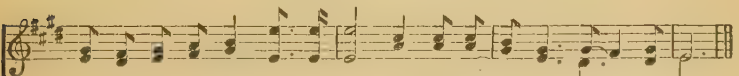
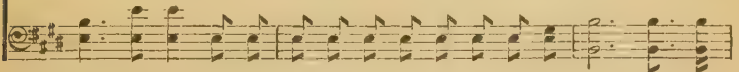
## CHORUS.



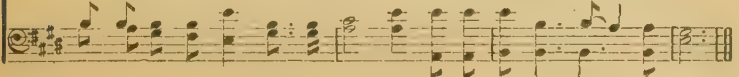
ex-ile far a-way.  
send His an-gel there. } Are your win-dows o-pentoward Je-  
hail our com-ing King! }



ru-sa-lem, Tho' as cap-tives here a "lit-tle while" we stay? For the



com-ing of the King in His glo-ry, Are you watch-ing day by day?



# No. 415.

# The Glorious Morning.

Rev. Wm. HUNTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Soon shall we see the glo-rious morning, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!  
 2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sounding, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!  
 3. The saints who sleep, with joy a - wak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!  
 4. Fast by the throne of God be-hold them Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

Sin - ners, at-tend the notes of warn-ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!  
 Thro' all the vaults of death re-bounding, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!  
 Their beds of death are quick for-sak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!  
 See in His arms the Sav-iour folds them, Crown'd at last! crown'd at last

The res - ur - rec - tion day draws near, The King of saints shall soon appear,  
 To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare, Put on your bri - dal gar-ments fair,  
 Not one of all the faith - ful few Who here on earth the Sav-iour knew,  
 With wreaths of glo - ry round their head, No tears of sor - row now are shed,

And high His roy - al stand-ard rear, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!  
 And hail your Sav-iour in the air, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!  
 But starts with bliss his Lord to view, All a - rise! all a - rise!  
 To joy's full fount-ain all are led, Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

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# No. 416.

# Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

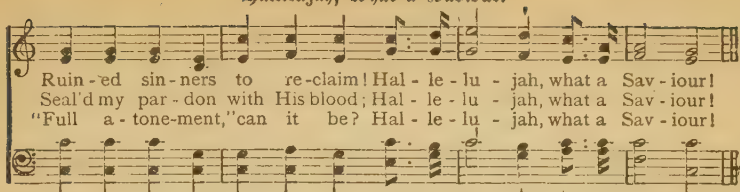
P. P. B.

*Moderato.*

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,  
 2. Bearing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood;  
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God, was He,

# Hallelujah, What a Saviour.



Ruin - ed sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!  
 Seal'd my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!  
 "Full a - tone - ment," can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!

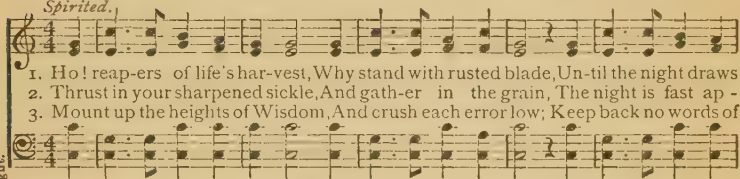
4 Lifted up was he to die,  
 "It is finished," was His cry,  
 Now in heaven exalted high;  
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,  
 All His ransomed home to bring,  
 Then anew this song we'll sing:  
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

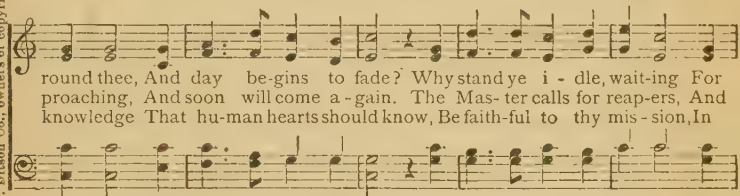
## No. 417. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harbest.

I. B. W.  
*Spirited.*

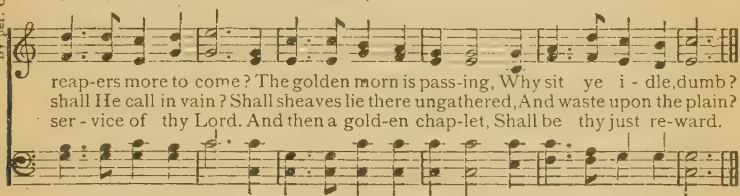
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rusted blade, Un - til the night draws  
 2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath - er in the grain, The night is fast ap -  
 3. Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of



round thee, And day be - gins to fade? Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For  
 proaching, And soon will come a - gain. The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And  
 knowledge That hu - man hearts should know, Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In



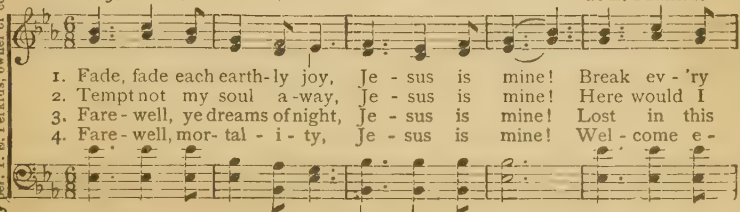
reap - ers more to come? The golden morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?  
 shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?  
 ser - vice of thy Lord. And then a gold - en chap - let, Shall be thy just re - ward.

## No. 418.

## Jesus is Mine.

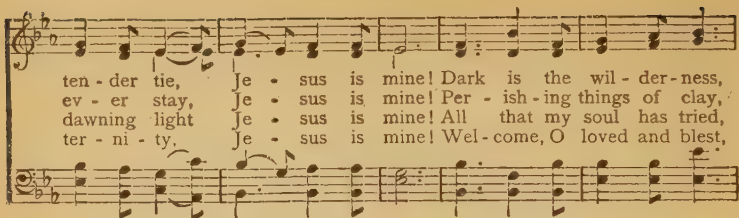
Mrs. C. J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Fade, fade each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry  
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I  
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this  
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

# Jesus is Mine.



ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,  
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
 dawning light Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

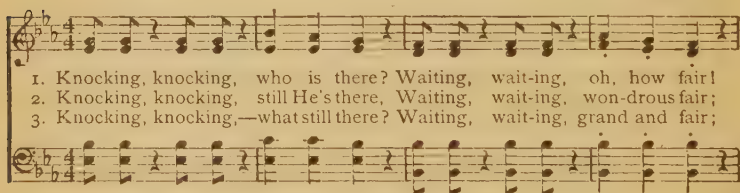


Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

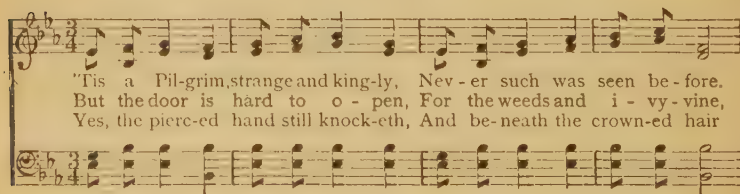
## No. 419. Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr.

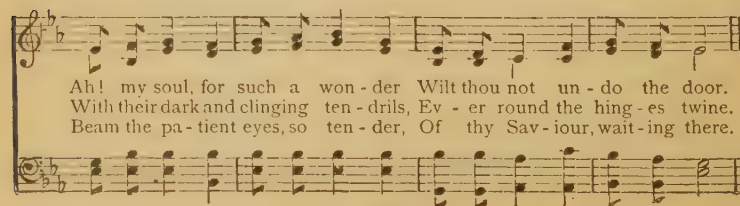
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, wait - ing, oh, how fair!  
 2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, wait - ing, won - drous fair;  
 3. Knocking, knocking, — what still there? Waiting, wait - ing, grand and fair;



'Tis a Pil - grim, strange and king - ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore.  
 But the door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy - vine,  
 Yes, the pierc - ed hand still knock - eth, And be - neath the crown - ed hair



Ah! my soul, for such a won - der Wilt thou not un - do the door.  
 With their dark and clinging ten - drils, Ev - er round the hing - es twine.  
 Beam the pa - tient eyes, so ten - der, Of thy Sav - iour, wait - ing there.

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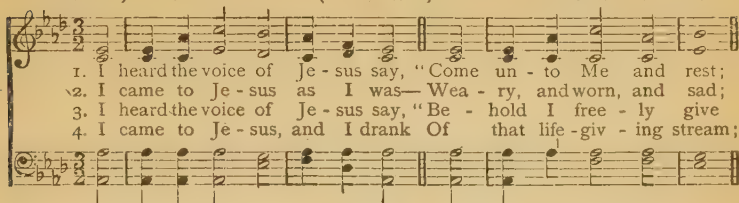


# No. 420. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

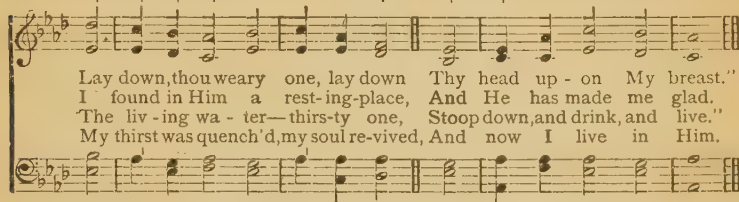
H. BONAR, D. D.

(EVAN. C. M.)

WM. H. HAVERGAL.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;  
 2. I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give  
 4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;



Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."  
 I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.  
 The liv - ing wa - ter—thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

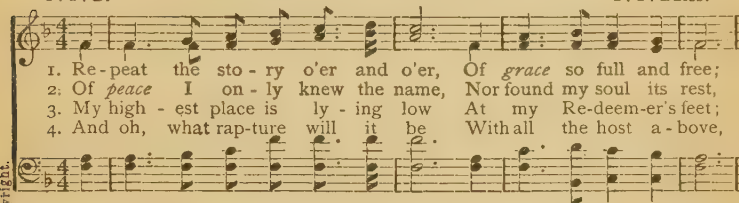
5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light,  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 'Till trav'ling days are done.

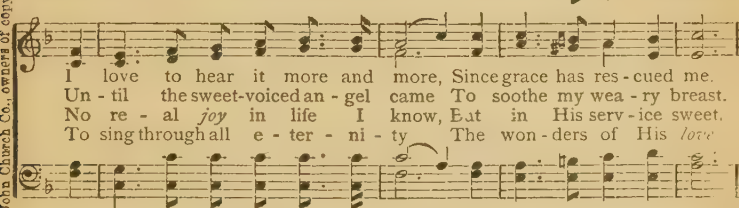
# No. 421. The Half was Never Told.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

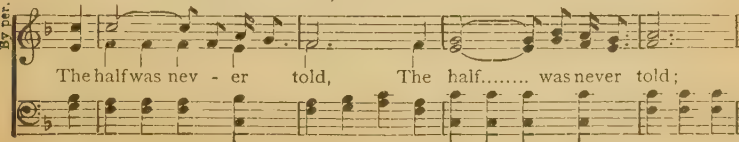


1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;  
 2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,  
 3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re - deem - er's feet;  
 4. And oh, what rap - ture will it be With all the host a - bove,



I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.  
 Un - til the sweet - voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.  
 No re - al joy in life I know, Eat in His serv - ice sweet.  
 To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His *love*

CHORUS.  
 The half..... was never told,



The half was nev - er told, The half..... was never told;

nev - er told,

nev - er told;

# The Half was Never Told.

The half ..... was never told.

1. Of grace divine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev - er told.  
 2. Of peace, etc. nev-er told.  
 3. Of joy, etc.  
 4. Of love, etc.

## No. 422.

## Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sun light thro'  
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-  
 3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven de-scending, With glo-ri-fied  
 4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the  
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the  
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on his brow, like a  
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."  
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."  
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."  
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

turn-eth Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

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# No. 423.

# Dare to be a Daniel.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,
2. Ma - ny might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!



Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!  
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band!  
 Head - long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band!  
 Sa - tan and his hosts de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band!

CHORUS.



Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to have a purpose firm!  
 Dare to stand alone! Dare to make it known!

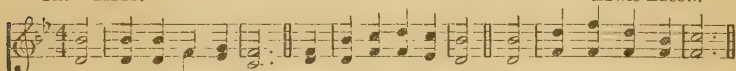


# No. 424.

# Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CH. WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.



1. A - rise my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears The bleeding sac - ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all re - deem - ing love,
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Receiv'd on Calvary; They pour effectual pray'rs,
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard - ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;



In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,  
 His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,  
 They strongly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for - give they cry,  
 I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
 For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.  
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.



# No. 425.

# The Solid Rock.

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteous-ness;  
 2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;  
 3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;  
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.  
 In ev-ry high and storm-y gale, My anch-or holds with-in the vail.  
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
 Drest in His righteous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne!

## CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is  
 sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

# No. 426. The Beautiful Land on High.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

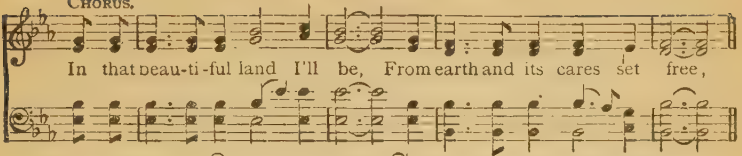
WM. U. BUTCHER.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I fain would fly,  
 2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by,  
 3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Then why should I fear to die,

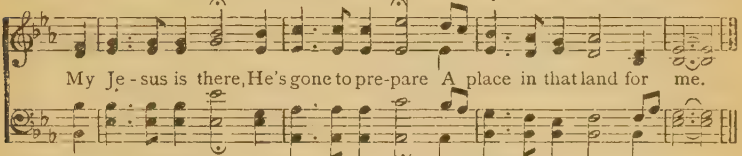
When by sorrows press'd down I long for my crown In that beautiful land on high.  
 There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land on high.  
 When death is the way to the realms of day, In that beautiful land on high.

# The Beautiful Land on High.

CHORUS.



In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free,



My Je-sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me.

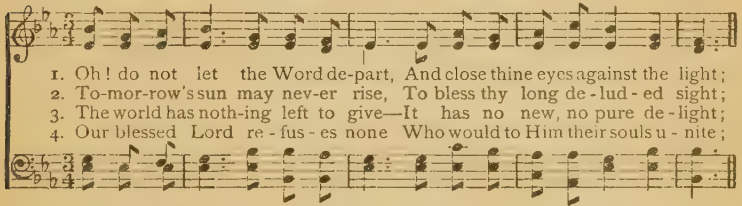
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 There's a beautiful land on high,<br/>And my kindred its bliss enjoy;<br/>And methinks I now see them wait-<br/>ing for me,<br/>In that beautiful land on high.</p> | <p>5 There's a beautiful land on high<br/>Where we never shall say "good bye;"<br/>Where the righteous will sing, and their<br/>chorus will ring<br/>In that beautiful land on high.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 427.

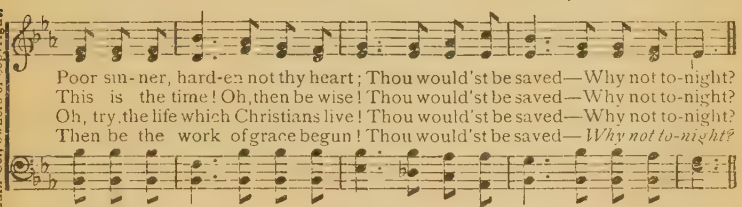
## Why not To-night.

ELIZA REED.

IRA D. SANKEY.

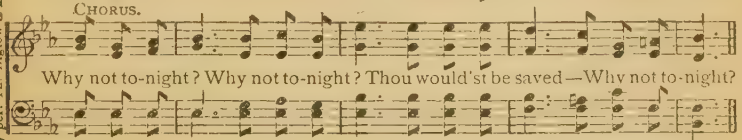


1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. The world has noth-ing left to give—It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

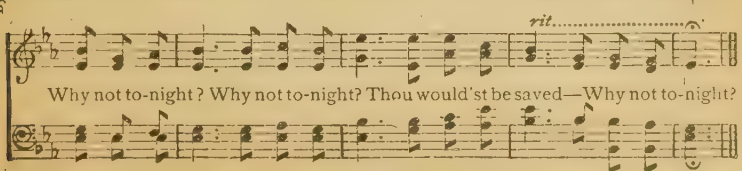


Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?  
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?  
Oh, try the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?  
Then be the work of grace begun! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

CHORUS.



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



# No. 428. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. She on - ly touched the hem of His garment As to his side she stole
2. She came in fear and trembling before Him, She knew her Lord had come,
3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"



A - mid the crowd that gathered around Him. And straightway she was whole.  
She felt that from Him vir-tue had healed her, The mighty deed was done.  
And peace that pass-eth all un-derstanding With gladness filled her soul.



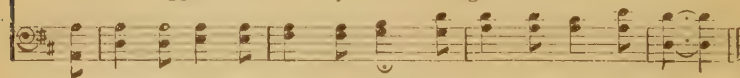
## CHORUS.



Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shalt be free;



His sav-ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.



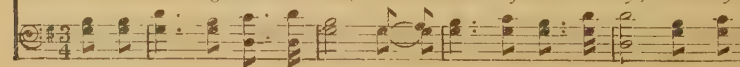
# No. 429. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am
  2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within; Je - sus
  3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store; Soul and
- Cho.—I am trust-ing, Lord in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum-bly



# I am Coming to the Cross.

count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin.  
 bod - y Thine to be,— Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.  
 at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,  
 Now I feel the blood applied:  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
 Perfected in Him I am;  
 I am every whit made whole:  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

## No. 430. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,  
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one,  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share;

*Rit.*  
 Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?  
 When to the Lord we re - store our talents, Will He answer thee—Well done?  
 If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night, Will He find us watching there?

### REFRAIN.

Oh, can we say we are read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home?

Say will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

## No. 431.

## Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WM. B. BRADEURY.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; }  
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare. }  
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }  
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray. }  
 3. { Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be; }  
 { Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. }

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray,  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee,

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

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## No. 432.

## Come, ye Disconsolate.

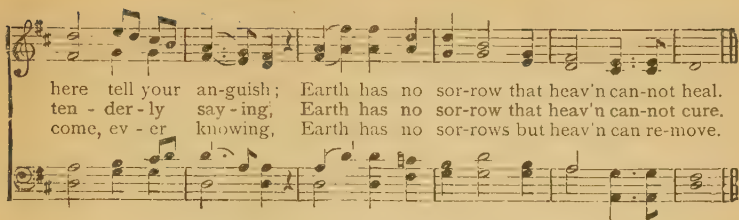
THOS. MOORE, alt.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing, Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,  
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
 throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

# Come, Ye Disconsolate.

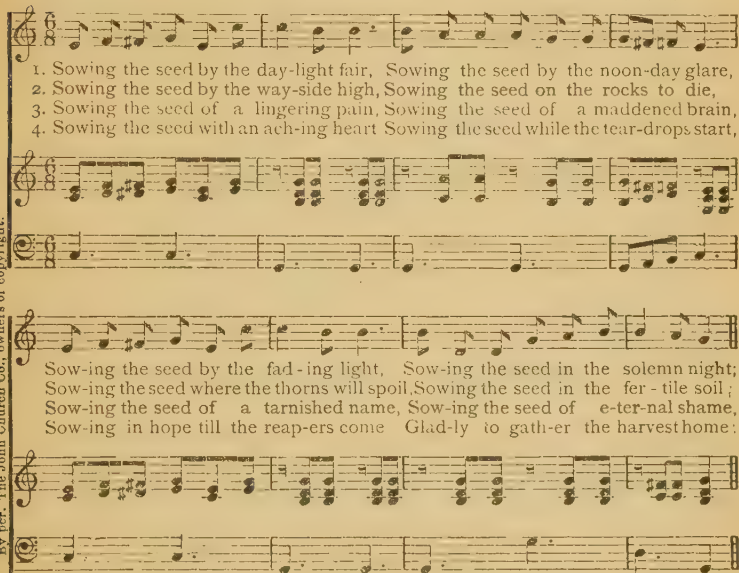


here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.  
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.  
 come, ev - er knowing, Earth has no sor-rows but heav'n can re-move.

## No. 433. What Shall the Harvest Be?

Mrs. EMILY S. Oakey.

P. P. Bliss.



1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,  
 2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
 3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
 4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the solemn night;  
 Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;  
 Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame,  
 Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the harvest home:



Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?  
 Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?  
 Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?  
 Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?

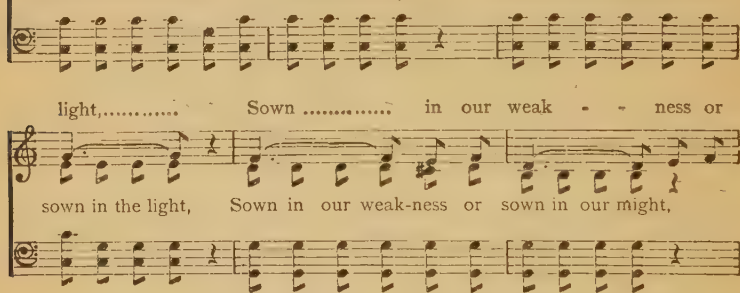
# What Shall the Harvest Be?

CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - - ness or sown..... in the

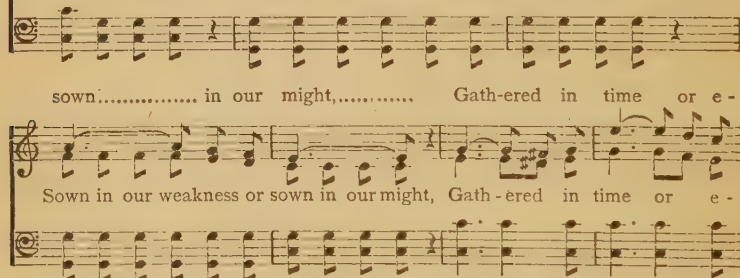


Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or



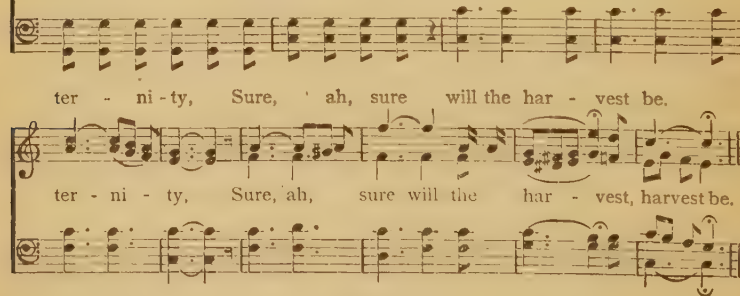
light,..... Sown ..... in our weak - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,



sown..... in our might,..... Gath-ered in time or e -

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath-ered in time or e -



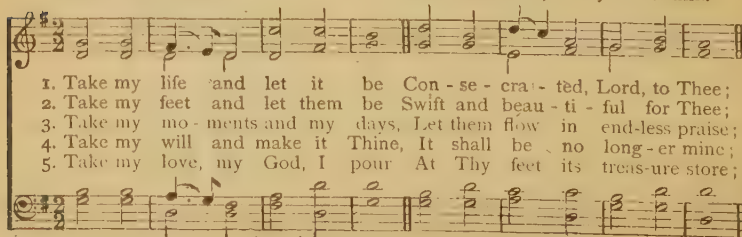
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be.

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, harvest be.

## No. 434. Take My Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.



1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;



Take My Life and let it Be.

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways-on-ly-for my King.  
 Take my in-tel-lect and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
 Take my heart, it is, Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne  
 Take my-self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee.

No. 435.

"Come."

Mrs. JAS G. JOHNSON.  
*Voices in Unison.*

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Oh, word of words, the sweet-est, On word, in which there lie  
 2. Oh, soul why shouldst thou wander From such a lov-ing Friend?  
 3. Oh, each time draw me near-er, That soon the "Come" may be

All prom-ise, all ful-fill-ment, And end of mys-ter-y;  
 Cling clo-ser, clo-ser to Him, Stay with Him to the end,  
 Naught but a gen-tle whis-per, To one close, close to Thee;

La-ment-ing, or re-joic-ing, With doubt or ter-ror nigh,  
 A-las! I am so help-less, So ver-y full of sin,  
 Then, o-ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,

I hear the "Come" of Je-sus, And to His cross I fly.  
 For I am ev-er wand'ring, And com-ing back a-gain.  
 I'll take Thy hand and fol-low, At that sweet whis-per "Come!"

"Come."

REFRAIN.

Come, oh come to me,..... Come, oh come to me,..... Wea - ry,

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,

heav-y la - den, Come, oh come to me, Come, oh come to me,.....

me, Oh come, come, come, come, come,

Come, oh come to me,..... Wea-ry, heavy la - den come, oh come to me.

Come, come, come, come, come,

# No. 436. The Shining Shore.

Rev. DAVID NELSON.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,

Would not de-tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger;  
D.S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

By per. The C. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

# The Shining Shore.

CHORUS.

D.S.

For, Oh! we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are passing o - ver; And

- 2 Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing;  
For, Oh! we stand, etc.
- 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever;  
Our King says—"Come!"—and there's  
For ever, Oh! for ever! [our home,  
For, Oh! we stand, etc.

## No. 437. The Lord Bless thee and Keep thee.

(Written for Mr. Moody's Schools at Northfield, Mass.)

NUM. 6: 24-26.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be

gracious un - to thee: And be gra-cious un - to thee: The Lord lift up His

and give thee peace.....

countenance, His countenance up-on thee, and give thee peace.

dim.....

## No. 438.

## Gloria Patri.

Anon.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.

As it was in the beginning,  
is now, and..... ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - MEN.

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